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BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.





Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE;
OPERA S.



Martin Del.

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~ L O N D O N ~

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
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B E L L ' s
BRITISH THEATRE

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE NINTH

CONTAINING

The BEGGAR's OPERA, by Mr. GAY.

ACHILLES, by Mr. GAY.

POLLY, by Mr. GAY.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD, by ALLAN RAMSAY.

COMUS, by JOHN MILTON.

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Act 3.

BEGGARS OPERA.



J. Roberts del.

Published for Belles Theatre Feb. 1. 1771

J. Roberts sculp.

MR. VERNON in the Character of MACKHEATH
o If thus a Man can Die;
e Much bolder with Brandy.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

'Tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by 'em.—Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.—But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged.—Have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow. PEACHUM.

Peachum intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him.—The dog is leaky in his liquor; I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—Peachum is my companion, my friend.—According to the custom of the world indeed he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me—and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return? LOCKIT.

Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends.—When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. I am not a mere court friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.—I love the sex, and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea as I with one woman.—The Town perhaps hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies as to any recruiting officer in the army.—I must have women: there is nothing unbecomes the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time. MACHEATH.

These seven handkerchiefs Madam, and this snuffbox.—I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.—I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence—but if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure it is what I cannot undertake for another session. FILCH.

Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conquest. JEM. TWITCH.

Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death? CROOKFINGER'D JACK.

Sound men and true! WAT. DREARY.

Of tried courage and indefatigable industry! ROBIN OF BAGSHOT.

Who is there here that would not die for his friend? NIMMING NED.

Who is there here that would betray him for his interest? HARRY PADDINGTON.

Shew me a gag of courtiers that can say as much. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow steals what he was never made to enjoy: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of? MAT. OF THE MINT.

We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life. B. BUDGE.

'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.—Away huffy! hang your husband, and be dutiful. Mrs. PEACH.

What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.—I know my heart; I cannot survive him.—Oh how I fear! how I tremble!—I'll stay with thee till death.—No force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—Oh! twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee! POLLY PEACHUM.

Oh Macheath! to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.—I could tear thy eyes out.—Hast thou been hanged five months ago I had been happy—for I love thee so that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the arms of another. LUCY LOCKIT.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.



Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

PEACHUM,
 LOCKIT,
 MACHEATH,
 FILCH,
 JEMMY TWITCHER,
 CROOKFINGER'D JACK,
 WAT. DREARY,
 ROBIN OF BAGSHOT,
 NIMMING NED,
 HARRY PADDINGTON,
 MAT. OF THE MINT,
 BEN. BUDGE,
 BEGGAR,
 PLAYER,

Macbeth's Gang.

<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilton.
Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Dunstall.
Mr. Vernon.	Mr. Mattocks.
Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. Wright.	
Mr. Wrighten.	
Mr. Norris.	
Mr. Carpenter.	
Mr. Griffith.	
Mr. Marr.	
Mr. Kear.	Mr. Baker.
Mr. Burton.	
Mr. Waldron.	
Mr. Whitfield.	

Constables, Drawers, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. PEACHUM,
 POLLY PEACHUM,
 LUCY LOCKIT,
 DIANA TRAPES,
 Mrs. COAXER,
 DOLLY TRULL,
 Mrs. VIXEN,
 BETTY DOXY,
 JENNY DIVER,
 Mrs. SLAMMEKIN,
 SUKY TAWDRY,
 MOLLY BRAZEN,

Women of the Town.

Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Pitt.
Mrs. Smith.	Miss Brown.
Mrs. Wrighten.	Miss Catley.
Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. White.
Mrs. Millidge.	Mrs. Whitfield.
Mrs. Musgrove.	
Miss Platt.	
Mrs. Palmer.	
Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Pouffin.
Mrs. Johnson.	Mrs. Green.
Mrs. Smith.	
Mrs. Brathwait.	

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF poverty be a title to poetry I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

Play. As we live by the Muses it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dulness. Be the author who he will we push his play as far as it will go; so (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

Beg. This Piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the families that are in all your celebrated operas, The Swallow, The Moth, The Bee, The Ship, The Flower, &c.: besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue, for I have no recitative excepting this. As I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue it must be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Play. But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*]

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA *.

ACT I.

SCENE, PEACHUM'S house.

PEACHUM *sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR I. *An old woman clothed in gray.*

THRO' all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions berogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the statesman because he's so great
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine: like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by 'em.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security: but as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg Sir is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! when I took him the time before I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve: I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to-year than any five of the gang, and in truth 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

* The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off she may in the common course of business live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward. There is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 't was to her I was obliged for my education. (To say a bold word) She hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gamingtable.

Peach. Truly Filch thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR II. *The bonny gray-ey'd morn, &c.*

Filch. 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when most she's kind
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And Beauty must be feed into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 't is a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*]

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crookfinger'd Jack, a year and a half in the service: let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five, gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuffboxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only fruits of his leisure hours I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more en-

gaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat. Drenny, alias Brown Will; an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington; a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next session, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat. of the Mint, listed not above a month ago; a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the publick, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tiddle; a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself or to make others stand! a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear! he's a favourite customer of mine; 't was he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black-list, that's all my dear! he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear! I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the brave that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. *Gold and raw, &c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Tho' she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous smugly.
Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry There dies an Adonis!

But really, husband, you should not be too hardhearted, for you never had a finer braver set of men than at present.

We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear! that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for! No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear! you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an overscrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? so, my dear! have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear! and though the bank hath stopt payment he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear! is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolatehouses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am sorry upon Polly's account the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any skill in the ways of women I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly should be in love how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

AIR IV. *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd?*

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
She's—what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye wife, a handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but marriage: after that, my dear! how shall we be safe? are we not then in her husband's power? for a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If she girl had the discretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be like a court-lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear! you may injure the girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of interest.

Peach. But 't is your duty, my dear! to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment and sift her. In the mean-time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [Exit.

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband! Why must our Polly forsooth differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR V. *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinsical in 't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold
Stamp'd with the name of her spouse,
Now here, now there, is bought or is sold,
And is current in ev'ry house.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither Filch. I am as fond of this child as tho' my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimblefingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera Madam, and considering 't was neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole and to Marybone child, to learn valour: these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact I'll ensure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But now since you have nothing better to do, even go to your book and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's paper who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But

hark you my lad, don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar; do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me, for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly, for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned—

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [Exeunt.

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly: we have it in our natures *papa*. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. *What shall I do to show how much I love her?*

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around;
But when once pluck'd 't is no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 't is sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have play'd the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat hussy. Now you know my mind.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

AIR VII. O London is a fine town.

Mrs. PEACHUM [in a very great passion.]

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we've taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her
pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will have men
beside;
And when she's dress'd with care and cost, alltempting, fine and
gay,
As men should serve a cucumber she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you
been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might
have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing
by choice! The wench is married husband.

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will
risk any thing for money: to be sure he believes her a for-
tune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived
comfortably so long together if ever we had been married
baggage?

Mrs. Peach. I knew she was always a proud slut, and
now the wench hath played the fool and married, because
forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support
the expence of a husband hussy, in gaming, drinking,
and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the
daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander
most? There are not many husbands and wives who can
bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome
way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody
into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish
jade, thou wilt be as ill used and as much neglected as if
thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear! break through
the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself
in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession.
Besides what he hath already I know he is in a fair way
of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell
you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me hussy,
are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune she might very well
have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you
might you pouting slut!

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh!

[*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all: they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR VIII. *Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

Polly. Can love be controll'd by advice?

Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice

At his flame 't would have melted away.

When he kist me so sweetly he prest,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd,

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!

[*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out and returns with it.*

Ah hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass Sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shows such a readiness and so much concern that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. *O Jenny, O Jenny! where hast thou been?*

O Polly! you might have toy'd and kist;
By keeping men off you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teas'd me,
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know 't is the frailty of woman my dear!

Mrs. Peach. Yes indeed the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy Polly? since what is done cannot be undone we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you huffy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely speech in troth for a wench who is just married!

AIR X. *Thomas, I cannot, &c.*

Polly. I like a ship in storms was tost,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
'The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore
I ask no more;
My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with them Polly, but come again as soon as they are gone.—But hark ye child, if 't is the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you believe we can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Suky Straddle to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetlebrow'd Jemmy hath

it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly I grant you hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear! hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered.

AIR XI. *A soldier and a sailor.*

A fox may steal your hens Sir,
A whore your health and pence Sir,
Your daughter rob your chest Sir,
Your wife may steal your rest Sir,
A thief your goods and plate;
But this is all but picking,
With rest, peace, chest, and chicken:
It ever was decreed Sir,
If lawyer's hand is feed Sir,
He steals your whole estate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned; he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happen'd last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now,

Polly to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then it seems?

Polly. Yes Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live child?

Polly. Like other women Sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentleman in your marriage Polly?

Polly. I do n't know what you mean Sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him Sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fy Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 't is his employment to rob, so 't is ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, husband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

Polly. Oh ponder well! be not severe;
So save a wretched wife,
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents huffy obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. *Le printemps rappelle aux armes.*

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove;
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
• Pair'd in death as pair'd in love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me mother—if you ever lov'd—

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed playbooks she reads have been her ruin. One word more huffy and I shall knock your brains out if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way Polly for fear of mischief, and consider of what is propos'd to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away huffy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [*Polly listening.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peach'd the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear! it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have an hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest.—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*]

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed.—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nose-gay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he stays he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out lest some accident should prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns with Macheath.*]

AIR XIV. *Pretty parrot, say, &c.*

Mac. Pretty Polly say
When I was away
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll.

Mac. O pretty, pretty Poll!

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect anything but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR XV. *Pray fair one be kind.*

Mac. My heart was so free
It rov'd like the bee
'Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure my dear you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a lookingglass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. *Over the hills and far away.*

Mac. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Polly. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toll
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

Mac. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Ev'ry night would kiss and play,

Mac. If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly. Over the hills and far away.

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee: thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. *Gin thou wert my own thing.*

Polly. O what pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss and then——one kiss——Begone——Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear! is so riveted to thine that I cannot unloose my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks perhaps may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it let me stay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when safety will give you leave you will be sure to see me again, for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR XVIII. *O the broom, &c.*

[*Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness, he at one door, she at the other.*]

Mac. The miser thus a shilling fees
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears't is gone for aye.

Polly. The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes,
But soon as out of sight't is gone
Whins, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOKFINGER'D JACK, WAT. DREA-
RY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PAD-
DINGTON, MAT. OF THE MINT, BEN. BUDGE, *and the*
rest of the gang, at the table with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

BEN.

BUT prithee Mat. what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow he was that I could not save him from those fleajing rascals the surgeons, and now poor man he is among the otamys at Surgeons'-Hall.

Ben. So it seems his time was come.

Jem. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Robin. Of tried courage and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the freehearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glasses.

AIR XIX. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Mat. Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us
And fires us

With courage, love, and joy.

Women and wine should life employ;

Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Chorus: Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you Sir this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stagecoachmen in the way of friendship and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but——

Mat. But what Sir?

Mac. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty have I ever shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and till it is accommodated I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him our gang is ruined.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the table.]

AIR XX. *March in Rinaldo with drums and trumpets.*

Mat. Let us take the road.

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms brave boys and load.
See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[The gang, ranged in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles, then go off singing the first part in chorus.]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most soundly bit. I love the sex, and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea as I with one woman. The Town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with freehearted ladies as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. *Would you have a young virgin, &c.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly sweetly
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her,
Caress her:
With blisses
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women: there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time—Drawer,
Enter DRAWER.

is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute; but you know Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, coming! [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, Mrs. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, Mrs. SLAMMEKIN, SUKY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer! you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me you slut! are you as amorous as ever huffy? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else: ah Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen! I'm your's; I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxy! come hither huffy; do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wholesome beer, for in troth Betty strong waters will in time ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters.—What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, tho' ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look with a more mischievous heart: ah, thou art a dear artful hypocrite! —Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever: all you fine ladies who know your own beauty affect an un-

dress.—But see! here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying; every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her back: why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen tallymen.—Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] “that's well done; I love a freehearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance girl, and art as willing as a turtle.”—But hark! I hear musick: “the harper is at the door. If musick be the food of love play on.” Ere you seat yourselves ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.
“ [*A dance à la ronde in the French manner, near the end of*
“ *it this song and chorus.*”

AIR. XXII. *Cotillon.*

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.

Chorus. Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

Mac. Now pray, ladies, take your places. Here fellow.
[*Pays the harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine.
[*Exit harper.*] If any of the ladies chuse gin I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed Sir I never drink strong waters but when I have the cholick.

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without the cholick. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Coax. We have so many interlopers; yet with industry one may still have a little plucking. I carried a silver-flowered lute string and a piece of black padefoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake: she riveted a linendraper's eye so fast upon her that he was nicked of three pieces of cambrick before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam!——But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another to be sure 't is Jenny Diver: though her fellow be never so agreeable she can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman.

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men, for my pleasure: but had I your address Madam——

Mac. Have done with your compliments ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me Jenny as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. *All in a misty morning.*

Before the barndoor crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do agen?

Mac. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear slut!

Trul. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'n't been so long upon the Town but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the question; 't was only in the way of conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool I might have lived very handsomely with my last friend; but upon

his missing five guineas he turned me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew, and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

Tawd. Now for my part I own I like an old fellow, for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce 'prentice, let me tell you ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely: I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

Jen. But to be sure Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road indeed hath done me justice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. *When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.*

Jenny. The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle your all is in danger;
Like gipsies, if once they can finger a house
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his pistol, Tawdry takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money 't is a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 't is ill bred.

Mac. Wanton huffies!

Jen. I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.
[*They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.*

Peach. I seize you Sir as my prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? beasts, jades, jilts, Harpies, Furies, whores!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But to do

them justice I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures if we could trust them. You must now Sir take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a visit they will be sure to find you at home. 'Tis gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. *When first I laid siege to my Chloris.*

Mac. At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

[*Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Constables; the women remain.*]

Vix. Look ye Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me justice) should be set down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair, for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me: as for any thing else ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be saved Madam——

Slam. Nay then I must stay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me. [*Exe. with great ceremony.*]

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LOCKIT, Turnkeys, MACHEATH, and Constables.

Lock. Noble Captain! you are welcome; you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the

custom Sir; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you Sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those I see will fit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them Sir—Never was better work—How genteelly they are made!—They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt Lockit, Turnkeys, and Constables.*]

AIR XXVI. *Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.*

Mac. Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
'That basilisk is sure to kill.
'The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure if he knows of the matter I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promised the wench marriage.—What signifies a promise to a woman? does not man in marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her—would I were deaf.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You base man you!—how can you look me in the face after what hath past between us?—See here, perfidious wretch! how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—Oh Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. *A lovely lass to a friar came.*

Thus when a good hufwife fees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat.
In revenge for her los of bacon;
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken:

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tendernefs, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form; and that, my dear! may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

AIR XXVIII. *'Twas when the sea was roaring.*

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and swear in jest
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest?
Whoever steals a shilling
Thro' shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjurd villain
With boasts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very first opportunity my dear! (have but patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum?—I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy; you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her you brute you?

Mac. Married! very good! The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I

say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly.

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXIX. *The Sun had loosed his weary teams.*

The first time at the lookingglass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With selflove ever after:
Each time she looks she, sonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger,
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties they are all alike unreasonable in their demands, for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—Perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word—for I long to be made an honest woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PEACHUM and LOCKIT, with an accountbook.

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution.—But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded I beg you.

AIR XXX. *How happy are we, &c.*

When you censure the age
Be cautious and sage
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case, for he told me in the condemned hold that for value received you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour attacks my livelihood—And this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies or we shall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me firrah—who have sav'd you from the gallows firrah! [*Collaring each other.*]

Peach. If I am hanged it shall be for ridding the world of an errant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!——

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuffbox that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you huffy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question:

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman: 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit huffy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. *Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

Lucy. Is then his fate decreed Sir?

Such a man can I think of quitting?

When first we met so moves me yet,

Oh! see how my heart is splitting.

Lock. Look ye Lucy—there is no saving him——so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think ere many days ensue
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband child, 't is true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife go moan over your dying husband : that, child, is your duty.—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can by getting all you can from him. [Exit.

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Tho' the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear! you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples.—Oh Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum——would not twenty guineas think you move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business the perquisite is the most prevailing.—Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well timed and properly applied will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. London ladies.

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—Oh let me throw my arms about it and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken imprisoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death——no force shall tear thy dear wife

from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. *All in the Downs, &c.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fash is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay
Without sits pining for th' event;
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago I had been happy.

Polly. And I too.—If you had been kind to me till death it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? hast thou two wives monster?

Mac. If womens' tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own?—Justice bids me speak?

AIR XXXV. *Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty.*

Mac. How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together
To neither a word will I say,
But toll de roll, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear! there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife; at least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh villain! villain! thou hast deceived me.—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. *Irisb trot.*

Polly. I'm bubbled.

Lucy. ————— I'm bubbled.

Polly. Oh how I am troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled and bit!

Polly. ————— My distresses are doubled.

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.

Polly. I'm bubbled, &c.

Mac. Be pacified my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really Polly this is no time for a dispute of this sort, for whenever you are talking of marriage I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really Miss Peachum you but expose yourself: besides 't is barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. Cease your funning,

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trepan:

All these fallies

Are but malice

To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain

By their flirting

Women oft' have envy shewn,

Pleas'd to ruin

Others' wooing,

Never happy in their own!

Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband while his wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so illbred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least Madam; and my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR. XXXVIII. *Good morrow gossip Joan.*

Lucy. Why, how now Madam Flirt?

If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. Why, how now saucy jade?

Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade!

[To him.

[To her.

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench! Ah huffy, huffy!—Come you home you slut; and when your fellow is hanged hang yourself to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak; I have more to say to him.—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my prisoner now huffy.

AIR XXXIX. *Iris bowl.*

Polly. No pow'r on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw against our mind
The true love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.

[Holding Macbeath, Peachum pulling her. Exit Peachum and Polly.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear! I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the case her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No Lucy—I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh Macheath! I can never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you must now be convinced that I rather chuse to die than be another's—Make me if possible love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuse to assist me Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys shall I go off with thee my dear?

Mac. If we are together 't will be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool I will send to thee—till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. *The last of Patie's Mill.*

Lucy. I like the fox shall grieve
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide,
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide
He never will come back.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

LOCKIT, LUCY.

LOCKIT.

TO be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be sure they know the ways of Newgate as

D

well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy! I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then——if I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's Sir——I do wish I may be burnt, I do——and what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?——how much did he come down with? Come, huffy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you——Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know Sir I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard, for a girl in the bar of an alehouse is always besieged.

Lucy. Dear Sir! mention not my education——for 't was to that I owe my ruin.

AIR XLI. *If love's a sweet passion, &c.*

When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more,
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot;
When the guest was departed the kiss was forgot:
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
'That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape huffy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing——and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut. Lucy——if you would not be looked upon as a fool you should never do any thing but upon the foot of interest: those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet women, and in love we are all fools alike——Notwithstanding all he swore I am now fully

convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife——
 Did I let him escape (fool that I was!) to go to her?——
 Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peach-
 um will hang him and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, because forsooth you must
 be in love!——A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy strumpet
 ——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets
 of it——Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR XLII. *South Sea ballad.*

My love is all madness and folly;

Alone I lie,

Toss, tumble, and cry

What a happy creature is Polly!

Was e'er such a wretch as I!

With rage I redden like scarlet

That my dear inconstant varlet,

Stark blind to my charms

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

Stark blind to my charms

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

This, this my repentment alarms.

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here
 to be entertained with your caterwauling Mistress Puffs!
 ——Out of my sight wanton strumpet! you shall fast and
 mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little
 handsome discipline to bring you to your senses.——Go.
 [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this
 affair, but I'll be even with him.——The dog is leaky in
 his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from
 him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.——
 "Lions, wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds,
 "droves, or flocks——Of all animals of prey man is the
 "only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neigh-
 "bour, and yet we herd together."——Peachum is my
 companion, my friend——According to the custom of
 the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents
 for cheating me——and shall not I make use of the pri-
 vilege of friendship to make him a return?

AIR XLIII. *Packington's pound.*

Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat;
 They flock to their prey at the dicebox's sound,
 And join to promote one another's deceit:
 But if by mishap
 They fail of a chap
 To keep in their hands they each other entrap;
 Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
 They bite their companions and prey on their friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can overreach the other.—Lucy—[*Enter Lucy.*] are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quatern of strong waters in the next room with black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, like a shotten herring.

Filch. "One had need have the constitution of a horse to go thro' the business.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence—but if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure 'tis what I cann't undertake for another session.

Lock. "Truly if that great man should tip off it would be an irreparable loss. The vigour and prowess of a knight errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done."—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock * Sir, at The Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions I'll artfully get into his secret—so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A gaminghouse.*

MACHEATH in a fine tarnished coat, BEN. BUDGE, MAT. of the MINT.

Mac. I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of

* A cant word signifying a warehouse where stolen goods are deposited.

money. When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court-friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibulero.*

The modes of the court so common are grown
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get :
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful ditty
'They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break thro' the corruptions of the world—and while I can serve you you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties as oblige him to live with such ill company and herd with gamesters.

Mat. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may steal a horse better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanicks, of all servile handicraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest: but yet as many of the quality are of the profession he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected!

Mac. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone; and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

Mat. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding I am told is never without money.

Mac. What do you mean Mat.?—sure you will not think of meddling with him!—he's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

Mac. Have an eye upon the moneylenders—A rouleau or two would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Mat. Those rouleaus are very pretty things—I hate your bank-bills—there is such a hazard in putting them off.

Mac. There is a certain man of distinction who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready: he is in my cash Ben—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dicebox in the other room; so, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Mat. Upon honour.

SCENE, PEACHUM'S *lock*.

A table with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation-account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great variety of articles—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments——“This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. “A lady's tail of rich brocade.—That I see is disposed of.

Peach. “To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tallywoman, and she will make a good hand on't in shoes and slippers to trick out young ladies upon their going into keeping.—

Lock. “But I don't see any article of the jewels.

Peach. “Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad—you'll find them entered under the article of Exportation—As for the snuff boxes, watches, swords, &c. I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

Lock. “Seven-and-twenty womens' pockets complete, with the several things therein contained, all sealed, numbered, and entered.”

Peach. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair—we should have the whole day before us—Besides, the account of the last half-year's plate is in a book by itself, which lies at the other office.

Lock. “Bring us then more liquor”——To-day shall be for pleasure—to-morrow for business.—Ah brother! those daughters of ours are two slippery hussies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. *Drown in the North country.*

Lock. What gudgeons are we men!
Ev'ry woman's easy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook agen
We bite and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate
To her he flies; again he's clapt.
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what signifies catching the bird if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days—This is unkind of you brother, for among good friends what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter FILCH.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means—she's a good customer, and a fine spoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks so freely will enliven the conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in. [*Exit Filch.*

Enter Mrs. TRAPES.

Dear Mrs. Dye! your servant—one may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips—ha'n't I Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. *A shepherd kept sheep, &c.*

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind brought in of late, mantuas—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why look ye Mrs. Dye—you deal so hard with us that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be sure of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament—three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our business——till then, if a customer stepped out of the way—we knew where to have her——No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer——There's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together.——Since the act too against imprisonment for small sums my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat or a clean gown and I not have the least hank upon her; and o' my conscience now-a-days most ladies take delight in cheating when they can do it with safety!

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us th' other day for seven guineas——Considering we must have our profit——to a gentleman upon the road a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale——If you have any black velvet scarfs——they are a handsome winter wear, and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers——'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot: 'tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price; the gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half-a-crown to two guineas, and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking of me——Then too, allowing for accidents——I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hand——what with fees and other expenses there are great goings-out and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at least a month's clothing——We run great risks——great risks indeed.

Peach. As I remember you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, Sir—to be sure I stripped her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago, and have left her, as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of her's, at my house.

She called him up stairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackneycoach——and I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What, Captain!

Trapes. He thought I did not know him——an intimate acquaintance of your's Mr. Peachum——only Captain Macheath——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye! you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like——We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of nightclothes for your own wearing?——But are you sure it is Captain Macheath!

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at secondhand, for he always loved to have his ladies well drest.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain——you understand me——and we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't inquire after your affairs——so whatever happens I wash my hands on't——It hath always been my maxim that one friend should assist another——But if you please I'll take one of the scarfs home with me; 'tis always good to have something in hand. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter Lucy.

Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weatherbeaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR XLVII. *One evening having lost my way.*

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratbane ready——I run no risk, for I can

lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be called in question——But say I were to be hanged——I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear Madam! your servant.——I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. *Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son—*

When a wife's in her pout
(As she's sometimes no doubt)
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram;

——I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes——and really, Madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly——in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headach.——I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking——You seem mighty low in spirits my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer——I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly——I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful——but really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape no doubt all matters are made up again——Ah Polly! Polly! 't is I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly! are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. *O Bessy Bell, &c.*

Polly. A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. What then in love can woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond they shun us,

Polly. And when we fly them they pursue,

Lucy. But leave us when they've won us.

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes that it is impossible to be lasting—but my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him he did not shew the least tenderness—but perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. *Wou'd Fate to me Belinda give.*

Among the men coquettes we find
Who court by turns all womankind,
And we grant all their hearts desir'd
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy! our husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections—Indeed, my dear Polly! we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR LI. *Come sweet lass.*

Come sweet lass!
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;

Come sweet lass!
 Let's take a chirping glass.
 Wine can clear
 The vapours of despair,
 And make us light as air;
 Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good—
 I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical trumpet.
 [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too when I know she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief—By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor I'm resolved.

Enter LUCY with strong waters.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear! excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me—Brandy and men (though women love them never so well) are always taken by us with some reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me—What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost!

[*Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.*]

Lucy. Since things are thus I'm glad the wench hath escap'd, for by this event 'tis plain she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd.

[*Aside.*]

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, and PEACHUM.

Lock. Set your heart to rest Captain——You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away huffies!—this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband! my heart long'd to see thee, but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly?
Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me
thou hadst been safe.

AIR LII. *The last time I came o'er the moor.*

Polly. Hither, dear husband! turn your eyes.

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think with that look thy Polly dies.

Lucy. O shun me not, but hear me.

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting.

Polly. Mine too breaks.

Lucy. Must I,

Polly. Must I be slighted?

Mac. What would you have me say ladies?—You see
this affair will soon be at an end without my disobliging
either of you.

Peach. But the settling this point, Captain, might pre-
vent a lawsuit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.*

Mac. Which way shall I turn me—how can I decide?

Wives the day of our death are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,

What would comfort the one t' other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insen-
sible to mine—a father sure will be more compassionate
—Dear, dear, Sir! sink the material evidence, and bring
him off at his trial—Polly upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. *I am a poor shepherd undone.*

When my hero in court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his life,

Then think of your Polly's tears,

For ah! poor Polly's his wife.

Like the sailor he holds up his hand,

Distress on the dashing wave;

To die a dry death at land

Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.

And alas, poor Polly!

Alack and well-a-day!

Before I was in love

Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened, sure you Sir

will have more compassion on a daughter——I know the evidence is in your power——How then can you be a tyrant to me? [Kneeling]

AIR LV. *Iantbe the lovely, &c.*

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O think of your daughter and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or clashing of swords!
For death is more certain by witnesses words:
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come Lucy—We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR LVI. *A cobbler there was, &c.*

Ourselves like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it must give up our gang;
And good reason why,
Or instead of the fry
Ev'n Peachum and I
Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang,
Like poor petty rascals might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at rest Polly—your husband is to die to-day—therefore if you are not already provided 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you you slut.

Lock. We are ready Sir to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR LVII. *Bonny Dundee.*

Mac. The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—so take what I owe.
Then farewell my love—dear Charmers! adieu,
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
For this way at once I please all my wives:

Now gentlemen I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.*]

Polly. Follow them Filch to the court, and when the trial is over bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happened—You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [*Exit Filch.*] But why is all this musick?

Lucy. The prisoners whose trials are put off till next session are diverting themselves:

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as mufick! I'm fond of it to distraction——But alas!—now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—Let us retire my dear Lucy! and indulge our sorrows——The noisy crew you see are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

A dance of prisoners in chains, &c. -

SCENE, *The condemn'd hold.*

MACHEATH in a melancholy posture.

AIR LVIII. *Happy groves.*

O cruel, cruel, cruel, case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR LIX. *Of all the girls that are so smart.*

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief
As this best friend a brimmer.

[Drinks.

AIR LX. *Britons strike home.*

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. [Rises.

AIR LXI. *Chevy chase.*

But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine.

[Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. *To old Sir Simon the king.*

But valour the stronger grows
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we've lost the trouble of thinking?

[Drinks.

AIR LXIII. *Joy to great Cesar.*

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.

[Pours out a bumper of brandy.

AIR LXIV. *There was an old woman, &c.*

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.

[Drinks.

E ij

AIR LXV. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.*

But can I leave my pretty huffies
Without one tear or tender sigh?

AIR LXVI. *Why are mine eyes still flowing:*

Their eyes, their lips, their buffes,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die!

AIR LXVII. *Green sleeves.*

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha' n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to string
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Jailor. Some friends of your's Captain desire to be admitted—I leave you together.

Enter BEN. BUDGE and MAT. of the MINT.

Mac. For my having broke prison you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The sheriff's officers I believe are now at the door.—That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surpris'd me—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore I beg you gentlemen look well to yourselves; for in all probability you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry Captain for your misfortune—but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels: their lives are as much in your power as your's are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'tis my last request—Bring those villains to the gallows before you and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do 't.

Jailor. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

Mac. Gentlemen adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben. Budge and Mat. of the Mint.*

Enter LUCY and POLLY.

Mac. My dear Lucy—my dear Polly—whatsoever hath past between us is now at an end—If you are

fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR LXVIII. *All you that must take a leap.*

Lucy. Wou'd I might be hang'd!

Polly. And I would so too.

Lucy. To be hang'd with you,

Polly. My dear with you.

Mac. O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty bottle.*]

Polly. No token of love?

Mac. See, my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty pot.*]

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. Adieu!

Lucy. Farewell!

Mac. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Chorus. Toll de rol lol, &c.

Sailor. Four women more, Captain, with a child apiece. See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Mac. What! four wives more!—this is too much—Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BEGGAR and PLAYER.

Play. But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly Sir: to make the Piece perfect I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose they were all either hanged or transported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very just, and is easily removed; for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about: so you rabble there--run and cry A reprieve—Let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do to comply with the taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at first intended it would have carried a most excellent moral; 't would have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

Enter to them MACHEATH, *with rabble, &c.*

Mac. So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last.—Look ye, my dears! we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we were really married—As for the rest—But at present keep your own secret.

[*To Polly.*

[*A Dance.*]

AIR LXIX. *Lumps of pudding, &c.*

Thus I stand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all sides their glances his passion confound,
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Tho' willing to all with but one he retires.
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
Gborus. Then think of this maxim, &c.

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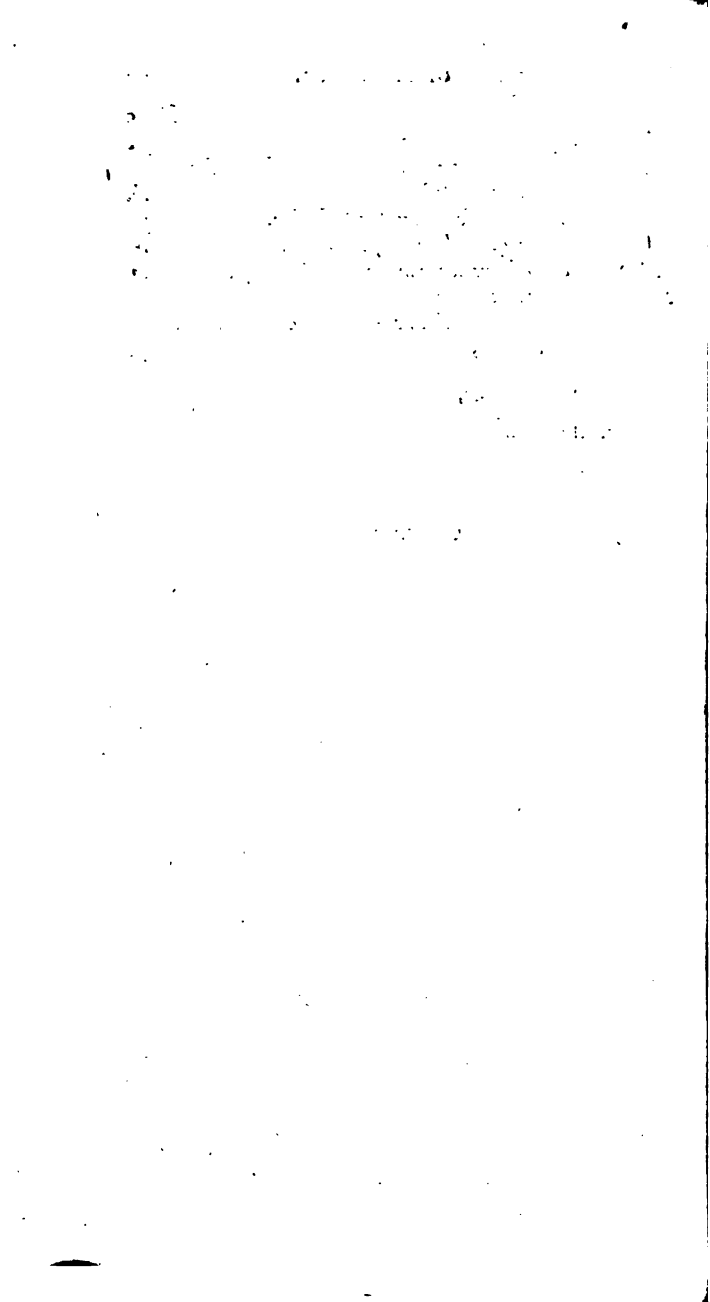
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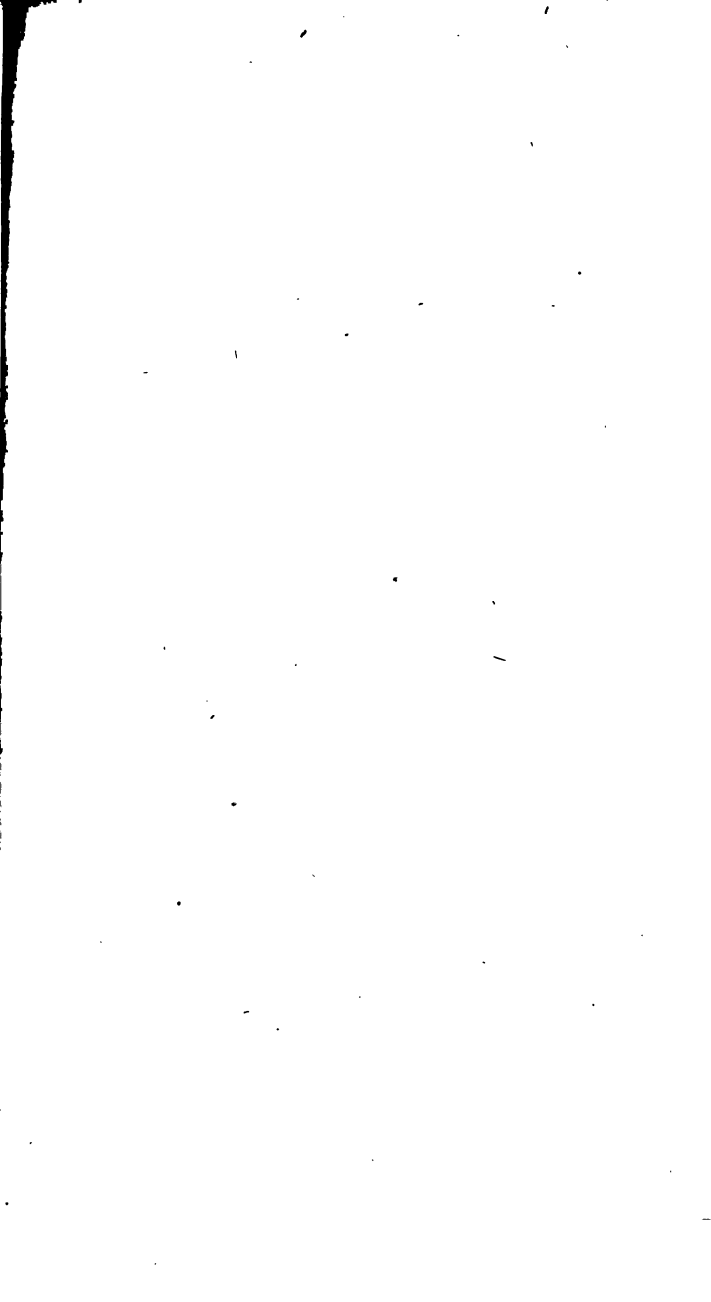
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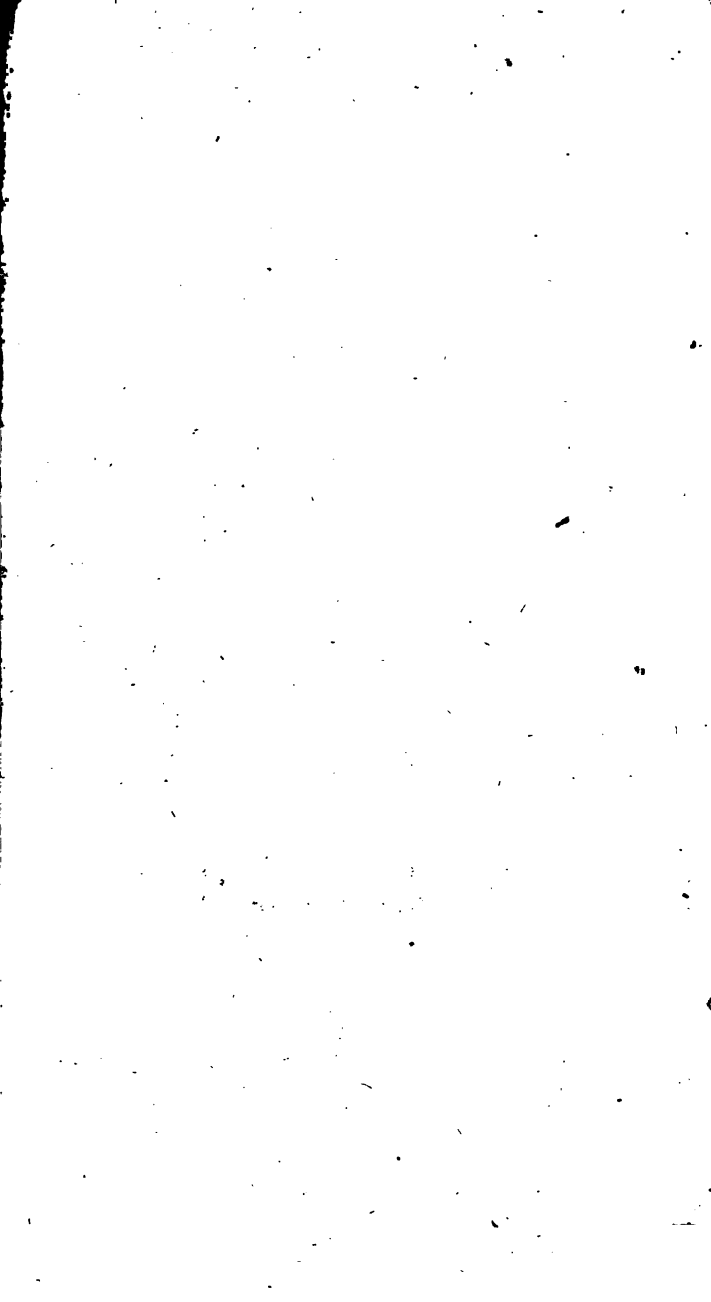
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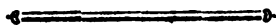
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Published for the Belle Vue Theatre, February 26th 1777.

Sturges & Co. sculp.

MR. MATTOCKS in the Character of ACHILLES
How I pant! How I burn for the fight.

BELL'S EDITION.



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By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

deceperat omnes.
(In quibus Ajacem) sumptæ fallacia vestis.

OVID. METAM. lib. 13.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

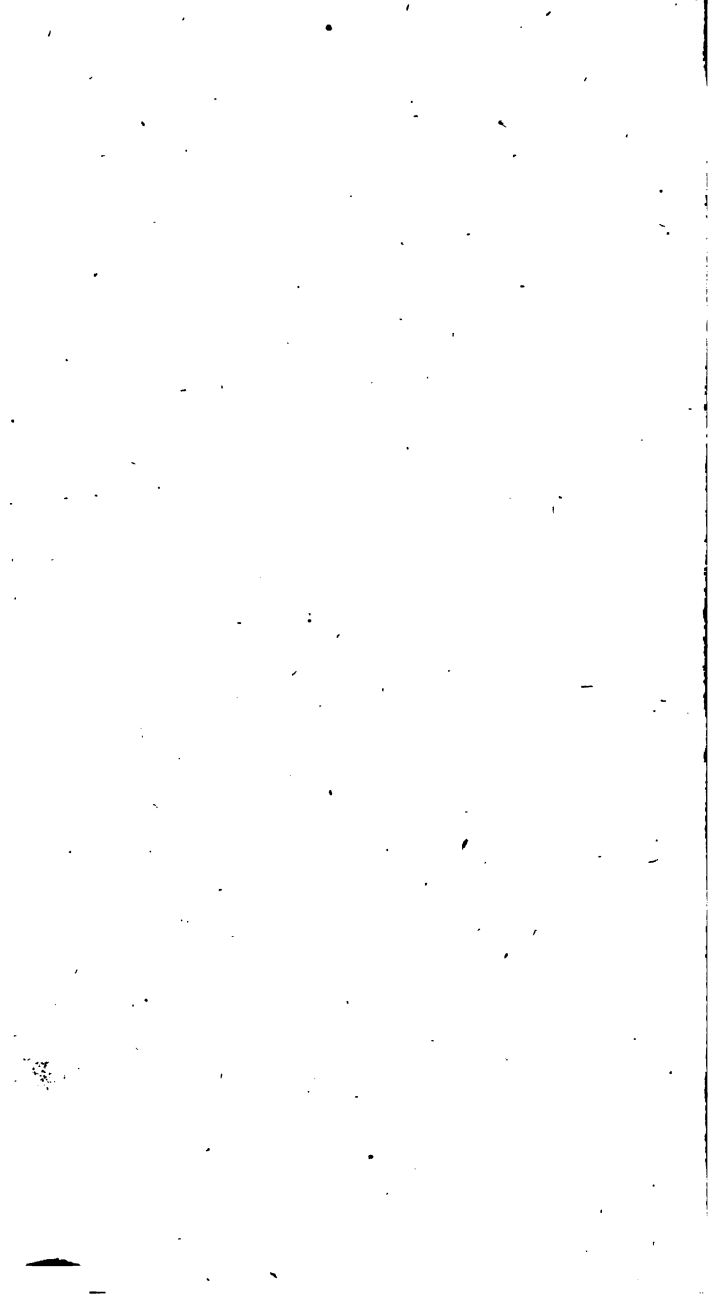
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MDCCCLXXVII.





P R O L O G U E.

*I Wonder not our author doubts success,
 One in his circumstance can do no less.
 The dancer on the rope that tries at all,
 In each unpractis'd caper risques a fall:
 I own I dread his ticklish situation,
 Critics detest poetic innovation.
 Had Ic'rus been content with solid ground,
 The giddy, vent'rous youth had ne'er been drown'd.
 The Pegasus of old had fire and force,
 But your true modern is a carrier's horse,
 Drawn by the foremost bell, afraid to stray,
 Bard following bard, jogs on the beaten way.
 Why is this man so obstinate an elf?
 Will he, alone, not imitate himself?
 His scene now shows the heroes of old Greece;
 But how? 'Tis monstrous! in a comic piece.
 To buskins, plumes and helmets what pretence,
 If mighty chiefs must speak but common sense?
 Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,
 Foam at our mouths, and thunder on the stage?
 No——'tis Achilles, as he came from Chiron,
 Just taught to sing, as well as wield cold iron;
 And whatsoever critics may suppose,
 Our author holds, that what he spoke was prose.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Lycomedes,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Dipbilus,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Du-Bellamy,
<i>Achilles,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Ulysses,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>Diomedes,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Owenfon.
<i>Ajax,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Fox.
<i>Periphas,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Agyrtes,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Reinhold.
				Mr. Baker.

W O M E N.

<i>Thetis.</i>	-	-	-	Miss Catley.
<i>Theaspe,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Deidamia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Pouffin.
<i>Lesbia,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Valois.
<i>Philoe,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Brown.
<i>Artemona,</i>	-	-	-	

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, SCYROS.

ACHILLES.

A C H I L L E S.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in *Italics* are the additions of the Theatre.

A C T I.

' SCENE, *the Palace.*

' *Enter Thetis and Achilles.*

' THETIS.

' **B**EFORE I leave you, child, I must insist upon your
' promise, that you will never discover yourself
' without my leave. Don't look upon it as capricious
' fondness, nor think (because 'tis a mother's advice)
' that, in duty to yourself, you are obliged not to fol-
' low it.

' *Ach.* But my character, my honour——Would you
' have your son live with infamy?——On the first step
' of a young fellow, depends his character for life. I
' beg you, goddess, to dispense with your commands.

' *Thet.* Have you, then, no regard to my presenti-
' ment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I
' know that odious siege of Troy would be the death
' of thee.

' *Ach.* Because you have the natural fears of a mother,
' would you have me insensible that I have the heart of
' a man? The world, Madam, must look upon my ab-
' sconding in this manner, and at this particular junc-
' ture, as infamous cowardice.

' AIR I. *A clown in Flanders once there was.*

' What's life? No curse is more severe,

' Than bearing life with shame.

' Is this your fondness, this your care?

' Oh, give me death with fame!

A 3

' *Thet.*

‘ *Thet.* Keep your temper, Achilles, ’Tis both impious and undutiful to call my prescience in question.

‘ *Ach.* Pardon me, goddess; for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I should have taken the liberty of other sons, and should (as ’tis my duty) have heard your advice, and followed my own.

‘ *Thet.* I positively shall not be easy, child, unless you give me your word and honour—You know my commands.

‘ *Ach.* My word, Madam, I can give you; but my honour is already sacrificed to my duty. That I gave you, when I submitted to put on this woman’s habit.

‘ *Thet.* Believe me, Achilles, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life. By preventing your running headlong to your destiny, I preserve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more insist upon your solemn promise.

‘ *Ach.* Was I a woman, (as I appear to be) I could, without difficulty, give you a promise, to have the pleasure of breaking it; but when I promise, my life is pledged for the performance. Your commands, Madam, are sacred. Yet I intreat you, goddess, to consider the ignominious part you make me act. In obeying you, I prove myself unworthy of you.

‘ *Thet.* My will, Achilles, is not to be controverted: Your life depends upon your duty; and, positively, child, you shall not go to this siege.

‘ A I R II. *Gudgeon’s Song.*

‘ Why am I thus held at defiance ?

‘ A mother, a goddess obey.

‘ Will men never practise compliance,

‘ Till marriage hath taught them the way ?

‘ *Ach.* But why must I lead the life of a woman ? Why was I stolen away from my preceptor ? Was I not as safe under the care of Chiron ? I know the love he had for me ; I feel his concern ; and I dare swear that good creature is now so distressed for the loss of me, that he will quite founder himself with galloping from place to place to look after me.

Thet. I'll hear no more. Obey, and seek to know no further. Can you imagine that I would have taken all this trouble to have lodged you under the protection of Lycomedes, if I had not seen the absolute necessity of it?

Ach. Were I allowed to follow my inclinations, what would you have to fear? I should do my duty, and die with honour. Was I to live an age, I could do no more.

Thet. You are so very obstinate, that, really, child, there's no enduring you. Your impatience seems to forget that I am a goddess. Have I not degraded myself into the character of a distressed Grecian princess? 'Tis owing to my artifice and insinuation that we have the protection of the king of Scyros. Have I not won Lycomedes's friendship and hospitality to that degree, as to place you, without the least suspicion, among his daughters? And for what, dear Achilles? Your safety and future fame required it.

Ach. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to bear it much longer! my words, my actions, my awkward behaviour, must one day inevitably discover me—I had been safer under the tuition of Chiron.

Thet. Hath not the prophet Calchas persuaded the confederates, that the success of their expedition against Troy, depends upon your being among them? Have they not emissaries and spies almost every where in search of you? 'Tis here, only, and in this disguise, that I can believe you out of the reach of suspicion—You have so much youth, and such a bloom, that there is no man alive but must take you for a woman. What I am most afraid of, is, that when you are among the ladies, you should be so little master of your passions, as to find yourself a man.

AIR III. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor?*

Ach. The woman always in temptation,
 Must do what Nature bids her do :
 Our hearts feel equal palpitation ;
 For we've unguarded minutes too.

By

- ' By nature greedy,
- ' When lank and needy,
- ' Within your fold the wolf confine;
- ' Then bid the glutton
- ' Not think of mutton;
- ' Can you persuade him not to dine?

' *Thet.* Now, dear child, let me beg you to be discreet. I have some sea affairs that require my attendance, which (much against my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

' *Enter Artemona.*

' *Art.* The princesses, Lady Pyrrha, have been sitting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miserable for want of you.

' *Thet.* Pyrrha is so very unhandy, and so monstrously awkward at her needle, that I know she must be diverting. Her passion for romances (as you must have observed in other girls) took her off from every part of useful education.

' *Ach.* For the many obligations I have to the princesses, I should, no doubt, upon all occasions, shew myself ready to be the butt of their ridicule; 'tis a duty that all great people expect from what they call their dependants.

' *Art.* How can you, Lady Pyrrha, misinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendship, an esteem for you; and have a pleasure in instructing you.

' *Thet.* For Heaven's sake, Pyrrha, let not your capitious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be sensible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me. How can you be so horridly out of humour?

' *Ach.* All I mean, Madam, is, that when people are sensible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

' *Thet.* You are so very touchy, Pyrrha, that there is no enduring you? How can you be so unfociable a creature, as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiscretions? For what, do you think, women keep company with one another?

' *Ach.* Because they hate one another, despise one another,

A C H I L L E S.

‘ another, and seek to have the pleasure of seeing and
 ‘ exposing one another’s faults and follies.

‘ *Tbet.* Now, dear Pyrrha, tell me, is work a thing
 ‘ you pique yourself upon? Suppose too, they should
 ‘ smile at an absurdity in your dress, it could not be such
 ‘ a mortification, as if, like most women, you had made
 ‘ it the chief business of your life.

‘ *Art.* Don’t they treat one another with equal fami-
 ‘ liarity?

‘ *Ach.* But a reply from me (whatever was the provo-
 ‘ cation) might be looked upon as impertinent. I hate
 ‘ to be under the restraint of civility when I am ill used.

‘ *Art.* Will you allow me, Madam, to make your ex-
 ‘ cuses to the princesses?—The occasion of your high-
 ‘ ness’s leaving her, I see, troubles her—Perhaps I may
 ‘ interrupt conversation.

‘ *Tbet.* ’Tis astonishing, child, how you can have so
 ‘ little complaisance. This sullen behaviour of yours
 ‘ must be disagreeable. I hope, Madam, she is not al-
 ‘ ways in this way?

‘ *Art.* Never was any creature more entertaining! Such
 ‘ spirits, and so much vivacity! The princesses are really
 ‘ fond of her to distraction. The most chearful tempers
 ‘ are liable to the spleen; and ’tis an indulgence that one
 ‘ woman owes to another.

‘ *Ach.* The spleen, Madam, is a female frailty that I
 ‘ have no pretensions to, nor any of its affections.

‘ AIR IV. *Si vous vous moquez de nous.*

‘ When a woman sullen fits,

‘ And wants breath to conquer reason,

‘ Always these affected fits

‘ Are in season.

‘ Since ’tis in her disposition,

‘ Make her be her own physician.

‘ Nay, dear Madam, you shall not go without me——

‘ Though I have my particular reasons to be out of hu-
 ‘ mour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

‘ *Art.* I know they would take it mortally ill, if they
 ‘ thought your complaisance had put yourself under the
 ‘ least restraint.

‘ *Ach.*

‘ *Act.* I can’t forgive myself for my behaviour. You must excuse me, Madam ; for absence in conversation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

‘ *Art.* You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of its most infallible symptoms.

‘ *Thet.* I charge you, upon my blessing ; as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me. [*To Achilles.*

‘ [*Thetis kisses him. Exit Achilles and Artemona.*
‘ As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the least apprehension ; all my concern is from the impetuosity of his temper. Yet, after all, why should I fear a discovery ? For women have the same passions ; though they employ them upon different objects.

‘ A I R V. *A minuet.*

‘ Man’s so touchy, a word that’s injurious
‘ Wakes his honour ; he’s sudden as fire.

‘ Woman kindles, and is no less furious

‘ For her trifles, or any desire.

‘ Man is testy,

‘ Or sour, or refty,

‘ If balk’d of honours, or pow’r, or pelf.

‘ Woman’s passions can no less molest ye,

‘ And all for reasons she keeps to herself.

‘ He is sudden, he is impatient. What then ? Are women less so ? Ask almost all servants what they know of their mistresses. He is wilful, testy, and untractable : can’t thousands of husbands say as much of their wives ? Then, as for his obstinacy, that can never shew him less a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I could wish him : he is too vehement, too severe in his expressions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another’s faces ; but they make ample amends for it behind each other’s backs : so that, with all these infirmities of man, he may, with the least conduct, very well pass for a fine-spirited woman. This reflection hath cured my anxiety, and will make me believe him secure.

‘ *Enter Lycomedes.*

‘ *Thet.* ’Tis with the utmost gratitude that I return
‘ your

‘ your majesty thanks for the honours and hospitable favours shewn to me and my daughter.

‘ *Lycom.* You would oblige me more, Madam, if your affairs would allow you to accept them longer.

‘ *Tbet.* I have presumed, Sir, to trespass further on your generosity, in leaving my daughter under your protection. I hope Pyrrha’s behaviour will deserve it.

‘ AIR VI. *To you, my dear, and to no other.*

‘ Must, then, alas ! the fondest mother

‘ Desert her child ?

Lycom. - - - - - Ah, why this tear ?

‘ She’ll in Theaspe find another;

‘ In me, paternal love and care.

‘ Had you taken her with you, my daughters would have been miserable beyond expression : theirs and her education shall be the same.

‘ *Tbet.* I beg you, Sir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes ; for neither time nor interest can ever cancel it.

‘ *Lycom.* Affairs of consequence may require your presence. Importunity, upon these occasions, is troublesome and unhospitable. I ask no questions, Madam, because I choose not to pry into secrets.

‘ *Tbet.* I can only thank, and rely upon your majesty’s goodness—My duty to the queen, Sir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands.’

[*Exit.*

* *Enter Diphilus.*

Lyc. The princess Calista hath taken her leave ; she is but just gone out of the room.

Dipb. The daughter, Sir, was a most delicious piece.

Lycom. With all her little vixen humours, to my taste she is infinitely agreeable.

Dipb. Your parting with her, Sir, in this easy manner, is astonishing—One, too, so excessively fond of you—

Lycom. Parting with her, Diphilus !

• In the representation, the first Act begins here.

Dipb.

‘ *Diph.* But no prince alive hath so great a command
‘ of his passions.

‘ *Lycom.* Dear Diphilus, let me understand you.

‘ *Diph.* To my knowledge, you might have had her.

‘ *Lycom.* Can I believe thee?

‘ *Diph.* I really thought the queen began to be a little
‘ uneasy; and, for the quiet of the family, (since she is
‘ gone) I must own I am heartily glad of it.

‘ *AIR VII.* *John went suiting unto Joan.*

‘ How your patience had been try’d,

‘ Had this haughty dame comply’d!

‘ What’s a mistress and a wife?

‘ Joy for moments, plague for life.’

Lycom. I am not so unhappy, Diphilus—Her mother
hath left her to my care

Diph. Just as I wished.

‘ *Lycom.* Would she had taken her with her!

‘ *Diph.* It might have been better; for, beyond dis-
‘ pute, Sir, both you and the queen would have been
‘ easier.

‘ *Lycom.* Why did she trust her to me?

‘ *Diph.* There could be but one reason.

‘ *Lycom.* I cannot answer for myself.

‘ *Diph.* ’Twas upon that very presumption you was
‘ trusted.

‘ *Lycom.* Would I could believe thee.’

Diph. ’Tis an apparent manifest scheme, Sir; and you
would disappoint both mother and daughter, if your ma-
jesty did not betray your trust. ‘ You love her, Sir,
‘ you say.

‘ *Lycom.* To distraction, Diphilus.

‘ *Diph.* And was the betraying a trust ever, as yet, an
‘ obstacle to that passion? What would you have a mother
‘ do more upon such an occasion? Ladies of her rank
‘ cannot transact an affair of this kind, but with some
‘ decorum.’

Lycom. But you can never suppose Pyrrha knows any
thing of the matter.

Diph. Why not, Sir?

‘ *Lycom.*

Lycom. From me she cannot; for I have never, as yet, made any downright professions.

Diph. There lies the true cause of her thoughtfulness; 'tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her scheme should not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath instructed her not to be too forward, to make you more so.—Believe me, Sir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but those little ones that every woman knows how to practise to quicken a lover.

Lycom. Be it as it will, Diphilus, I must have her.

Diph. Had I been acquainted with your pleasure sooner, your majesty by this time had been tired of her.—How happy shall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majesty's commands to hint your passion to her.

Lycom. Never did eyes receive a passion with such coldness, such indifference!

AIR VIII. *Groom's Complaint.*

*Dissembling words, too cruel maid,
Or love or hate may feign,
By looks the passions are betray'd,
For eyes the heart explain.
Whene'er my soul hath breath'd desire,
I sigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No glance confess'd her secret fire;
And eyes the heart explain.*

Diph. Though 'tis what she wishes, what she longs for, what she sighs for, respect and awe are a restraint upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have often told you, Sir, she dares not understand you; she dares not believe herself so happy.

Lycom. Take this ring, Diphilus.—I must leave the rest to your discretion.

Diph. There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or so—but the present will speak for itself; 'tis the most successful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

Lycom. Say every thing for me, Diphilus; for I feel I cannot speak for myself.

B

Diph.

Dipb. Could I be as successful in all my other negotiations! Yet there may be difficulties, for, if I mistake not, the lady hath something of the coquette about her; and what self-denial will not those creatures suffer to give a lover anxiety?

AIR IX. *O'er Bogie.*

Observe the wanton kitten's play,
 Whene'er a mouse appears;
 You there the true coquette survey
 In all her flirting airs:
 Now pawing,
 Now clawing,
 Now in fond embrace,
 Till 'midst her freaks,
 He from her breaks,
 Steals off, and bilks the chase.

Lycom. Dear Diphilus, what do you mean? I never saw a woman so little of that character.

Dipb. Pardon me, Sir; your situation is such, that you can never see what mankind really are. In your presence every one is acting a part; no one is himself, and was it not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful servants, how little would your subjects be known to you! Though she is so prim and reserved before you, she is never at a loss for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

Lycom. Beauty must always have its followers.

Dipb. If I mistake not, general Ajax too (who is sent to solicit your quota for the Trojan war) hath another solicitation more at heart.—But suppose she had ten thousand lovers; a woman's prevalent passion is ambition, which must answer your ends.—The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me.—I go, Sir, to make Pyrrha the happiest creature upon earth. [Exit.]

Enter Theaspe.

Theas. I think the princess Calista might as well have taken her daughter with her.—That girl is so intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine such conversation can possibly

possibly be of any great advantage to your daughters education.

Lycm. You seem of late to have taken an aversion to the girl. She hath spirit and vivacity, 'but not more than is becoming the sex; and' yet I never saw any thing in her behaviour but what was extremely modest.

Theas. For heaven's sake, Sir, allow me to believe my own eyes. 'Her forwardness must give the fellows some encouragement; or there would not be that intolerable flutter about her.—But, perhaps, she hath some reasons to be more upon her guard before you.'

Lycm. How can you be so unreasonably censorious?

Theas. I can see her faults, Sir. I see her as a woman sees a woman. The men, it seems, think the awkward creature handsome.

' AIR X. *Dutch Skipper. First part.*

Lycm. ' When a woman's censorious,
' And attacks the meritorious;
' In the scandal she shews her own malicious thought;
' If real guilt she blames,
' Then pride her heart inflames,
' And she fancies she's better's for another's fault:
' Thus seeking to disclose,
' The slips of friends and foes,
' By her envy she does herself alone expose.'

Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peevish way can be nothing but downright antipathy.

Theas. Nay, dear Sir, your defending her in this feeling manner, can be nothing but downright partiality.

' *Lycm.* I own myself partial to distress, and I see her in that circumstance.

' *Theas.* But there are other reasons that may make a man partial.

' AIR XI. *Dutch Skipper. Second part.*

As you, Sir, are my husband, no doubt you're prone

' To turn each new face

' To a wife's disgrace;

And for no other cause but that she's your own;

‘ Nay, Sir, ’tis an evident case.

‘ ’Tis strange that all husbands should prove so blind,

‘ That a wife’s real merits they ne’er can find,

‘ Tho’ they strike all the rest of mankind.

‘ *Lycom.* How can you be so ridiculous? By these
‘ airs, Madam, you would have me believe you are
‘ jealous.

‘ *Theas.* Whence had you this contemptible opinion of
‘ me? Jealous! If I was so, I have a spirit above own-
‘ ing it. I would never heighten your pleasure by let-
‘ ting you have the satisfaction of knowing I was un-
‘ easy.

‘ *Lycom.* Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your
‘ temper.

‘ *Theas.* Since I have been so unguarded as to own
‘ it; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that was I of a
‘ lower rank, it would keep you in some awe, because
‘ you would then know I could take my revenge.

‘ *Lycom.* You forget your duty, child.

‘ *Theas.* There is a duty too due from a husband.’

Lycom. How can you give way to these passions?

Theas. Because you give way to yours.

Lycom. But to be so unreasonably jealous!

Theas. Unreasonably! Would it were so!

‘ AIR XII. *Black Joke.*

‘ *Lycom.* Then must I bear eternal strife,

‘ Both night and day put in mind of a wife,

‘ By her pouts, spleen, and passionate airs

‘ *Theas.* D’ye think I’ll bear eternal flight,

‘ And not complain when I’m robb’d of my right

‘ Call you this, Sir, but whimsical fears?

‘ *Lycom.* Can nought then still this raging storm?

‘ *Theas.* Yes. What you promis’d if you wou’d perform

‘ *Lycom.* Pr’ythee tease me no more.

‘ *Theas.* I can never give o’er,

‘ Till I find you as fond and as kind as before

‘ *Lycom.* Will you ne’er ask

‘ A possible task?

‘ Would you have me so unhospitable as to deny her my protection ?’

Theas. ‘Tis not, Sir, that I presume to controul you in your pleasures.—Yet you might, methinks, have shewed that tenderness for me to have acted with a little more reserve. ‘ Women are not so blind as husbands imagine.—Were there no other circumstances, your coolness to me, your indifference.—How I despise myself for this confession !—Pardon me, Sir, love made me thus indiscreet.

‘ AIR XIII. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.*

‘ *Theaspe weeping.*

‘ Oh, love, plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain ;
 ‘ ’Twas you that was jealous, ’twas you was in pain ;
 ‘ Yet why should you speak ? To what purpose or end ?
 ‘ I must be unhappy if love can offend.

‘ Yet was ever a design of this kind so manifest, so bare-faced !

‘ AIR XIV. *The Goddesses.*

‘ *Theaspe angry.*

‘ To what a pitch is man profuse,
 ‘ And all for ostentatious pride !
 ‘ Ev’n misses are not kept for use,
 ‘ But for mere show, and nought beside.
 ‘ For might a wife speak out,
 ‘ She cou’d prove, beyond all doubt,
 ‘ With more than enough he was supply’d.’

The princess Calista hath shewn an uncommon confidence in your majesty. The woman, no doubt, depends upon it, that her daughter’s charms are not to be resisted.

Lycem. Nay, dear child, don’t be scandalous.

‘ AIR XV. *Jean’s Placket.*

‘ Reputations hack’d and hew’d,
 ‘ Can never be mended again ;
 ‘ Yet nothing stints the tattling prude,
 ‘ Who joys in another’s pain.

' Thus while she rends
 ' Both foes and friends,
 ' By both she's torn in twain.
 ' Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
 ' Can never be mended again.

' *Theaf.* You are in so particular a manner obliged to
 ' her, that I am not surpris'd at your taking her part.

' *Lycom.* But, dear Madam, why at present is all this
 ' violent fluster?

' *Theaf.* Ask your own heart, ask your own conduct.
 ' Those can best inform you.—'Twould have been
 ' more obliging, if Pyrrha and you had kept me out of
 ' this impudent secret.—You know, Sir, I have rea-
 ' son.

' *Lycom.* If one woman's virtue depended upon ano-
 ' ther's suspicions, where should we find a woman of
 ' common modesty? Indeed, child, I think you in-
 ' jure her; I believe her virtuous.

' *Theaf.* When a man hath ruined a woman, he thinks
 ' himself obliged in honour to stand up for her reputa-
 ' tion.

' *Lycom.* If you will believe only your own unac-
 ' countable suspicions, and are determin'd not to hear
 ' reason, I must leave you to your perverse humours.
 —What would' you have me say? What would you
 ' have me do?

' *Theaf.* Shew your hospitality (as you call it) to me,
 ' and put that creature out of the palace.

' *Lycom.* I have a greater regard to yours and my own
 ' quiet; than ever to comply with the extravagant pas-
 ' sions of a jealous woman.

' *Theaf.* You have taken then your resolutions, I find;
 ' and I am sentenced to neglect.—Did ever a woman
 ' marry but with the probability of having at least one
 ' man in her power?—What a wretched wife am I!

[Weeps.]

' *Lycom.* Jealousy from a wife, even to a man of
 quality, is now looked upon as ill-manners, though the
 affair be never so public.—But without a cause!—
 I beg you, Madam, to say no more upon this subject.

Theaf. Though you, Sir, may think her fit company
 for

for you; methinks the very same reasons might tell you that she is not so very reputable a companion for your daughters.

Lycom. Since a passionate woman will only believe herself, I must leave you, Madam, to enjoy your obstinacy. I know but that way of putting an end to the dispute.

AIR XVI. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

Though woman's glib tongue, when her passions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd.

Since woman will have both her word and her way,
I yield to your tongue; but my reason obey.

I obey,

Nothing say,

Since woman will have both her word and her way. [*Ex.*]

Theas. Would I had been more upon the reserve! But husbands are horridly provoking; they know the frailty of the sex, and never fail to take the advantage of our passions to make us expose ourselves by contradiction.—
Artemona.

Ester Artemona.

Art. Madam.

Theas. Is that creature, that (what do you call her?) that princess, gone?

Art. Yes, Madam.

Theas. Why did not she take that awkward thing, her daughter, with her?

Art. The advantages she might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

Theas. Might that be an inducement?

Art. 'Besides,' in her present circumstance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her.

Theas. Can't you find out any other reason for leaving her?

Art. Your courtesy, Madam; your hospitality.

Theas. No other reason!

Art. No other reason?—

Theas. Would I could believe there was no other!

Art. 'Tis not for me to pry into your majesty's secrets.

Theas. I hate a girl that is so intolerably forward.

Art.

Art. I never observed any thing but those little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themselves.—Perhaps those particular distinctions the princesses shew her, may have made her too familiar.—I am not, Madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

Theaf. A look so very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that spirit.——But there are, Artemona, some particular distinctions from a certain person, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might indeed make her too familiar.

Art. Heaven forbid!

Theaf. How precarious is the happiness of a wife, when it is in the power of every new face to destroy it!——Now, dear Artemona, tell me sincerely, don't you, from what you yourself have observed, think I have reason to be uneasy?

Art. That I have observed!

Theaf. Dear Artemona, don't frighten thyself.—I am not accusing you, but talking to you as a friend.

AIR XVII. *Fairy Elves.*

Art. Oh, guard your hours from care,
 Of jealousy beware;
 For she with fancy'd sprites,
 Herself torments and frights.
 Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
 Raising fears that she believes.

Theaf. I hate myself too for having so much condescension and humility as to be jealous. 'Tis flattering the man that uses one ill; and 'tis wanting the natural pride that belongs to the sex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible figure is a jealous woman! How have I exposed myself!

Art. Your majesty is safe in the confidence reposed in me.

Theaf. That is not the case, Artemona. Lycomedes knows I am unhappy. I have owned it, and was so unguarded as to accuse him.

Art.

Art. Upon mere suspicion only?

* *Theaf.* Beyond dispute he loves her. I know it, Artemona; and can one imagine that girl hath virtue enough to withstand such a proposal?

AIR XVIII. *Moll Peatly.*

All hearts are a little frail,
When temptation is rightly apply'd.
What can shame or fear avail
When we footh both ambition and pride?
All women have power in view:
Then there's pleasure to tempt her too.
Such a sure attack there's no defying,
No denying;
Since complying
Gives her another's due.

—I can't indeed (if you mean that) positively affirm,
that he hath yet had her.

* *Art.* Then it may be still only suspicion.*

Theaf. I have trusted too my daughter Deidamia with my weakness; that she, by her intimacies and friendship with Pyrrha, may get into her secrets. In short, I have placed her as my spy about her.—‘That girl (out of good-nature, and to prevent family-disputes) may deceive me.’ She insists upon it, that I have nothing to fear from Pyrrha; and is so positive in this opinion, that she offers to be answerable for her conduct.

Art. Why then, Madam, will you still believe your own jealousies?

Theaf. All I say is, that Deidamia may deceive me; for whatever is in the affair, 'tis impossible but she must know it; I have it ordered it so, that she is scarce ever from her; they have one and the same bed-chamber; yet such is my distemper, that I suspect every body, and can only believe my own imaginations. — ‘There must be some reason that Deidamia hath not been with me this morning. — I am impatient to see her.’

* In the performance, the nineteenth Air is sung here, and this speech and song of Theafpe are transposed to this mark .

AIR XIX. *John Anderson my Jo.*

- ' Art. Let jealousy no longer
 ' A fruitless search pursue;
 ' You make his flame the stronger,
 ' And wake repentment too.
 ' This self-tormenting-care give o'er;
 ' For all you can obtain
 ' Is, what was only doubt before,
 ' To change for real pain.
 ' END of the FIRST ACT.
-

A C T II.

' Enter Diphilus and Achilles.

' ACHILLES.

' I Am very sensible, my Lord, of the particular honours that are shewn me.

' *Diph.* Honours, Madam! Lycomedes is still more particular. . . How happy must that woman be whom he respects.

' *Ach.* What do you mean, my Lord?

' *Diph.* Let this speak both for him and me: the present is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

' *Ach.* I have too many obligations already.

' *Diph.* 'Tis in your power, Madam, to return 'em all.

' *Ach.* Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honest, tell him this ring had been a more honourable present to Theaspe.

AIR XX. *Abroad as I was walking.*

' [*Offering the ring a second time.*]

' *Diph.* Such homage to her beauty,

' What coynels can reject?

' Accept, as 'tis your duty,

' The tribute with respect.

' What

- ‘ What more can beauty gain thee ?
- ‘ With love I offer power,
- ‘ What shame can ever stain thee,
- ‘ Restrain thee,
- ‘ Or pain thee,
- ‘ When blest with such a dower ?

‘ *Diph.* ’Tis but an earnest, Madam, of future favours.—When Lycomede’s power is yours, I intreat your highness not to forget your servant.

‘ *Ach.* I shall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

‘ *Diph.* I beg you, Madam, to consider your present situation.—This uncommon distinction requires a softer answer.

‘ *Ach.* I shall give no other, my Lord.—I dare say, Diphilus, you think yourself highly honoured by your present negotiation.—Is there no office too mean for ambition ?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my Lord, would call you a pimp, a pandar, a bawd, for this very honourable proposal of yours.

‘ *Diph.* What an unmerciful weapon is a woman’s tongue !—I beg your highness to confine yourself within the bounds of common civility, and to consider who I am.

‘ *Ach.* I do consider it, Diphilus, and that makes thee a thousand times the more contemptible.

‘ AIR XXI. *Buttered Pease.*

- ‘ Shou’d the beast of the noblest race,
- ‘ Act the brute of the lowest class ;
- ‘ Tell me, which do you think more base,
- ‘ Or the lion or the ass ?
- ‘ Boast not then of thy rank or state ;,
- ‘ That but shews thee the meaner slave,
- ‘ Take thy due then of scorn and hate,
- ‘ As thou’rt but the greater knave.

‘ *Diph.* Though the sex have the privilege of unlimited expression, and that a woman’s words are not to
‘ be

' be resent'd; yet a lady, Madam, may be ill-bred.
' Ladies too are generally passionate enough without a
' provocation, so that a reply at present would be un-
' necessary.

' *Ach.* Are such the friends of power?—How unhappy
' are princes to have their passions so very readily put in
' execution, that they seldom know the benefit of re-
' flection! Go, and for once make your report faithfully
' and without flattery. [Exit.

' *Diph.* The girl is so excessively ill-bred, and such
' an arrant termagant, that I cou'd as soon fall in love
' with a tigress. She hath a handsome face, 'tis true,
' but in her temper she is a very fury.—But Lycomedes
' likes her; and 'tis not for me to dispute either his
' taste or pleasure.---Notwithstanding she is such a spit-
' fire, 'tis my opinion the thing may still do: things of
' this nature should be always transacted in person, for
' there are women so ridiculously half-modest, that they
' are ashamed in words to consent to what, (when a man
' comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to
' comply with.'

Enter Lycomedes.

Lycom. Well, Diphilus, in what manner did she re-
ceive my present?

Diph. 'Tis my opinion, Sir, that she will accept it
only from your hands. From me she absolutely refuses
it.

' AIR XXII. *Come open the Door, sweet Betty.*

' *Lycom.* What, must I remain in anguish?

' And did not her eyes consent?

' No sigh, not a blush, nor languish

' That promis'd a kind event!

' It must be all affectation,

' The tongue hath her heart bely'd;

' That oft hath withstood temptation,

' When ev'ry thing else comply'd.

' *Lycom.* How did she receive you? Did you watch
' her eyes? What was her behaviour when you first told
' her I loved her?

' *Diph.* She seem'd to be desperately disappointed,
' that you had not told her so yourself.'

Lycom. But when you pressed it to her——

Diph. She had all the resentment and fury of the most complying prude.

Lycom. But did not she soften upon consideration?

Diph. She seemed to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delayed your majesty's application.

Lycom. What no favourable circumstance!

Diph. Nay, I was not in the least surpris'd at her behaviour. Love at second-hand to a lady of her warm constitution! It was a disappointment, Sir; and she could not but treat it accordingly.—'Whatever was my opinion, 'twas my duty, Sir, to obey you, but I found just the reception I expected. Apply to her yourself, Sir; answer her wishes, and (if I know any thing of woman) she will then answer yours, and behave herself as she ought.'

Lycom. But, dear Diphilus, I grow more and more impatient.

Diph. That too by this time is her case.—To save the appearances of virtue, the most easy woman expects a little gentle compulsion; and to be allowed the decency of a little feeble resistance. For the quiet of her own conscience a woman may insist upon acting the part of modesty, and you must comply with her scruples.—You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleasure.'

Lycom. Pyrrha!—This is beyond my hopes.—'Diphilus, lay your hand upon my breast. Feel how my heart flutters.'

Diph. Did Pyrrha feel these assurances of love she would not appear so thoughtful.

Lycom. Deidamia too not with her?

Diph. She is with the queen, Sir.

Lycom. My other daughters, who seem less fond of her, are in the garden; so all's safe.—Leave me, Diphilus, and let none, upon pain of my displeasure, presume to intrude. [Exit Diph.]

Enter Achilles.

Lycom. Lady Pyrrha, my dear child, why so thoughtful?

Ach. Thoughts may not be so respectful; they may

‘ be too familiar, too friendly, too true : and who about
 ‘ you presumes to communicate ’em ? Words and forms
 ‘ only are for your ear, Sir.

‘ *Lycom.* You know, Pyrrha, you was never received
 ‘ upon the foot of ceremony, but friendship ; so that’ it
 would be more respectful if you was less shy and less re-
 served —— ’Tis your behaviour, Pyrrha, that keeps me
 at a distance.

Acb. If I was wanting, Sir, either in duty to you or
 myself, my own heart would be the first to reproach me.
 ‘ —— Your majesty’s generosity is too solicitous upon
 ‘ my account ; and your courtesy and affability may even
 ‘ now detain you from affairs of importance.’ —— If you
 have no commands, Sir, the princesses expect me in the
 garden.

Lycom. Nay, positively, my dear Pyrrha, you shall
 not go.

‘ *Acb.* But why, Sir ? —— For heaven’s sake, what
 ‘ hath set you a trembling ? —— I fear, Sir, you are out of
 ‘ order. —— Who waits there ?

‘ *Lycom.* I did not call, Pyrrha.

‘ *Acb.* Let me then, Sir, know your commands. ——

‘ AIR XXIII. *Altro giorno in compagnia.*

‘ *Lycom.* If my passion want explaining,

‘ This way turn and read my eyes ;

‘ These will tell thee, without feigning,

‘ What in words I must disguise.

‘ *Acb.* Why do you fix your eyes so intensely upon
 ‘ me ? —— Speak your pleasure, speak to me then. ——
 ‘ Why am I seized ? —— Spare me, Sir, for I have a
 ‘ temper that can’t bear provocation.

‘ *Lycom.* I know there are a thousand necessary affec-
 ‘ tations of modesty, which women, in decency to them-
 ‘ selves, practise with common lovers before compliance.
 ‘ —— But my passion, Pyrrha, deserves some distinc-
 ‘ tion.’

Acb. I beg you then, Sir, don’t lay violent hands
 upon me.

Lycom. The present you refused from Diphilus accept
 from me.

‘ *Acb.*

' *Ach.* Why will you persist?—Nay, dear Sir, I can't answer for my passions.

' *Lycom.* 'Tis not Diphilus, but I give it you.'

Ach. That Diphilus, Sir, is your enemy.

' *Lycom.* 'Tis I that offer it.

' *Ach.* Your very worst enemy, your flatterer.

' *Lycom.* You should strive, child, to conquer these extravagant passions.

' *Ach.* How I despise that fellow! that pimp, that pandar!'

AIR XXIV. *Trip to the Landry.*

How unhappy are the great,

Thus begirt with servile slaves!

Such with praise your reason cheat.

Flatt'ers are the meanest knaves.

They, in friendship's guise, accost you;

False in all they say or do.

When these wretches have ingross'd you,

Who's the slave, Sir, they or you?

' *Lycom.* Is this reproachful language, Pyrrha, befitting my presence?

' *Ach.* Nay, dear Sir, don't worry me. By Jove, you'll provoke me.'

Lycom. Your affectation, Pyrrha, is intolerable. There's enough of it.—Those looks of aversion are insupportable.—I will have no struggling.

Ach. Then, Sir, I must have no violence.

' AIR XXV. *As I walked along Fleet-Street.*

' *Lycom.* When the fort on no condition

' Will admit the gen'rous foe,

' Parley but delays submission;

' We by storm shou'd lay it low.'

' I am in earnest, lady.'—I will have no trifling, no coquetting; 'you may spare those little arts of women, for my passion is warm and vehement enough without 'em.'—Do you know, Pyrrha, that obedience is your duty?

Ach. I know my duty, Sir; and, had it not been for that sycophant, Diphilus, perhaps you had known yours.

Lycom. 'I am not, lady, to be awed and frightened by stern looks and frowns.'——Since your obstinate behaviour then makes violence necessary——

Ach. You make self-preservation, Sir, as necessary,

Lycom. I won't be refused.

AIR XXVI. *The Lady's New-Year's Gift.*

Lycom. Why such affectation?

Ach. Why this provocation?

Lycom. Must I bear resistance still!

Ach. Check your inclination.

Lycom. Dare you then deny me?

Ach. You too far may try me.

Lycom. Must I then against your will!

Ach. Force shall never ply me.

'*Lycom.* Never was such a termagant!

'*Ach.* By Jove, never was such an insult!

'*Lycom.* Will you? —— Dare you? —— Never was such strength! ——'

[*Achilles pushes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.*]

'*Ach.* Desist then.

'*Lycom.* Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

AIR XXVII. *Puppet Shew Trumpet Tune.*

'[*Achilles holding Lycomedes down.*]

'*Ach.* What heart hath not courage, by force assail'd,

'To brave the most desperate fight?

'Tis justice and virtue that hath prevail'd;

'Power must yield to right.

'*Lycom.* Am I so ignominiously to be got the better of!

'*Ach.* You are.

'*Lycom.* By a woman!

'*Ach.* You now, Sir, find you had acted a greater part,

' part, if (in spite of your flatterers) you had got the
' better of your own passions.'

Enter Diphilus and Courtiers.

1 *Court.* An attempt upon the king's life!—The
guards! where are the guards?

' 2 *Court.* Such an open, bare-faced assassination!

[They seize Achilles, and raise Lycomedes.

' 3 *Court.* And by a woman too!

' 1 *Court.* Where are your wounds, Sir?

' 2 *Court.* Take the dagger from her, that she do no
' farther mischief.

' 3 *Court.* The dagger! Where? What dagger?

' 1 *Court.* You will find it some where or other con-
' cealed; examine her, search her.'

Ach. Save your zeal, Sire, for times of real danger.
Let Lycomedes accuse me.—He knows my offence.

Lycom. How have I exposed myself!—D'philus,
bid these over-officious friends leave me, and, as they
value my favour, that they say nothing of what they
have seen.—*[Diphilus talks apart with the courtiers,
who go out.]* ' Though the insult from any other person
' had been unpardonable; there are ways that you, Ma-
' dam, might still take to reconcile me.

' *Ach.* Self-defence, Sir, is the privilege of mankind.
' I know your power, but as I have offended no law, I
' rely upon your justice.

' *Lycom.* 'Twould be safer, Madam, to rely on your
' own future behaviour.

' *Ach.* Who was the aggressor, Sir?

' *Lycom.* Beauty, inclination, love. If you will
' merit favour, you know the conditions.

' AIR XXVIII. *Old King Cole.*

' No more be coy;

' Give a loose to joy,

' And let love for thy pardon sue.

' A glance cou'd all my rage destroy,

' And light up my flame anew.

' For though a man can stand at bay,

' Against a woman's will;

' And keep, amid the loudest fray,

' His resolution still:

‘ Yet when consenting smiles accost,
 ‘ The man in her arms is lost.

‘ *Ach.* If your resentment wants only the show of
 ‘ justice, let this honourable man here be my accuser; it
 ‘ may be necessary for him to trump up a horrid conspi-
 ‘ racy to screen his own infamous practices.

‘ *Diph.* Your majesty hath had too much confidence
 ‘ in this woman. The lives of kings are sacred, and the
 ‘ matter (trivial as it seems) deserves further inquiry.—
 ‘ There must be some secret villainous design in this affair.

‘ *Ach.* And are not you, Diphilus, conscious of that
 ‘ secret villainous design?

‘ *Diph.* ‘Tis an offence, Sir, that is not to be pardoned.
 ‘ Your dignity, Sir, calls upon you (notwithstanding
 ‘ your partiality to her) to make her an example. There
 ‘ must be things of consequence that we are still igno-
 ‘ rant of; and she ought to undergo the severest exami-
 ‘ nation.—My zeal for your service, Sir, was never
 ‘ as yet at a loss for witnesses upon these occasions.

[To Lycomedes.

‘ *Lycom.* Don’t you see the queen coming this way?
 ‘ Have done with this discourse, dear Diphilus, and
 ‘ leave me.’—[*Exit Diphilus.*] Would I could forget
 this ridiculous affair! ‘ For the present, Pyrrha, I
 ‘ trust you to return to the ladies; though (considering
 ‘ your passionate temper) I have little reason to rely on
 ‘ your discretion.’

[*Exit Ach.*

Enter Theaspe.

Theas. I thought I had heard Pyrrha’s voice.

Lycom. A jealous woman’s thoughts are her own and
 her husband’s eternal plague; so I beg you, my dear,
 say no more of her.

Theas. And have I no reason but my own thoughts, my
 liege?

‘ AIR XXIX. *Dicky’s Walk in Dr. Faustus.*

‘ *Theas.* What give o’er!

‘ I must and will complain.

‘ *Lycom.* You plague us both in vain.

‘ *Theas.* You won’t then hear a wife!

‘ *Lycom.*

‘ *Lycom.* I must, it seems, for life.

‘ Teaze no more.

‘ *Theaf.* Nay, Sir, you know ’tis true,
‘ That ’tis to her I owe my due.

‘ No thanks to you !

‘ It behoves kings, Sir, to have the severest guard upon
‘ their actions ; for as their great ones are trumpeted by
‘ fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely
‘ conveyed from ear to ear by a whisper.’

Lycom. These chimerical jealousies, Madam, may
provoke my patience.

Theaf. Chimerical Jealousies !—And do you really,
Sir, think your ignominious affair is still a secret ?—
Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whispered
every where ?

‘ AIR XXX. *Puddings and Pies.*

‘ *Lycom.* The slips of a husband, you wives
‘ Will never forget ;

‘ Your tongue for the course of our lives
‘ Is never in debt.

‘ ’Tis now funning,

‘ And then dunning ;

‘ Intent on our follies alone,

‘ ’Tis so fully employ’d, that you never can think of
your own.

‘ *Theaf.* My suspicions have, indeed, wronged Pyrrha.
‘ —How I respect and honour that girl !—Deidamia,
‘ that honourable, that virtuous creature Pyrrha, well
‘ deserves both your friendship and mine.——As soon
‘ as you have found her bring her to me, that I may ac-
‘ knowledge the merits she hath to me. [Exit Deid.

‘ *Theaf.* But after the repulse and disgrace you have
very justly met with, you might with reason censure me
for want of duty and respect shou’d I upbraid you.——
’Tis past ; and if you will never again put me in mind,
I choose to forget it.——Yet, would you reward virtue,
and had you any regard for my quiet——

AIR XXXI. *My Dilding, my Dalding.*

Ah ! should you ever find her
 Complying and kinder ;
 Though now you have resign'd her ;
 What then must ensue !
 Your flame, though now 'tis over,
 Again will recover ;
 You'll prove as fond a lover,
 As I'm now of you.

Lycom. What would you have me do ?

Theas. I would have you distrust yourself, and remove the temptation. I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew Periphas, and I really think we can never meet with a more deserving woman.

Lycom. Whatever scheme you have for her, I shall not interfere with you. I have had enough of her ter-magant humours ; she hath not the common softness of the sex.

Theas. Marriage, Sir, hath broke many a woman's spirit, and that will be only Periphas's affair. When he takes her with him, your own family, at least, will be easy.

Lycom. Her presence, just now, would be shocking. I could not stand the shame and confusion. I see her, and Deidamia with her. — Do with her as you please ; you have my consent : but 'tis my opinion, that Periphas will not find himself much obliged to you ; for the man that marries her must either conquer his own passions or hers ; and one of them (according to my observation) is not to be conquered.

AIR XXXII.

*A maiden that's tender,
 Her heart may surrender,
 And light in your bosom the raptures of love ;
 But such a curs'd wixen
 As her, if you fix on,
 Vexation and endless disquiet you prove.*

[Exit.

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Theas. The character Deidamia hath given of you,
 and

A C H I L L E S.

and your own behaviour, child, have so charmed me, that I think I never can sufficiently reward your merits.

Ach. Deidamia's friendship may make her partial. My only merit, Madam, is gratitude.

Theas. To convince you of the opinion I have of you — But first I must ask you a question — Don't you think, Lady Pyrrha, that my nephew, Periphas, is very agreeable?

Ach. That impatience of his, to serve as a volunteer with the troops of Lycomedes, at the siege of Troy, [is becoming his birth—So much fire, and so much spirit!— I don't wonder your majesty is fond of him.

Theas. But, I am sure, Pyrrha; you must think his person agreeable.

Ach. No woman alive can dispute it.*

Theas. I don't know, every way, so deserving a young man; and I have that influence upon him, and, at the same time, that regard for him, that I would have him happy. Don't think, child, that I would make him happy at your expence; 'for, knowing him, I know you will be so. Was the princess Calista here, 'tis a match she could not disapprove of; therefore, let that be no obstacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon myself.'

Ach. Would you make me the obstacle to his glory? *
'Pardon me, Madam, I own myself undeserving.

* A I R XXXIII. *How happy are you and I.*

' First let him for honour roam,

' And martial fame obtain :

' Then (if he should come home)

' Perhaps I may explain.

' Since

* In the representation the following Air is introduced here, altered from Air I.

A I R.

*What's life? Can ought be more severe,
Than bearing life with shame?*

Is that your fondness, that your care!

Ob, give him death with fame!

- ' Since then alone the hero's deeds
 ' Can make my heart give way ;
 ' Till Ilium falls, and Hector bleeds,
 ' I must my choice delay.'

Theas. Nay, Pyrrha, I won't take these romantic notions of yours for an answer. Deidamia is so much your friend, that, I am sure, she must be happy with this alliance: so, while I make the proposal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together. *And however coy you may appear at present, Pyrrha, when my nephew throws himself at your feet, I dare say you will approve of his addresses.*

A I R XXXIV.

*How oft the fair will speak with scorn,
 And rail against a fav'rite swain ;
 Yet, after blushing like the morn,
 She bears him plead, and feels his pain.
 Might maidens but speak out,
 They'd shew, beyond all doubt,
 They, more than enough, can love again. [Exit.*

Ach. Was there ever a man in so whimsical a circumstance !

Deid. Was there ever a woman in so happy and so unhappy a one as mine !

Ach. Why did I submit ? Why did I plight my faith, thus infamously to conceal myself ? What is become of my honour ?

Deid. Ah, Pyrrha, Pyrrha ! what is become of mine ?

' *Ach.* When shall I behave myself as a man ?

' *Deid.* Would you had never behaved yourself as one !

' A I R XXXV. *Fy gar tub ber o'er with straw.*

- ' Think what anguish tears my quiet,
 ' Since I suffer'd shame for thee :
 ' Man at large may rove and riot,
 ' We are bound, but you are free.
 ' Are thy vows and oaths mistaken ?
 ' See the birds that wing the sky ;
 ' These their mates have ne'er forsaken,
 ' Till their young at least can fly.'

Ach.

Ach. Pestered and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impossible, much longer, to prevent discovery.

Deid. Dear, dear Pyrrha, confide in me. Any other discovery, but to me only, would be inevitable perdition to us both. 'Am I treated like a common prostitute?' Can your gratitude (would I might say love!) refuse to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

'*Ach.* You must rely, my dear princess, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond, weak husband, to be teased into the breaking my resolution.

AIR XXXVI. *Beggar's Opera. Hornpipe.*

'*Ach.* Know that importunity's in vain.

'*Deid.* Can then nothing move thee?

'*Ach.* Ask not, since denial gives me pain.

'*Deid.* Think how much I love thee.

'*Ach.* What's a secret in a woman's breast?

'*Deid.* Canst thou thus upbraid me?

'*Ach.* Let me leave thy heart and tongue at rest.

'*Deid.* Love, then, hath betray'd me.'

Ach. For Heaven's sake, Deidamia, if you regard my love, give me quiet—Intreaties, fondness, tears, rage, and the whole 'matrimonial' rhetoric of woman, to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear Deidamia, I am inexorable.

Deid. But, my dear Pyrrha, (for you oblige me still to call you by that name) only 'imagine what must be the consequence of a month or two.' Think of my unhappy condition. To save my shame (if you are a man of honour) you must then come to some resolution.

AIR XXXVII. *My time, Oh, ye Muses!*

How happy my days, and how sweet was my rest,
Ere Love, with his passions, my bosom distress'd!
Now I languish with sorrow, I doubt and I fear;
But love hath me all, when my Pyrrha is near.
Yet, why have I griev'd? Ye vain passions, adieu!
I know my own heart, and I'll think thee as true;
And as you know my heart, 'twould be folly to range;
For who'd be inconstant, to lose by the change?

Ach.

Ach. Till I deserve these suspicions, Deidamia, methinks it would be more becoming your professions of love, to spare them. I have taken my resolutions, and when the time comes, you shall know them: till then, be easy, and press me no farther.

Deid. My life, my honour, then, I implicitly intrust with you.

Ach. Who would have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! The life of a hypocrite must be one continual scene of anxiety. When shall I appear as I am, and extricate myself out of this chain of perplexities! I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

Deid. But, dear Pyrrha, for my sake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour, till your resolution is ripe for execution. You, now and then, take such intolerable strides, that I vow you have set me a blushing.

Ach. Considering my continual restraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclinations, I am surprized at my own behaviour.

AIR XXXVIII. I am come to your house.

‘ Your dress, your conversations,
 ‘ Your airs of joy and pain,
 ‘ All these are affectations
 ‘ We never can attain.
 ‘ The sex so often varies,
 ‘ ’Tis nature more than art:
 ‘ To play their whole vagaries,
 ‘ We must have woman’s heart.

Deid. Your swearing, too, upon certain occasions, sounds so very masculine; an oath startles me. Would I could cure myself of these violent apprehensions!

Ach. As for that matter, there are ladies, who, in their passions, can take all the liberties of speech.

Deid. Then, too, you very often look so agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my sisters would find you out.

Ach.

Ach. Impudent! Are women so censorious, that looks cannot escape them? May not one woman look kindly upon another without scandal?

Deid. But such looks——Nay, perhaps, I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithstanding your dress) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

Ach. Do what we will, love, at some moments, will be unguarded.' But what shall I do about this Periphas? *I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.*

Deid. His heart is so set upon the siege, that I know you can have but very little persecution upon his account.

Ach. Would I could go with him!

Deid. And could you leave me thus?

Ach. Have you only a womanish fondness? I thought, *Deidamia*, you loved me. And you cannot truly love and esteem, if, in every circumstance of life, you have not a just regard for my honour.

Deid. Dear *Pyrrha*, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have set my heart in a most violent palpitation. Let us talk no more upon this disagreeable subject. My sisters will grow very impatient. 'Should we stay longer together, I might again be importunate, and ask to know you; and I had rather bear the eternal plague of unsatisfied curiosity, than give you a moment's disquiet.' They are now expecting us in the garden, 'and, considering my present circumstances,' I would not give them occasion to be impertinent: for, of late, they have been horridly prying and inquisitive. Let us go to them.

Ach. I envy that *Periphas*. His honour, his fame, his glory is not shackled by a woman.

AIR XXXIX. *The Clarinette.*

Ah, why is my heart so tender!

My honour incites me to arms:

To love shall I fame surrender?

By laurels I'll merit thy charms.

D

Deid.

Deid. How can I bear the reflection?

Acb. I balance, and honour gives way.

Deid. Reward my love by affection;
I ask thee no more than I pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

* A C T III.

Enter Theaspe, Periphas, and 'Artemona.'

THEASPE.

PERIPHAS, I have a favour to ask of you, and positively I will not be refused.

Per. Your majesty may command.

Theasp. Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

Per. To obey your commands, Madam, must be so.

Theasp. I am not, Periphas, talking to you as a queen, but as a relation, a friend. I must have no difficulties; therefore I insist upon your absolute promise.

Per. I am not in my own power, Madam. Lycomedes, you know, hath acceded to the treaty of alliance; that to furnish his quota, his troops are already embarked, and that I have engaged myself in his service.

Theasp. Why will you raise obstacles before you know the conditions? 'Tis a thing I have set my heart upon; and I tell you, 'tis what, in honour, you can comply with.

Per. My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your disposal.

Theasp. You promise, then, solemnly, faithfully——

Per. I do.

Theasp. I have remarked, Periphas, that you are prodigiously fond of the princess Calista's daughter.

Per. I fond of her, Madam!

Theasp. Nay, Periphas, are not you eternally at her ear?

Art. How have I seen that formidable hero, General Ajax, suffer upon your account! Of all his rivals, you

' are his eternal torment—He reddens, sighs, and (as much as is consistent with such a blustering soldier's valour) languishes whenever you are near her.'

Theaf. You may safely own your passion, Periphas; for I know you think her agreeable.

' *Art.* Besides her being the fashionable beauty of the court (which is sufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude, ought to like her. I know all of them envy the particular distinction she shews you.

' *Theaf.* I am convinced of her merits;' and your marrying her, I know, would make you both happy.

' *Per.* Let me perish, Madam, if I ever once thought of it.

' *Theaf.* Your happiness, you see, hath been in my thoughts—I take the settling this affair upon myself.'

Per. How could you, Madam, imagine I had any views of this kind? What, be a woman's follower, with intention to marry her! 'Why, the very women themselves would laugh at a man who had so vulgar a notion of gallantry, and knew so little of their inclinations:' the man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and, for the most part, they have every other view but marriage.

Theaf. But I am serious, nephew, and insist upon your promise.

' AIR XL. *No sooner had Jonathan leap'd from the boat.*

' What are the jests that on marriage you quote?

' All ignorant bachelors censure by rote;

' Like critics, you view it with envy or spleen.

' You pry out its faults, but the good is o'erseen.

' *Per.* 'Tis not in my power, Madam; 'tis not in my inclinations. A soldier can have but one inducement to marry, (and a woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence.

' *Theaf.* You know, nephew, you have promised.

' *Per.* But suppose I am already engaged.

' *Theaf.* That will be another merit to her.'

Per. 'Tis impossible, Madam. In a day or two, you know, I am to set out for the campaign.

Theas. A lady of her romantic spirit can have no objections to following the camp.

AIR XLI. *Love's a dream of mighty pleasure*

- ' Soldier, think before you marry ;
- ' If your wife the camp attends,
- ' You but a convenience carry,
- ' For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
- ' If at home she's left in sorrow,
- ' Absence is convenient too ;
- ' Neighbours now and then may borrow
- ' What is of no use to you.

Theas. I, indeed, feared Pyrrha might have started some difficulties ; but if you rightly consider the proposal, you can have none.

Per. What is the cause of the war we are now engaged in ? Does not the fate of Menelaus stare me in the face ?

Theas. I will have no more of your trifling objections, Periphas ; ' and, as to your part,' from this time, I will look upon the affair as happily concluded. ' All that now remains to be done, is with Pyrrha. I have left her to Deidamia's management ; and, without doubt, her good offices must prevail ; for you can never have a better advocate. But should the girl be perverse and obstinate——'Tis impossible. For however her heart is already engaged, no woman alive can resist the ambition of such an alliance.'

AIR XLII.

Think, Oh, think ! that love and glory
Fire at once the gallant breast,
Claiming equal empire o'er you ;
Each shall plume the hero's crest.
Mars shall make thee fam'd in story.
Cupid, Cupid, make you blest'd.

[*Exeunt Theaspe and Artemona.*

Per.

Per. Had I so little taste of liberty as to be inclined to marry, that girl is of so terragant a spirit—The bravest man must have the dread of an eternal domestic war. ‘In a tongue-combat, woman is invincible, and the husband must come off with shame and infamy; for though he lives in perpetual noise and tumult, the poor man is only ridiculous to his neighbours. How can we ever get rid of her? Hercules conquered the seven-headed hydra; but his wife was a venom’d shirt that stuck to him to the last.’ *We have but one inducement to marry, (and the woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence; tho’, indeed, a lady of Pyrrha’s romantic disposition may have no objection to following the camp.* *

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. This rencounter, Periphas, is as I wished. The liberties you have taken—you know what I mean—when my honour is concerned—an indignity, and all that—’Tis not to be put up; and I must insist upon an explanation—‘There is a particular affair, my Lord—’

Per. Your accosting me in this particular manner, Lord Ajax, requires explanation; for, let me die, if I comprehend you.

Ajax. Death, my Lord, I explain! I am not come here to be asked questions. ’Tis sufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have satisfaction.—So, now you are answered.

Per. I can’t say much to my satisfaction, my Lord; for I can’t so much as guess at your meaning.

Ajax. A man of honour, Periphas, is not to be trifled withal.

Per. But a man of honour, Ajax, is not obliged, in courage, to be unintelligible.

Ajax. I hate talking; the tongue is a woman’s weapon. Whenever I am affronted, by the gods, this sword is my only answer.

Per. ’Tis not, Ajax, that I decline the dispute, or would, upon any account, deny you the pleasure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much condescension in a

* In the representation, Air XLI. is introduced here.

man of honour) before I fight, I would willingly know the provocation.

AIR XLIII. *Maggie Lowther.*

Ajax. ‘ What is all this idle chat ?
 ‘ Words are out of season.
 ‘ Whether ’tis or this or that,
 ‘ The sword shall do me reason.
 ‘ Honour call’d me to the task ;
 ‘ No matter for explaining :
 ‘ ’Tis a fresh affront to ask
 ‘ A man of honour’s meaning.

‘ Be it as it will, Periphas, we have gone too far already
 ‘ to retract.’ You know, I suppose, of my pretensions
 to a certain lady. Now are you satisfied ?

‘ *Per.* If you had her, my Lord, it had been much
 ‘ more to my satisfaction. I admire your courage.

‘ AIR XLIV. *Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.*

‘ Oh, then, it seems you want a wife !
 ‘ Should I consent,
 ‘ You may repent,
 ‘ And all her daily jars and strife
 ‘ You may on me resent.
 ‘ Thus ev’ry day and ev’ry night,
 ‘ If things at home should not go right,
 ‘ We three must live in constant fight.
 ‘ Take her at all event.

‘ *Ajax.* Hell and furies ! I am not to be rallied out of
 ‘ my resentment.’

Per. Now, in my opinion, ’tis flinging away your courage,
 to fight without a cause ; ‘ though, indeed, the men
 ‘ of uncommon prowess, by their loving to make the most
 ‘ of every quarrel, seem to think the contrary.’

Ajax. You are not so sure of the lady, Periphas, as
 you flatter yourself ; for whenever I am a rival, by Jove,
 ’tis not her consent, but my sword, that must decide the
 question.

‘ *Per.* Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had a
 ‘ better reason for fighting than I have at present ; for
 ‘ if

' if I am killed, I shall be out of danger of having the
' woman.'

Ajax. If I fall, Pyrrha may be yours : you will then
deserve her—Till then——

Per. So he that conquers, as a reward, I find, is to be
married—Now, dear Ajax, is that worth fighting for ?

Ajax. ' Your passion for that lady, Periphas, is too
' public to bear dispute.'——Spare your jokes ; for my
courage wants no farther provocation. Have not I seen
you whisper her, laugh with her ? And, by some parti-
cular looks at the same time, 'twas too evident that you
were laughing at me.

Per. Looks, Ajax !

Ajax. Yes, looks my Lord ; and I never did, or will
take an impertinent one from any man.

Per. Impertinent one !

Ajax. Furies ! this calm mockery is not to be borne.
I won't have my words repeated.

' *Per.* Such language, Ajax, may provoke me.

' A I R XLV. *Richmond Ball.*

' What means all this ranting ?

' *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

' 'Tis provoking.

' *Per.* I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.

' *Ajax.* Will you do me right ?

' *Per.* What means all this ranting ?

' *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

' 'Tis provoking.

' *Per.* I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.

' *Ajax.* Talk not, then, but fight.

' Give then by action

' Satisfaction.

' *Per.* I'm not in awe, Sir.

' *Ajax.* Death ! will you draw, Sir ?

' Tittle-tattle

' Is a battle

' You may safer try.

' *Per.* Yet, first, I'd fain know why.'

Ajax. Draw, Sir.

Per.

Per. Pr'ythee, put up, *Ajax*.

Ajax. By Jupiter, *Periphas*, 'till now I never thought you a coward.

Per. Nay then——since my own honour calls upon me.—Take notice, *Ajax*, that I don't fight for the woman. [*They fight.*]

Enter Theaspe, Artemona, and Guards.

1 Guard. Part 'em.—Beat down their swords.

[*They are parted.*]
2 Guard. How dared you presume to fight in the royal gardens?

1 Guard. Nay, in the very presence!—For see, the queen.

Ajax. 'Tis very hard, Sirs, that a man should be denied the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Theasf. Lord *Ajax*, for this unparalleled presumption we forbid you the palace.

Ajax. I shall take some other opportunity, my Lord.

[*Exit Ajax.*]

Theasf. And as for you, *Periphas*——

Per. Your majesty's rigor can do no less than forbid me the woman.

Theasf. The woman, *Periphas*, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your behaviour.

Per. That blundering hero *Ajax* will have it that I am his rival. The man will be almost as miserable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her.—Oblige us both then, Madam, and let the general be miserable in his own way.

Theasf. I could not have imagined that obstinate girl could have had any scruples to the match; but *Deidamia* tells me she finds her as difficult as you.

Per. Since you know, Madam, that *Pyrrha* will have her own way; for both our sakes, and to save yourself unnecessary trouble, your majesty had better give up this impossibility.

Enter Diphilus and Guards.

Diph. To prevent future mischief, my Lord, his majesty puts you under arrest, and commands you to attend him. General *Ajax* is already in custody.—'Tis his pleasure too, that (after you have paid your duty to him)

‘ him) you’ embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again upon pain of his majesty’s displeasure.*

AIR XLVI.

‘ In war we’ve nought but death to fear,
 ‘ How gracious is the sentence!
 ‘ For that is easier far to bear,
 ‘ Than marriage with repentance.
 ‘ Begirt with foes, by numbers brav’d,
 ‘ I’d bless the happy crisis;
 ‘ The man from greater danger sav’d,
 ‘ The lesser ones despises.

‘ *Per.* Your majesty then, you find, must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—If the general should be so happy, to bring Pyrrha with him to the camp, perhaps we may like one another better.
 ‘ *Diph.* The king, Madam, wants to talk to your majesty upon affairs of consequence.—You will find him in the royal apartment.

‘ *Theaf.* My daughters with Pyrrha have just turned the walk, and are coming this way.—You may stay with ’em, Artemona, till I send for you.

‘ [*Exeunt Theaf. Per. and Diph,*

* In the performance, the following air is introduced.

Per. The queen then must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—I think myself infinitely obliged to his majesty.

A I R.

*In war, though wounds and death we fear,
 How gracious those events,
 Compared to what the wretch must bear,
 Who marries and repents.*

*The foes surround in numbers brave,
 Soon ends the martial strife,
 But once by wedlock’s chain a slave,
 The contest lasts for life.*

‘ *Enter*

Enter Philoe, and Lesbia.

Phil. 'Tis horridly mortifying that these trades-people will never get any thing new against a birth-day. They are all so abominably stupid, that a woman of fancy cannot possibly have the opportunity of shewing her genius.

Lesb. The fatigue one hath of talking to those creatures for at least a month before a birth-day, is insupportable; for you know, sister, when the time draws so very near, a woman can think of nothing else.

Phil. After all, sister, though their things are detestable, one must make choice of something or other. I have sent to the fellows to be with me this morning.

Lesb. You are so eternally sending for 'em, one would imagine you was delighted with their conversation. For those hideous stuffs they will shew us from year to year are frightful, are shocking. How can a woman have so ill a taste as to expose herself in a last year's pattern!

Phil. Dear Madam, I beg your pardon. Let me die, if I saw you!

Lesb. Our meeting her was lucky beyond expression, for I never felt so uneasy a thing as a secret.

Phil. You know, sister, we had agreed to trust her with our suspicions.

Lesb. Yet after all, when a sister's reputation is concerned.

Phil. But is not the honour of a family of greater consequence?

Lesb. Though she is a woman and a favourite, I dare say, if Artemona promises, whatever she suffers, she will inviolably keep it to herself.

Art. If I had not this quality, I had little deserved Theaspe's friendship.——Be assured, ladies, you may safely trust me.

Phil. 'Tis impossible, sister, but she herself must have observed it.

Lesb. Whatever people have observed, 'tis a thing, you know, that no creature alive can presume to talk upon.

Phil. Deal fairly and openly with us, Artemona.——

Have

Have you remarked nothing particular of Deidamia yonder of late?

Art. Of Deidamia!

Lesb. Only look upon her, Madam.

Phil. Well——what do you think of her?

Lesb. Are you blind, Artemona, or dare not you believe your eyes?

Art. Her particular intimacy with Pyrrha do you mean?

Phil. Dear Madam!——Then I find we must speak first.

Lesb. Now, dear Artemona, can any woman alive imagine that shape of hers within 'the' compass 'of common modesty'?

Art. But how can one possibly have those suspicions?

Phil. She is a woman, Madam; she hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities 'that we know nothing of.'

AIR XLVII. Minuet of Corelli in the Ninth Concerto.

Phil. We may resolve to resist temptation;

And that's all we can do;

For in the hour of inclination

What cou'd—I or you?

But the happy man? There, Artemona, is still the secret.

Lesb. Though the thing is improbable, 'tis so most-stroussly evident, that it cannot bear a dispute.

Phil. Then her bosom too is so preposterously impudent!—One would think a woman in her condition was not conscious of her own shame.

Lesb. Or imagined other people could overlook it as well as herself.

Phil. Then she is so squeamish and so frequently out of order——

Lesb. That she hath all the outward marks of female frailty must be visible to all womankind.

Phil. But how she came by them, there, Artemona, is still the secret.

Lesb. I must own that, by her particular intimacies
with

‘ with that forward creature, Pyrrha, I suspect her to be
 ‘ her confident in this accident.’

Art. I beg you, ladies, to turn this discourse; for
 Deidamia and Pyrrha are just coming upon us to join the
 conversation.

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Lesb. Now I dare swear that careless creature Pyrrha
 hath not once thought of her clothes.

‘ *Art.* Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 ‘ trifle, for ’tis the only mark of respect that most people
 ‘ are capable of shewing. And though that is not your
 ‘ case, I know your gratitude can never omit this public
 ‘ occasion.

‘ **AIR XLVIII.** *Tom and Will were Shepherds twain.*

‘ Think of dress in ev’ry light;
 ‘ ’Tis woman’s chiefest duty;
 ‘ Neglecting that, ourselves we slight
 ‘ And undervalue beauty.
 ‘ That allures the lover’s eye,
 ‘ And graces ev’ry action;
 ‘ Besides, when not a creature’s by,
 ‘ ’Tis inward satisfaction.

Ach. As I am yet a stranger, ladies, to the fashions of
 the country, ’tis your fancy that must determine me.

Phil. How can a woman of common sense be so un-
 solicitous about her dress!

Art. Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 trifle.

‘ *Lesb.* And trust a woman to choose for her! ’Tis a
 ‘ temper to be spiteful that very few of us can resist;
 ‘ for we have not many pleasures that can equal that of
 ‘ seeing another woman ridiculous.

‘ *Phil.* But you have not, Pyrrha, misplaced your
 ‘ confidence.

‘ *Enter Servant.*

‘ *Serv.* Your embroiderer, Madam.

‘ *Phil.* That woman is everlastingly pestering me for
 ‘ employment. Now can she imagine, that to promote
 ‘ her tawdry trade, I can be talked into making myself
 ‘ ridiculous.

' ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious embroidery?—I can't see her now.—But, perhaps, I may want her for some trivial thing or other.—Let her call again to-morrow.'

Serv. The anti-chamber, Madam, is crowded with tradespeople.

Phil. Did not I tell you that I would not be troubled with those impertinent creatures?—But hold—I had forgot I sent for 'em.—Let 'em wait.

Lesb. But if those foreign merchants who lately came into port are among 'em——

' *Phil.* There, sister, is all my hope. I shall be horribly disappointed if they don't shew us something charming.

' *Lesb.* Should any woman alive get sight of their things before us——

' *Phil.* I could not bear it.—To appear in what another woman had refused would make the creature so intolerably vain!

' *Lesb.* Are those merchants, I ask you, among 'em?

Serv. They have been waiting, Madam, above this half hour.

Lesb. ' And did not you know our impatience?——How could you be so stupid?'—Let us see them this instant.

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Agyrtes, disguised as merchants.

Art. Unless you have any thing that is absolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and yourselves, gentlemen, but unnecessary trouble.

' *Ulys.* Our experience, Madam, must have profited very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we could imagine they could possibly be pleased twice with the same thing.

' *Diom.* You might as well offer 'em the same lover.

' *Ulys.* We have learned the good manners, Madam, to distinguish our customers.—To produce any thing that had ever been seen before, would be a downright insult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

' *Diom.* Novelty is the very spirit of dress.

' *Lesb.* Let me die, if the fellows don't talk charmingly!

' *Phil.* Sensibly, sister.

E

' *Lesb.*

‘ *Lesb.* ’Tis evident they must have had dealings with ladies of condition.

‘ *Diom.* We only wait your commands.’

Ulys. We have things of all kinds, ladies.

Phil. Of all kinds! — Now that is just what I wanted to see.

‘ *Lesb.* Are not these, sister, most delightful creatures?’

Ulys. We know a lady can never fix, unless we first cloy her curiosity.

Diom. And if variety can please, we have every thing that fancy can wish.

‘ AIR XLIX. *The Bob-tail Lass.*

‘ In drefs and love by like desires

‘ Is woman’s heart perplex’d;

‘ The man and the gown she one day admires,

‘ She wishes to change the next.

‘ The more you are fickle, we’re more employ’d,

‘ And love hath more customers too;

‘ For men are as fickle, and soon are cloy’d,

‘ Unless they have something new.

‘ *Lesb.* But, dear man, consider our impatience.

‘ *Ulys.* Would you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or would you see ’em in your own apartment?

‘ *Phil.* How intolerably these fellows love talking!

‘ *Lesb.* How canst thou, man, ask such a question!

‘ *Phil.* Here——immediately.

‘ *Ulys.* Nay, ’tis not, Madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the most glaring light——

‘ as for that matter——

‘ *Lesb.* Nay, pr’ythee, fellow have done.

‘ [*Diomedes goes out and returns with Agyrtes.*]

Ulys. I would not offer you these pearls, ladies, if the world could produce such another pair.

Phil. A pair, fellow——Dost thou think that jewels pair like men and women, because they were never made to agree?

Diom. Now, ladies, here is all that art can shew you.
—Open the packet.

Lesb. This very individual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil. Don't you think it pretty, Deidamia?

Ulys. Look upon it again, Madam.——Never was so delightful a mixture!

Diom. So soft! so mellow!

Ulys. So advantageous for the complexion!

Lesb. I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

Phil. I hate our own tame home-bred fancy.——I own I like the design—but take it away, man.

Art. There must be something pretty in every thing that is foreign. [*Ulysses shews another piece.*]

Deid. I am sure, Madam, this must convince you to the contrary.——Never was any thing so detestable!

Lesb. For heaven's sake, Sir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery.

Ulys. How could'st thou make this mistake?——Never was such an eternal blunderer. [*Opens the armour.*]

Phil. How ridiculous is this accident!

Diom. Pardon the mistake, ladies.

Lesb. A suit of armour!——You see, Philoe, they can at least equip us for the camp.

Phil. Nay, Lesbia, for that matter it might serve many a stiff awkward creature that we see every day in the drawing-room; for, their dress is every way as absurd and preposterous. [*Another packet opened.*]

Ulys. If your expectations, ladies, are not now answered, let fancy own herself at a stand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irresistible!

Lys. For heaven's sake, lady Pyrrha—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have so little curiosity?

[*As the ladies are employed in examining the stuffs, Achilles is handling and posing the armour. Ulysses observing him.*]

Achil. The workmanship is curious; and justly mounted! This very sword seems fitted to my hand.—The shield too is so little cumbersome; so very easy!—Was Hector here, the fate of Troy should this instant be decided.——How my heart burns to meet him!

Ulys. [*Aside to Diom.*] That intrepid air! That god-like

like look! It must be he! His nature, his disposition shews him through the disguise. [*To Achilles.*] Son of Thetis, I know thee, Greece demands thee, and now, Achilles, the house of Priam shakes.

Ach. But what are you, friend, who thus presume to know me?

Ulys. You cannot be a stranger, Sir, to the name of Ulysses.

Ach. As I have long honoured, I shall now endeavour, Sir, to emulate your fame.

Ulys. Know, Sir, Diomedes; he too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

Diom. Come, Agyrtes; with him we carry conquest to the confederates.

[Agyrtes takes a trumpet which lays amongst the armour, and sounds.]

AIR L. *My Dame bath a lame tame Crane.*

Ulys. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

Diom. How I pant!

Achil. How I burn for the fight.

Diom. Hark, glory calls.

Achil. Now great Hector shall bleed.

Agyr. Fame shall our deeds requite.

[As Achilles is going off, he turns and looks on Deidamia.]

AIR LI. *Geminiani's Minuet.*

Ach. Beauty weeps.—Ay, why that languish?

See, she calls, and bids me stay.

How can I leave her? my heart feels her anguish!

Hence, fame and glory! Love wins the day.

[He drops the sword and shield.]

Trumpet sounds, and he takes 'em up again.

AIR LI. *My Dame bath a lame, &c. as before, sung in Four Parts as a Catch.*

Ulys. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

Ach. How I pant! How I burn for the fight!

Diom. Hark, glory calls. Now great Hector shall bleed.

Agyr.

Aggr. Fame shall our deeds requite.

[As they are going, Achilles stops with his eyes fixed on Deidamia.]

Art. For heaven's sake, ladies, support Deidamia.

Phil. Never was any thing so astonishing!

Lesb. Run then, Artemona, and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happened. *[Exit Art.]*

Phil. Ah, sister, sister, the mystery then of that particular intimacy between you and Pyrrha is at last unravelled.

Lesb. Now if it had not been a man of this prodigious consequence, it had been the same thing.——

Sure never was unguarded woman so unaccountably lucky!

Deid. Can you leave me, Achilles?——Can you?

Ulys. Consider your own glory, Sir.

AIR LII. Gavotti of Corelli.

Ach. Why this pain?

Love adieu,

Break thy chain,

Fame pursue,

Ah, false heart,

Canst thou part?

Oaths and vows have bound me,

Fame cries, go;

Love says, no.

Why d'ye thus confound me?

Deid. Think of my situation.——Save my honour.

Ulys. Think of the honour of Greece.

Deid. Think of your solemn oaths and promises.

Ulys. Nations depend upon you.——Victory, Sir, calls you hence.

Deid. Can you, Achilles, be perfidious?

Ulys. Can you lose your glory in the arms of a woman?

Deid. Can you sacrifice the fame of your faithful Deidamia?

‘ AIR LIII. *The Scheme.*

- ‘ *Ach.* Oh, what a conflict’s in my breast !
 ‘ *Ulys.* What, still in suspense ? bid fame adieu.
 ‘ *Deid.* See me with shame oppress :
 ‘ I curse, yet I love thee too.
 ‘ *Ulys.* Let not her sighs unman your heart.
 ‘ *Deid.* ‘ Can you then go, and faith resign ?
 ‘ *Ach.* Shou’d I ! ——— How can I part ?
 ‘ *Deid.* Your honour is link’d with mine.’

Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Diphilus, Periphas, and Ajax.

- ‘ *Lycom.* Hence, Diphilus ; and presume no more to
 ‘ come into my presence. ’ I was your paltry flattery that
 ‘ made me ridiculous. ——— Such a genius can never be at
 ‘ a loss for employment, for I have found you qualified
 ‘ for the very meanest offices. [*Exit Diphilus.*’

Theas. My daughter, Sir, I hope, hath put confidence in a man of honour.

Ach. My word, Madam, is as sacred as the most religious ceremony. — Yet (though we are already solemnly betrothed to each other) ’tis my request, Madam, that before I leave the court the priest may confirm the marriage. ‘ [*Theaspe whispers Artemona, who goes out.*

- ‘ *Theas.* This might have proved a scurvy affair, Deidamia ; for a woman can never depend upon a man’s honour after she hath lost her own to him.

‘ [*Achilles talks apart to Ulysses, Periphas, &c.*

- ‘ *Lycom.* You must own, Madam, that ’twas your own jealousies that were the occasion of Deidamia’s disgrace.

- ‘ *Theas.* How can you have the assurance to name it ? Does it not put you in mind of your own ? ——— Let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

- ‘ *Ach.* As you was so furiously in love, lord Ajax, I hope I shall still retain your friendship.

- ‘ *Ajax.* No joking I beg you, young man ——— But, pr’ythee how came you here ? and in a woman’s dress too ! ——— Your setting out, stripling, did not seem to promise much.

‘ *Ach.*

' *Ach.* The adventure would be too long to tell you.
' —I shall reserve the story for the camp.

' [*Artemona returns with the priest.*

' *Art.* The priest, Sir, is ready.

' *Lycom.* The ceremony waits you.

' *Ach.* It shall be my study, Lycomedes, to deserve this alliance.

' *Lycom.* May you be happy.

' *Theasf.* Let the priest then join your hands.

' [*Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Lesbia,*

' *Philoe, Artemona, retire to the back part of the stage.*

' *The priest performs the ceremony.*

' *Per.* Our duel, Ajax, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the case.——But you

' know, like men of violent honour, we were so very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

' *Ajax.* If you are too free with your wit, Periphas, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

' *Ulys.* What testy, Ajax! Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the discovery! for

' had you found a real complying woman you had irretrievably been married.——The presence of Achilles

' shall now animate the war.

' AIR LIV. *The Man that is drunk, &c.*

' *Per.* Was ever a lover so happily freed!

' *Ajax.* Try me no more; and mention it never.

' *Ulys.* Suppose you had found her a woman indeed.

' *Ajax.* Must I be teaz'd and worried for ever!

' *Diom.* By conquest in battle we finish the strife;

' *Per.* But marriage had kept you in quarrels for life.

' *Ajax.* Must you be fleeing?

' Truce with your jeering.

' Know that you wits oft' pay for your sneering.

' *Per.* If you had been deceived by a woman——'tis what we are all liable to.

' *Diom.* But Ajax is a man of warm imagination.

' *Ajax.* After this day let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

Per.

‘ *Per*, Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceived; for love, you know, is blind.

‘ *Ajax*. With my sword I can answer any man.—

‘ I tell you, I hate joking.

[*Lycomedes, &c. come forward.*

‘ *Lycom*. I have the common cause so much at heart, that I would not, son, detain you from the siege.

‘ **AIR LV.** *There lived long ago in a Country Place.*

‘ *Deid*. How short was my calm! in a moment ’tis past;

‘ Fresh sorrows arise, and my day is overcast.

‘ But since ’tis decreed.—Let me stifle this tear.

‘ Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;

‘ On thine it depends; ’tis for thee that I fear.

‘ *Lycom*. As both her country and your glory are con-

‘ cerned, Deidamia must learn to bear your absence.—

‘ In the mean time, Achilles, she shall be our care.—As

‘ the marriage is confirmed; let the dancers, who were

‘ preparing for th’ approaching festival, celebrate the

‘ wedding.’

Lycom. May you be happy! the priest shall join your hands immediately.

Theas. And let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

A I R LVI.

Hark! Hark! drums and trumpets call forth to the field,

Quit, quit thy disguise, for the sword and the shield!

Thy prowess and valour shall vanquish the foe,

The towers of proud Troy shall at last be laid low.

Thy honour in arms like thy constancy prove

Victorious in battle as faithful in love.

Ajax. But, hearkee, young fellow! this is the old soldier’s play; for we seldom leave quarters, but the landlord’s daughter is the better for us.—Hah!

Ulys. Thanks to the gods, the hero could not be concealed; the presence of Achilles shall now animate the war. There he will act in his proper sphere. We may, for a while, put on a feigned character, but nature will shew itself at last. — ’Tis to the armour we owe Achilles.

‘ **AIR**

‘ AIR LVII. *Minuet of Corelli.*

- ‘ *Single.* Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded ;
‘ *Chorus.* Through all disguise she herself must betray.
‘ *Single.* Heav’n with success hath our labours rewarded.
‘ *Chorus.* Let’s with Achilles our genius obey.

‘ AIR LVIII. *Saraband of Corelli.*

- ‘ *Ulys.* Thus when the cat had once all woman’s graces ;
‘ Courtship, marriage won her embraces :
‘ Forth leapt a mouse ; she, forgetting enjoyment,
‘ Quits her fond spouse for her former employ-
ment.’

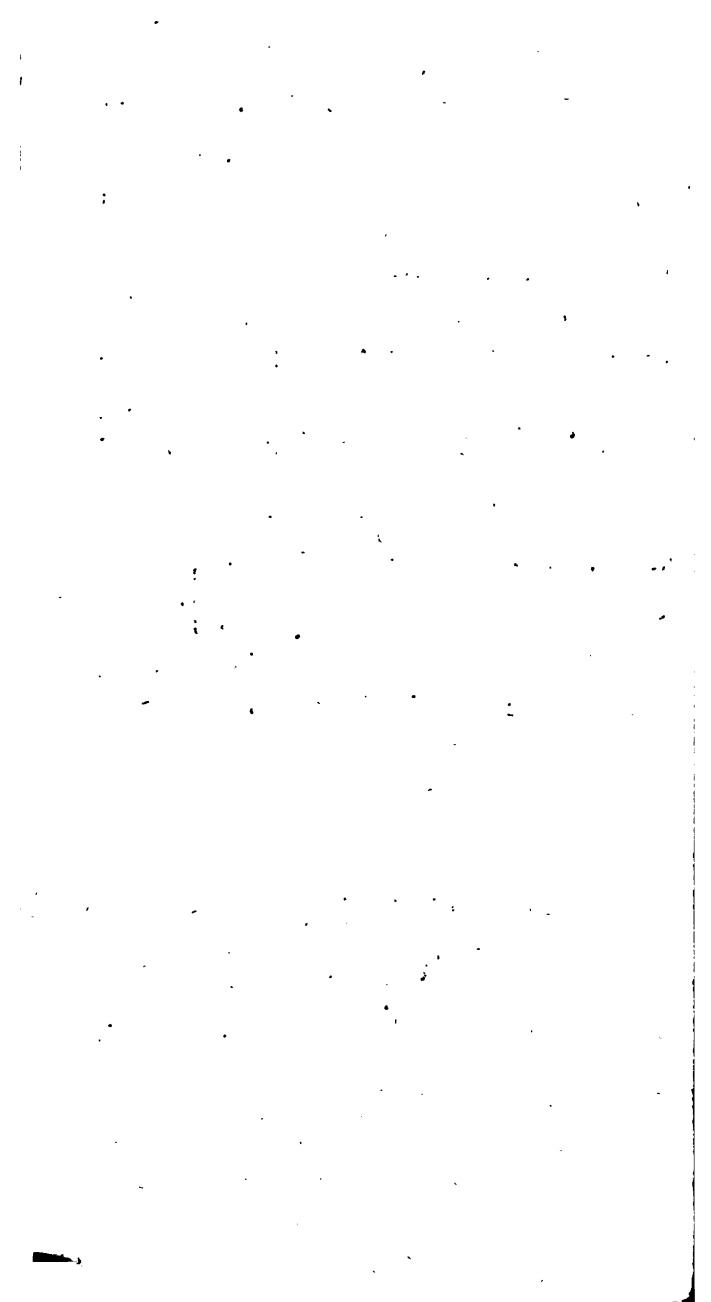
C H O R U S.

Minuet of Corelli.

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded ;
Through all disguise she herself must betray.
Heav’n with success hath our labours rewarded ;
Let’s with Achilles our genius obey.

END of the THIRD ACT.





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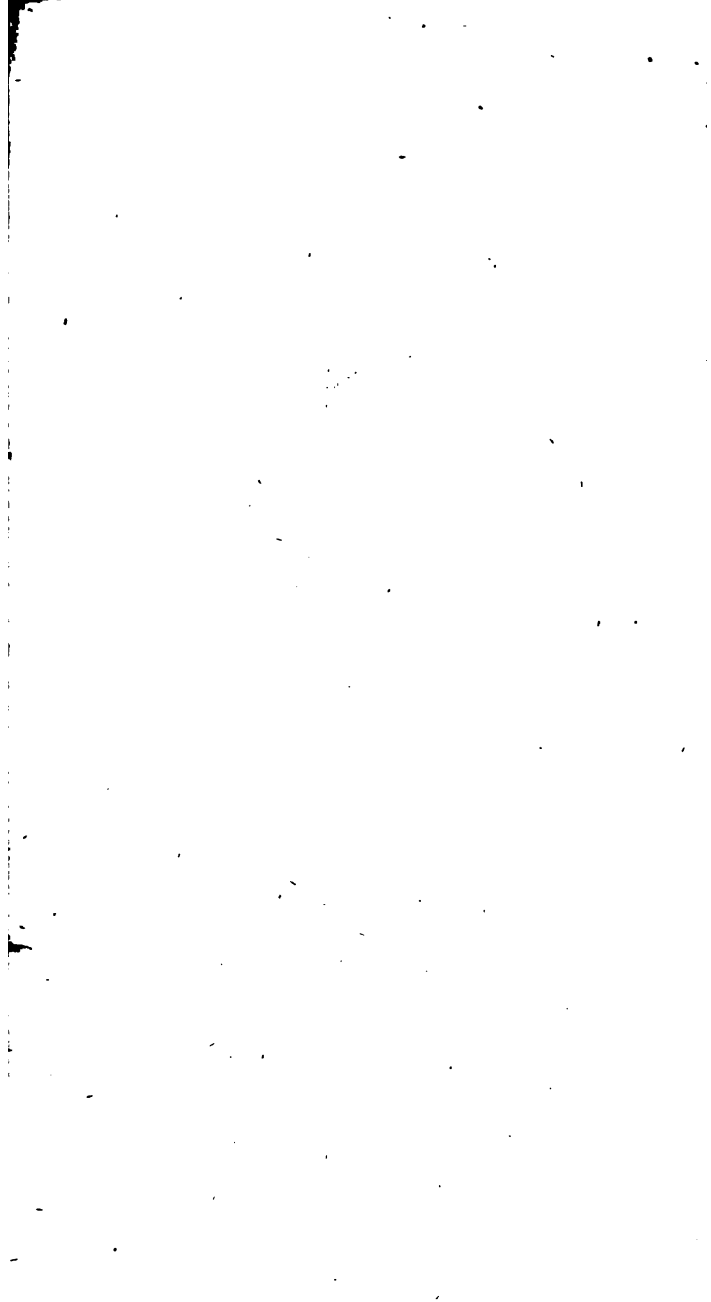
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J. Roberts ad viv del.

Published for the British Theatre Feb 1777.

MISS BROWN in the Character of POLLY.

*As I am your Servant, Sir, my duty obliges me
not to contradict you: —*

3
BELL'S EDITION.

P O L L Y.

AN OPERA,

As written by JOHN GAY.

BEING THE SECOND PART

OF THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Raro antecedentem scelestum

Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

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P R E F A C E.

AFTER Mr. *Rich* and I were agreed upon terms and conditions for bringing this piece on the stage, and that every thing was ready for rehearsal, the lord chamberlain sent an order from the country to prohibit Mr. *Rich* to suffer any play to be rehearsed upon his stage till it had been first of all supervised by his grace. As soon as Mr. *Rich* came from his grace's secretary (who had sent for him to receive the before-mentioned order) he came to my lodgings and acquainted me with the orders he had received.

Upon the lord chamberlain's coming to town, I was confin'd by sickness, but in four or five days I went abroad on purpose to wait upon his grace, with a faithful and genuine copy of this piece, excepting the errata of the transcriber.

As I have heard several suggestions and false insinuations concerning the copy; I take this occasion in the most solemn manner to affirm, that the very copy I delivered to Mr. *Rich*, was written in my own hand, some months before, at the *Bath*, from my own first foul blotted papers; from this, that for the Playhouse was transcribed, from whence Mr. *Stede*, the prompter, copied that which I delivered to the lord chamberlain: and, excepting my own foul blotted papers, I do protest I know of no other copy whatsoever, than those I have mentioned.

The copy which I gave into the hands of Mr. *Rich* had been seen before by several persons of the greatest distinction and veracity, who will be ready to do me the honour and justice to attest it; so that not only by them, but by Mr. *Rich* and Mr. *Stede*, I can (against

all insinuation or positive affirmation) prove in the most clear and undeniable manner, if occasion required, what I have here upon my own honour and credit asserted. The Introduction indeed was not shown to the lord chamberlain, which, as I had not then quite settled, was never transcribed in the playhouse copy.

It was on *Saturday* morning, *December 7th*, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain; I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned on the *Monday* following; but I had it not till *Thursday, December 12*, when I received it from his grace with this answer; "*that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed.*" This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned, or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.

Since this prohibition I have been told, that I am accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected libels and seditious pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmost ambition (if that word may be used upon this occasion) to lead a quiet and inoffensive life, I thought my innocence in this particular would never have required a justification; and as this kind of writing is what I have ever detested, and never practised, I am persuaded so groundless a calumny can never be believed, but by those who do not know me. But as general aspersions of this sort have been cast upon me, I think myself called upon to declare my principles; and I do, with the strictest truth, affirm, that I am as loyal a subject and as firmly attached to the present happy establishment, as any of those who have the greatest places or pensions. I have been informed too, that, in the following play, I have been charged with writing immoralities; that it is filled with slander and calumny against particular great persons; and that majesty itself is endeavoured to be brought into ridicule and contempt.

As I knew that every one of these charges was in every point absolutely false and without the least

grounds, at first I was not at all affected by them ; but when I found they were still insisted upon, and that particular passages, which were not in the play, were quoted and propagated to support what had been suggested, I could no longer bear to lie under these false accusations ; so by printing it, I have submitted and given up all present views of profit which might accrue from the stage, which undoubtedly will be some satisfaction to the worthy gentlemen who have treated me with so much candour and humanity, and represented me in such favourable colours.

But as I am conscious to myself, that my only intention was to lash, in general, the reigning and fashionable vices, and to recommend and set virtue in as amiable a light as I could ; to justify and vindicate my own character, I thought myself obliged to print the Opera without delay in the manner I have done.

As the play was principally designed for representation, I hope, when it is read, it will be considered in that light : and when all that hath been said against it shall appear to be entirely misunderstood or misrepresented ; if, some time hence, it should be permitted to appear on the stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the public, that, as far as a contract of this kind can be binding, I am engaged to Mr. *Rich* to have it represented upon his theatre.

March 25, 1729.

INTRODUCTION.

POET, PLAYER.

POET.

A Sequel to a play is like more last words. It is a kind of absurdity; and really, sir, you have prevailed upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

1st Player. Be the success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for; and upon the inducement of gain, nobody can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know, I must have been looked upon as whimsical, and particular, if I had scrupled to have risked my reputation for my profit; for why should I be more squeamish than my betters? and so, sir, contrary to my opinion I bring *Polly* once again upon the stage.

1st Player. Consider, sir, you have prepossession on your side.

Poet. But then the pleasure of novelty is lost; and in a thing of this kind, I am afraid I shall hardly be pardoned for imitating myself; for sure, pieces of this sort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependance, like a tricking bookseller's, is that the kind reception the first part met with, will carry off the second, be it what it will.

1st Play. You should not disparage your own works; you will have critics enough who will be glad to do that for you: and let me tell you, sir, after the success you have had, you must expect envy.

Poet. Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if critics allow me less. I should be an arrant courtier,

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

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or an arrant beggar indeed, if as soon as I have received one undeserved favour, I should lay claim to another ; I do not flatter myself with the like success.

1st Player. I hope, sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your last piece.

Poet. I know that I have been unjustly accused of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation ; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

1st Player. Really, sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town.—I am indeed afraid too that your satire here and there is too free. A man should be cautious how he mentions any vice whatsoever before good company, lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

Poet. The stage, sir, hath the privilege of the pulpit, to attack vice however dignified or distinguished ; and preachers and poets should not be too well bred upon these occasions : nobody can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the person.

1st Player. But how can you hinder malicious applications ?

Poet. Let those answer for them who make them. I aim at no particular persons ; my strokes are at vice in general ; but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans*, by those he hath seen and conversed with, &c. And I will venture to own, that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous ; which would soon amend and reform the common people, who act by imitation.

1st Player. But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country, without doubt would be looked upon as more discreet. Though your satire, sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence ; every vicious man thinks you particular, for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make yourself so many enemies ? I say no more upon this head. As to us, I hope you are satisfied we

8 INTRODUCTION.

have done all we could for you ; for you will now have the advantage of all our best fingers.

Enter 2d Player.

2d Player. It is impossible to perform the opera to night, all the fine fingers within are out of humour with their parts. The tenor says, he was never offered such an indignity, and in a rage flung his clean lamb-skin gloves into the fire ; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true kid.

1st Player. Music might tame and civilize wild beasts, but it is evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

Enter 3d Player.

3d Player. Sir, signora *Crotchetta* says, she finds her character so low that she had rather die than sing it.

1st Player. Tell her by her contract I can make her sing it.

Enter signora Crotchetta.

Crotchetta. Barbarous tramontane ! Where are all the lovers of virtue ? Will they not all rise in arms in my defence ? Make me sing it ! good gods ! should I tamely submit to such usage, I should debase myself through all *Europe*.

1st Player. In the opera nine or ten years ago, I remember, madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

Crotchetta. A fish ! monstrous ! Let me inform you, sir, that a mermaid or syren is not many removes from a sea-goddes ; or I had never submitted to be that fish which you are pleased to call me, by way of reproach. I have a cold, sir ; I am sick. I do not see why I may not be allowed the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulged in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence with the town. And so, sir, I have cold ; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

[Exit Crotchetta, in a fury.]

Enter 4th Player.

4th Player. Sir, the base voice insists upon pearl-coloured stockings and red-heeled shoes.

1st Player. There is no governing caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

4th Player. Since the town was last year so good as to encourage an opera without fingers; the favour I was then shewn obliges me to offer myself once more, rather than the audience should be dismissed. All the other comedians upon this emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1st Player. Ladies and gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that fingers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and to accept the proposal of the comedians, who rely wholly on your courtesy and protection.

[*Exeunt.*

THE OVERTURE.

As

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Ducat, a West-Indian planter.

Morana (alias Macheath) captain of the pirates.

Vanderbluff,

Capstern,

Hacker,

Culverin,

Laguerre,

Cutlace,

Pohetohee, an Indian king.

Cawwawkee, his son.

} *Pirates.*

Servants, Indians, Pirates, Guards, &c.

Polly Peachum.

Mrs. Ducat.

Diana Trapes.

Jenny Diver.

Flimzy.

Damaris.

S C E N E, in the West-Indies.

P O L L Y :

A N O P E R A.

A C T I.

SCENE, Ducat's House.

Ducat, Trapes.

TRAPES.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the *Indies*, as you are a subject of *Britain* you should live up to our customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you, the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our lords and gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

A I R I. The disappointed widow.

The manners of the great affect :

Stint not your pleasure :

If conscience had their genius checkt,

How got they treasure ?

*The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone :
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do at London.*

Ducat. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in the whole *Indies* who lives more plentifully than myself; nor who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Trapes. There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the profuseness of our neighbours. If we could content ourselves with the necessaries of life, no man alive ever need be dishonest. As to woman now; why, look ye, *Mr. Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a wife.

Ducat. Ay, and more!

Trapes. But for all that, d'ye see, you married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviour.

Ducat. But there are jealousies and family lectures, *Mrs. Trapes*.

Trapes. Bless us all! how little are our customs known on this side the herring-pond! Why, jealousy is out of fashion even among our common country gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure, your wife is not so unreasonable to expect to have you always to herself.

Ducat. As I have a good estate, *Mrs. Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. Nobody throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer spirit. As to conscience and musty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleasures as any man of quality in *England*; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides,

madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine library of books that I never read ; I have a fine stable of horses that I never ride ; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my wife ; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

Trapes. Indeed, indeed, Mr. *Ducat*, you should break through all this usurpation at once, and keep.— Now too is your time ; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arrived : nobody alive shall set eyes upon 'em till you have provided yourself. You should keep your lady in awe by her maid ; place a handsome, sprightly wench near your wife, and she will be a spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you show yourself a fine gentleman in every thing.

Ducat. But I am somewhat advanc'd in life, Mrs. *Trapes*, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me ; I must leave keeping to younger husbands and old bachelors.

Trapes. There it is again now ! Our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the flush of youth and inclination, but our great men are modishly profligate when their appetite hath left them.

A I R II. The Irish ground.

R A S S.

Ducat. *What can wealth
When we're old ?
Youth and health
Are not sold.*

T R E B L E.

Trapes. *When love in the pulse beats low,
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can fresh youth bestow,
And kindle desire anew.
Thus, numb'd in the brake,
Without motion, the snake*

*Sleeps cold winter away:
But in every vein
Life quickens again:
On the bosom of May.*

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at *London*, where we can have fresh goods every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel; she is perfectly charmed with one of the ladies; it will be a credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourself. If I had her at *London*, such a lady would be sufficient to make my fortune; but, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a public house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

Ducat. But how shall I manage matters with my wife?

Trapes. Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect; but that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep some decency, and use her with civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her liberties, and take them to yourself. Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other views; it is what they all expect.

Ducat. But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this subject; so that if I take her, I must act discreetly and keep the affair a dead secret.

Trapes. As to that, sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe conscience, that many a lady of quality have servants of this sort in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the best of them.

Ducat. I have a fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a fashionable figure in life; if we can agree upon the price, I'll take her into the family.

Trapes. I am glad to see you fling yourself into the polite taste with a spirit. Few, indeed, have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury consists in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and passions, and there is a time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by a delicacy.

Ducat. Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

AIR III. *Noel Hills.*

*He that weds a beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When pleasure grows a duty,
Farewell love and joy:
He that weds for treasure
(Though he hath a wife)
Hath chose one lasting pleasure
In a married life.*

Enter Damaris.

Damaris, [calling at the door] *Damaris*, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the instant you see your lady at a distance, returning from her walk, be sure to give me notice.

Trapes. She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you a penny, sir, in clothes at first setting out. But, alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibly.

Ducat. Here, *Damaris*; a glass of rum for Mrs. *Dye*.
[*Damaris goes out, and returns with a bottle and glass.*]

Trapes. But as I was saying, sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but yourself; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobs and chance customers. Come, sir, here's to the young lady's health.

Enter Flimzy.

Trapes. Well, *Flimzy*; are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I ordered you?

Flimzy. Yes, madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood! If you had her in *London* you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign ministers. As I hope to be fav'd, madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

Trapes. 'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is bashful and modest, so I must beg leave to prepare her by a little private conversation; and afterwards, sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

Flimzy. But, I hope, sir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, sir, you will pardon my freedom. [*He gives her money.*]

AIR IV. Sweetheart, think upon me.

My conscience is of courtly mold,

Fit for bigbest station.

Where's the band, when touch'd with gold,

Proof against temptation? [*Ex. Flimzy.*]

Ducat. We can never sufficiently encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me. [*Exit.*]

Trapes. I wonder I am not more wealthy; for, o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forc'd to play at small game. I now and then betray and ruin an innocent girl. And what of that? Can I in conscience expect to be equally rich with those who

betray and ruin provinces and countries? In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumstance, they would act like me; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

AIR V. 'Twas within a furlong.

*In pimps and politicians
The genius is the same;
Both raise their own conditions
On others guilt and shame:
With a tongue well-tipt with lyes
Each the want of parts supplies,
And with a heart that's all disguise,
Keeps his schemes unknown.
Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempter's part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most mischief in their heart.
Each a secret commerce drives,
First corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbours vices thrives,
For they are all his own.*

Enter Flimzy and Polly.

Trapes. Bless my eye-sight! what do I see? I am in a dream, or it is miss Polly Peachum! mercy upon me, child, what brought you on this side of the water?

Polly. Love, madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally surprized to find an acquaintance here: you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. Dye, I may receive some information that may be useful to me.

Trapes. You need not be much concern'd, miss Polly, at a sentence of transportation, for a young lady of your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

Polly. Pardon me, madam; you mistake me. Tho' I was educated among the most profligate in low-life, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief or

thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his profession. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known *Macbeath*!

AIR VI. *Sortez des vos retraites.*

*She who hath felt a real pain
By Cupid's dart,
Finds that all absence is in vain
To cure her heart.
Though from my lover cast
Far as from pole to pole,
Still the pure flame must last,
For love is in the soul.*

You must have heard, madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When *Macbeath* was transported, all my peace was banished with him; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

Trapes. Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachment*! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was obliged to no-body more, except the physicians: but they die it seems too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

Polly. Every monthly sessions-paper, like the apothecary's files (if I may make the comparison) was a record of his services. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hang'd.

Trapes. This will be a great check indeed to your men of entreprizing genius; and it will be unsafe to push at making a great fortune, if such accidents grow common. But sure, child, you are not so mad as to think of following *Macbeath*.

Polly. In following him I am in pursuit of my quiet. I love him; and, like a troubled ghost, shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in despair.

Trapes. My dear miss *Polly*, you must not think of

it. 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation, and turn'd pirate. Then too what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported slave, one *Jenny Diver*; and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very devil to our sex; not a woman of the greatest vivacity shifts her inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you; for, like an upstart, he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a heart so constant? cruel love!

AIR VII. O Waly, Waly, up the bank.

Farewell, farewell, all hopes of bliss!

For Polly always must be thine.

Shall then my heart be ever his,

Which never can again be mine?

O love, you play a cruel part,

Thy shaft still festers in the wound;

You should reward a constant heart,

Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found!

Trapes. I tell you once again, miss *Polly*, you must think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly, that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field; there is not a woman that comes in his way, but he must have a taste of; besides, there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

Polly. Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea, and I am now a wretched vagabond expos'd to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

Trapes. Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you shall be with me.

Polly. As soon as I can have remittances from *England*, I shall be able to acknowlege your goodness.

I have still five hundred pounds there, which will be return'd to me upon demand; but I had rather undertake any honest service that might afford me a maintenance than be burthenfome to my friends.

Trapes. Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily! madam *Ducat* just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you, must please her: then too, her husband is the civilest, best-bred man alive. You are now in her house, and I won't leave it till I have settled you. Be chearful, my dear child, for who knows but all these misfortunes may turn to your advantage? You are in a rich agreeable family, and I dare say your person and behaviour will soon make you a favourite. As to captain *Macbeath*, you may now safely look upon yourself as a widow; and who knows, if madam *Ducat* should tip off, what may happen? I shall recommend you, miss *Polly*, as a gentlewoman.

AIR VIII. O *Jenny*, come tie me.

Despair is all folly;

Hence, melancholy,

Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.

By beauty's possession

Us'd with discretion,

Woman at all times bath joy in her power.

Polly. The service, madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

Trapes. Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assur'd, miss *Polly*, I'll do my best for you. [*Exeunt Polly and Flimzy.*]

Enter Ducat.

Trapes. Mr. *Ducat*. Sir. You may come in. I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and, to be plain with you, sir, I have run great risques for her: I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her relations! she too herself was exceeding difficult. And I can assure you, to ruin a girl of severe education is no

small addition to the pleasure of our fine gentlemen. I can be answerable for it too, that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have disposed of her upon the same account, for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of *London*; and then too I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

Ducat. But if I like her I would agree upon terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the conscience of other trades-people, and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a certainty.

Trapes. Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity. Why your fine men, who never pay any body else, pay their pimps and bawds well; always ready money. I ever dealt conscientiously, and set the lowest price upon my ladies; when you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

Ducat. But, dear Mrs. *Dye*, a hundred pistoles, say you? why, I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

Trapes. But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that rate. You are not us'd to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the clothes, are all tarnished and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips in conversation with my maid *Flimzy* in the hall.

Ducat. Why truly I must own she is handsome.

Trapes. Bless me, you are no more mov'd by her, than if she were your wife. Handsome! what a cold husband-like expression is that! nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own, since she was landed. She is pure as she was imported, without the least adulteration.

Ducat. I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the

nail. You shall leave her with me. Come, count your money, Mrs. Dye.

Trapes. What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

Ducat. You make me mis-reckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

Trapes. What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

Ducat. As vivifying as the sun. I have paid you ten.

Trapes. What a racy flavour must breathe from those lips!

Ducat. I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! Twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

Trapes. What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In short, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as restorative.

Ducat. This fifty then makes it just the sum. So now, madam, you may deliver her up.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris. Sir, sir, my mistress is just at the door. [*Ex.*

Ducat. Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. Dye; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house 'till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her immediately. [*Ex. Trapes.*

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. I can never be out of the way, for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly fellow. Such usage might force the most virtuous woman to resentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in *England*. In short, Mr. Ducat, if you behave yourself like an *English* husband, I will behave myself like an *English* wife.

AIR IX. Red House.

*I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses,
I will not be flinted—in love or expences.*

*I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure;
You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure:*

*Thus every day I'll pass my life,
My home shall be my least resort;
For sure 'tis fitting that your wife
Shou'd copy ladies of the court.*

Ducat. All these things I know are natural to the sex, my dear. But husbands, like colts, are restif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Besides, 'tis not the fashion as yet, for husbands to be govern'd in this country. That tongue of your's, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to persuade me out of my reason. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

AIR X. Old Orpheus tickl'd, &c.

*When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more.
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.*

With that weapon, women, like pirates, are at war with the whole world. But, I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole business of my life to please you; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handiest creature; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

Mrs. Ducat. I will have none of your huffies about me. And so, sir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

Ducat. But I bought her on purpose for you, madam.

Mrs. Ducat. For your own filthy inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it. What keep an impudent strumpet under my nose! Here's fine doings, indeed!

Ducat. I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, madam, be satisfy'd.

AIR XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life!*

*Mrs. Ducat. But ere man roves, he should pay what he
owes,*

And with her due content his wife.

Ducat. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. Ducat. We too, whene'er we list, obey.

*Ducat. 'Tis just and fit
You should submit.*

Mrs. Ducat. But sweet kind husband—not to day.

Ducat. Let your clack be still.

*Mrs. Ducat. Not 'till I have my will.
If thus you reason slight,
There's never an hour
While breath has power,
But I will assert my right.*

Would I had you in *England*; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not suffer such a precedent of submission. And so, *Mr. Ducat*, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your trollops out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

Ducat. Look'ee, wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And I will break this jealous spirit of your's before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order, that upon my account, you behave yourself to the girl as you ought.

Mrs. Ducat. I wish you would behave yourself to your wife as you ought; that is to say, with good manners, and compliance. And so, sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would sooner die upon the spot, than not be mistress of my own house. [*Exit, in a passion.*]

Ducat. If by these perverse humours, I should be fore'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance; the thing is so common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies are a

kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. [*Enter Damaris.*] *Damaris*, saw you my wife? Is she in her own room? What said she? Which way went she?

Damaris. Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury! Thank my stars, I never saw her look so before in all my life; tho' mayhap you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

AIR XII. Cheshire-rounds.

*When kings by their buffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when man and wife
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.*

Ducat. I would have you, *Damaris*, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes a-foot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

Damaris. She's wild, sir. There's no speaking to her. She's flown into the garden! Mercy upon us all, say I! How can you be so unreasonable to contradict a woman, when you know we can't bear it?

Ducat. I depend upon you, *Damaris*, for intelligence. You may observe her at a distance; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. There is the sweetest pleasure in the revenge that I have now in my head! I'll this instant go and take my charge from Mrs. *Trapes*. [*Aside.*] *Damaris*, you know your instructions. [*Exit.*

Damaris. Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty! I am employ'd by my master to watch my mistress, and by my mistress to watch my master. Which party shall I espouse? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers,

jurisdiction and power, the common cause of the whole sex, are at stake. But my master I see is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my observations.

[Exit.

Enter Ducat and Polly.

Ducat. Be cheerful, *Polly*, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of your's, *Polly*, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct, and know how to make the most of 'em.

Polly. As I am your servant, sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must bear your flattery, tho' I know myself undeserving. But sure, sir, in handsome women, you must have observed that their hearts often oppose their interest: and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

AIR XIII. The bush a boon Traquair.

The crow or daw thro' all the year

No fowler seeks to ruin;

But birds of voice or feather rare

He's all day long pursuing.

Beware, fair maids, to 'scape the net

That other beauties fell in;

For sure at heart was never yet

So great a wretch as Helen!

If my lady, sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

Ducat. I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted. [bars the door.

Polly. I wish, sir, you would let me receive my lady's commands.

Ducat. And so, *Polly*, by these downcast looks of your's, you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glass. Why every pretty woman studies her face, and a looking-glass to her is what a book is to a

pedant; she is poring upon it all day long. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by conversations with his wife. A kiss on those lips, would make me young again. [*Kisses her.*]

AIR XIV. Bury Fair.

Polly. *How can you be so teasing?*

Ducat. *Love will excuse my fault.*

How can you be so pleasing! [*Going to kiss her.*]

Polly. *I vow I'll not be naught.*

Ducat. *All maids I know at first resist.* [*Struggling.*]
A master may command.

Polly. *You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:*

Nay, fye, let go my hand.

Ducat. *'Tis foolish pride—*

Polly. *'Tis vile, 'tis base,*

Poor innocence to wrong;

Ducat. *I'll force you.*

Polly. *Guard me from disgrace.*

You find that virtue's strong. [*Pushing him away.*]

'Tis barbarous in you, fir, to take the occasion of my necessities to insult me.

Ducat. Nay, huffy, I'll give you money.

Polly. I despise it. No, fir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-days men are ashamed of.

Ducat. I shall humble these saucy airs of your's, Mrs. Minx. Is this language from a servant! from a slave!

Polly. Am I then betray'd and sold!

Ducat. Yes, huffy, that you are; and as legally my property, as any woman is her husband's, who sells herself in marriage.

Polly. Climates that change constitutions have no effect upon manners. What a profligate is that *Trapes!*

Ducat. Your fortune, your happiness depends upon your compliance. What, proof against a bribe! Sure, huffy, you belie your country, or you must have had a very vulgar education. 'Tis unnatural.

AIR XV. Bobbing Joan.

*Maids like courtiers must be woo'd,
Most by flattery are subdu'd:
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of pride protract the vice,
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.*

Besides, huffy, your consent may make me your slave; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You must be more than woman if you can stand that too.

Polly. Sure you only mean to try me! but 'tis barbarous to trifle with my distresses.

Ducat. I'll have none of these airs. 'Tis impertinent in a servant, to have scruples of any kind. I hire honour, conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by halves. And so, to be plain with you, you obstinate slut, you shall either contribute to my pleasure or my profit; and if you refuse play in the bed-chamber, you shall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd myself.

Polly. My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity: and whatever is my lot, having that, I shall have the comfort of hope, and find pleasure in reflection.

AIR XVI. A swain long tortur'd with disdain.

*Can I or toil or hunger fear?
For love's a pain that's more severe.
The slave, with virtue in his breast,
Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.*

But love, when unhappy, the more virtuous it is, the more it suffers. [Aside.]

Ducat. What noise is that?

Damaris. [Without] Sir, sir.

Ducat. Step into the closet; I will call you out immediately to present you to my wife. Don't let bashfulness ruin your fortune. The next opportunity I hope you will be better dispos'd. [Exit Polly.]

Damaris. Open the door, fir. This moment, this moment.

Enter Damaris.

Ducat. What's the matter? Was any body about to ravish you? Is the house o'fire? Or my wife in a passion?

Damaris. O fir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to fling up your commission.

Enter 1st Footman.

1st Footman. The neighbours, fir, are all frightened out of their wits; they leave their houses, and fly to your's for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

Ducat. If they only took what one could spare.

1st Footm. That's true, there were no great harm done.

Ducat. How are the musquets?

1st Footm. Rusty, fir, all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean them but against training-day.

Damaris. Then, fir, your honour is safe, for now you have a just excuse against fighting.

Enter 2d Footman.

2d Footman. The *Indians*, fir, with whom we are in alliance, are all in arms: there will be bloody work to be sure. I hope they will decide the matter before we can get ready.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. O dear husband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all! I thought a punishment for your wicked lewdness would light upon you at last.

Ducat. Presence of mind, my dear, is as necessary in dangers as courage.

Damaris. But you are too rich to have courage. You should fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people to be brave and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1st Maid. The pirates, fir, the pirates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women!

2d Maid. We shall all be ravish'd.

1st Old Woman. All be ravish'd!

2d Old Woman. Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd; all be ravish'd!

1st Old Woman. But if fortune will have it so, patience is a virtue, and we must undergo it.

2d Old Woman. Ay, for certain we must all bear it, Mrs. Damaris.

3d Footman. A soldier, fir, from the *Indian* camp, desires admittance. He's here, fir.

Enter Indian.

Indian. I come, fir, to the *English* colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty king *Pobetobee*, my lord and master, and address myself to you, as you are of the council, for succours. The pirates are ravaging and plundering the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppose them.

Ducat. Does *Macheath* command the enemy?

Indian. Report says he is dead. Above twelve moons are passed since we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

Ducat. I shall inform the council, and we shall soon be ready to join you. So acquaint the king your master. [Exit Indian.]

AIR XVII. March in Scipio.

Brave boys, prepare. [To the men.]

Ab! cease, fond wife, to cry. [To her.]

Servant. For when the danger's near,
We've time enough to fly.

Mrs. Ducat. How can you be disgrac'd!
For wealth secures your fame.

Servant. The rich are always plac'd
Above the sense of shame.

POLLY: AN OPERA.

Mrs. Ducat. *Let honour spur the slave,
To fight for fighting's sake :-*

Ducat. *But even the rich are brave
When money is at stake.*

Be satisfy'd, my dear, I shall be discreet. My servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither, *Polly*; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your service, [*Enter Polly.*] and use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. Ducat. I hate to have a handsome wench about me. They are always so saucy!

Ducat. Women, by their jealousies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

Mrs. Ducat. I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

Ducat. Affairs, you see, call me hence. And so I leave her under your protection. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ducat. Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. [*Exit Polly.*] Well, *Damaris*, to be sure you have observed all that has passed. I will know all. I'm sure she's a huffy.

Damaris. Nay, madam, I can't say so much. But—

Mrs. Ducat. But what?

Damaris. I hate to make mischief.

AIR XVIII. Jig-it-o'Foot.

Better to doubt

All that's doing,

Than to find out

Proofs of ruin.

What servants hear and see

Should they tattle,

Marriage all day would be

Feuds and battle.

A servant's legs and hands should be under your command, but, for the sake of quiet, you should leave their tongues to their own discretion.

Mrs. Ducat. I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

Damaris. To be sure, madam, the door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a sort of a bustle between them, that's certain. What past I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

Mrs. Ducat. Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

Damaris. Nay, madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

Mrs. Ducat. An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

[*Exit Damaris, and returns with Polly.*]

Mrs. Ducat. In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-washed with innocence. My blood rises at the sight of all strumpets, for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, *Mrs. Brazen*. She has no feeling of shame. She is so used to impudence, that she has not a blush within her. Do you know, madam, that I am *Mr. Ducat's* wife?

Polly. As your servant, madam, I think myself happy.

Mrs. Ducat. You know *Mr. Ducat*, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

AIR XIX. Trumpet minuet.

Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,

Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.

To be nos'd by a strumpet! Hence, buffy, you'd best.

Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

I vow I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

Polly. If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, madam, you could not insult me.

Mrs. Ducat. What does the wench mean?

Damaris. There's not one of these common creatures, but like common beggars, hath a moving story at her finger's ends, which they tell over, when they

are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a sweetheart, madam, who was a raké, and I know their ways very well, by hearsay.

Polly. What villains are hypocrites ! For they rob those of relief, who are in real distress. I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

Mrs. Ducat. Married !

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. Ducat. When, where, to whom ?

Polly. If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Protestations are to be suspected, so I shall use none. If truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

Mrs. Ducat. Her manner and behaviour are so particular, that is to say, so sincere, that I must hear her story. Unhappily married ! That is a misfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A constant woman hath but one chance to be happy ; an inconstant woman, tho' she hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Damaris. Believe me, Mrs. Polly, as to pleasures of all sorts, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconstant.

AIR XX. *Pol-wart on the Green.*

Love now is nought but art,

'Tis who can juggle best ;

To all men seem to give your heart,

But keep it in your breast.

What gain and pleasure do we find,

Who change whene'er we list !

The mill that turns with every wind

Must bring the owner grist.

Polly. My case, madam, may in these times be look'd upon as singular ; for I married a man only because I lov'd him. For this I was look'd upon as a fool by all my acquaintance ; I was used inhumanly by my father and mother ; and, to complete my misfortunes, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incurred the sentence of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being informed he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

Mrs. Ducat. But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate bawd, *Trapes*?

Polly. In my voyage, madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange-country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's: She offer'd me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she proposed to me the service of a lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, madam, is in short the whole truth. I fling myself at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make yourself easy.

Mrs. Ducat. What is't you propose?

Polly. In conniving at my escape, you save me from your husband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies. If it is ever in my power, madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ransom.

Damaris. Besides, madam, you will effectually revenge yourself upon your husband; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. Ducat. But have you considered what you request? We are invaded by the pirates: The *Indians* are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

Damaris. Get rid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

Polly. In staying with you, madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

Mrs. Ducat. If I let her escape before my husband's return, he will imagine she got off by the favour of this bustle and confusion.

Polly. May heaven reward your charity.

Mrs. Ducat. A woman so young and handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of clothes by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

Polly. How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness?

Mrs. Ducat. May love reward your constancy. As for that perfidious monster *Trapes*, I will deliver her into the hands of the magistrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this instant equip her for her adventures.

Damaris. When she is out of the house, without doubt, madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

Polly. May virtue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness, and resolution.

AIR XXI. *St. Martin's Lane.*

*As pilgrims thro' devotion
To some shrine pursue their way,
They tempt the raging ocean,
And thro' deserts stray.
With zeal their hope desiring,
The saint their breast inspiring
With cheerful air,
Devoid of fear,
They every danger bear.
Thus equal zeal possessing,
I seek my only blessing.
O love, my honest vow regard!
My truth protect,
My steps direct,
His flight detect,
A faithful vow reward.*

[Exit.

A C T II.
SCENE, *The View of an Indian Country.*

Polly, in Boy's Clothes.

AIR XXII. *La Villanella.*

WHY did you spare him,
O'er seas to bear him,
Far from his home, and constant bride?
When papa 'peach'd him,
If death had reach'd him,
I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd!

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man; for I am every where surrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of these pirates, my dear *Macbeath* is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day! the cool of this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love! [*Musical, two or three bars of the dead march.*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet were as swift; the world then could not hide him from me. [*Two or three bars more.*] Yet even thought is now bewildered in pursuing him. [*Two or three bars more.*] I'm tired, I'm faint. [*The Symphony.*]

AIR XXIII. Dead March in *Coriolanus*.

Sleep, O sleep,
 With thy rod of incantation,
 Charm my imagination,
 Then, only then, I cease to weep.
 By thy power;
 The Virgin, by time o'ertaken,
 For years forlorn, forsaken,
 Enjoys the happy hour.
 What's to sleep?
 'Tis a visionary blessing;
 A dream that's past expressing,
 Our utmost wish possessing;
 So may I always keep. [Falls asleep.]

Enter *Capstern, Hacker, Culverin, Laguerre, and Cutlace*. *Polly asleep in a distant part of the stage.*

Hacker. We shall find but a cool reception from *Morano*, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Culverin. A man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the privilege of travellers.

Capstern. If we had got booty, you know we had resolv'd to agree in a lye. And, gentlemen, we will not have our diligence and duty call'd in question for that which every common servant has at his fingers end for his justification.

Laguette. Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love or politics, but we must know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

AIR XXIV. Three sheep-skins.

Cutlace. *Of all the sins that are money-supplying;
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,
With all sorts,
In towns or courts,
The richest sin is lying.*

Culverin. Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. No man is requir'd to do more than his duty. Let us repose ourselves a-while. A sup or two of our cag would quicken invention. [*They sit and drink.*]

All. Agreed.

Hacker. I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

Culverin. 'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

Hacker. Now as to me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my youth with variety of adventures, I was preferr'd to be footman to an eminent gamester, where, after having improv'd myself by his manners and conversation, I left him, betook myself to his politer profession, and cheated like a gentleman. For some time I kept a *Pharaon*-bank with success, but unluckily in a drunken bout was stript by a more expert brother of the trade. I was now, as 'tis common with us upon these occasions, forc'd to have recourse to the highway for a recruit to set me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was try'd, and received sentence; but got off for transportation. Which hath made me the man I am.

Laguette. From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a man of quality. Considering I was for some time in that employment, I look upon myself as particularly unlucky, that I then missed making my fortune. But, to give him his due, only his death could have pre-

vented it. Upon this, I betook myself to another service, where my wages not being sufficient for my pleasures, I robb'd my master, and retir'd to visit foreign parts.

Capstern. Now, you must know, I was a drawer to one of the fashionable taverns, and of consequence was daily in the politest conversations. 'Tho' I say it, nobody was better bred. I often cheated my master, and, as a dutiful servant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our house. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profession, and turn'd gamester. 'Tho' I had great skill and no scruples, my play would not support my extravagancies: So that now and then I was forced to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

Culverin. Our chief *Morano*, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation; tho' he is black, no body has more the air of a great man.

Hacker. He is too much attach'd to his pleasures. That mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. She's an arrant *Cleopatra*.

Laguerre. If it were not for her, the *Indies* would be our own.

AIR XXV. Rigadoon.

*By women won,
We're all undone,
Each wench bath a Syren's charms.
The lover's deeds
Are good or ill,
As whim succeeds
In woman's will:
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.*

Hacker. A man in love is no more to be depended on than a man in liquor, for he is out of himself.

AIR XXVI. *Tom humeur est Catharine.*

*Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathless ways can find?
Every blast directs her motion;
Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the vent'reus lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
When the silly pilot's blind?*

Hacker. A good horse is never turn'd loose among mares, till all his good deeds are over. And really your heroes should be serv'd the same way; for after they take to women, they have no good deeds to come. That inveigling gypsy, brothers, must be hawl'd from him by force. And then—the kingdom of Mexico shall be mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of Mexico.

Capstern. Who talks of Mexico? [*all rise*] I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are satisfy'd. I have set my heart upon it, and nobody shall dispute it with me.

Laguerre. The island of Cuba, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man.

Culverin. That I had allotted for you. Mexico shall not be parted with without my consent: captain Morano to be sure will choose Peru; that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. Mexico hath only silver, nothing but silver. Governor of Cartagena, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That I shall not dispute with you.

Capstern. Death, sir,—I shall not part with Mexico so easily.

Hacker. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Laguerre. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Hacker. Draw then, and let the survivor take it.

[*They fight.*]

Polly. Bless me, what noise was that! Clashing of swords and fighting! Which way shall I fly, how shall I escape?

Capstern. Hold, hold, gentlemen, let us decide our pretensions some other time. I see booty. A prisoner. Let us seize him.

Culverin. From him we will extort both ransom and intelligence.

Polly. Spare my life, gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I fought you to share your fortunes.

Hacker. Why, who do you take us for, friend?

Polly. For those brave spirits, those *Alexanders*, that shall soon by conquest be in possession of the *Indies*.

Laguerre. A mettled young fellow.

Capstern. He speaks with respect too, and gives us our titles.

Culverin. Have you heard of captain *Morano*?

Polly. I came hither in mere ambition to serve under him.

A I R XXVII. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

*I hate those coward tribes,
Who by mean sneaking bribes,
By tricks and disguise,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur rise.*

*Like heroes of old
You are greatly bold,
The sword your cause supports.*

*Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the spawn*

Who practise the frauds of courts.

I would willingly chuse the more honourable way of making a fortune.

Hacker. The youth speaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the disposition of the enemy? Have the *Indians* joined the factory? We should advance towards them immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? Mayhap they may like our tyranny better.

Polly. I am a stranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: But in the most desperate undertaking, I am ready to risque your fortunes.

Hacker. Who; and what are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now with more spirit retrieve it.

Culverin. The lad may be of service. Let us bring him before *Morano*, and leave him to his disposal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

AIR XXVIII. Minuet.

Culverin. *Cheer up, my lads, let us push on the fray,
For battles, like women, are lost by delay.
Let us seize victory while in our power;
Alike war and love have their critical hour.
Our hearts bold and steady
Should always be ready,
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.*
[Exeunt.]

SCENE, Another Country Prospect.

Morano, Jenny.

Morano. Sure, huffy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more, may make you a queen, you gypsy. Think of that.

AIR XXIX. Mirliton.

*When I'm great, and flush of treasure,
Check'd by neither fear or shame,
You shall tread a round of pleasure,
Morning, noon, and night the same.
With a Mirliton, &c.
Like a city wife or beauty
You shall flutter life away;
And shall know no other duty,
But to dress, eat, drink, and play.
With a Mirliton, &c.*

When you are a queen, *Jenny*, you shall keep your coach and six, and shall game as deep as you please. So, there's the two chief ends of woman's ambition satisfy'd.

AIR XXX. Sawney was tall, and of noble race.

*Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.*

Jenny. *But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.*

Morano. *To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat;
I conquer but to make thee great.*

Jenny. *But if my hero falls—ah then
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again!*

Morano. InfINUATING creature! but you must own, Jenny, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness; and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

Jenny. Have I ever betrayed you, since you took me to yourself? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

Morano. In love, Jenny, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguised myself as a black, to screen myself from women who laid claim to me where-ever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole country? *Macbeath* is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the least suspicion of me.

Jenny. But, dear captain, you would not sure persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

Morano. Now you are silly, Jenny. Pr'ythee—poh! Nature, girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

Jenny. Know when you are well.

Morano. Explain yourself; speak your sentiments freely.

Jenny. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to *England*. Believe me, captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

Morano. Your opinion of me startles me. For I

never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know, men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

Jenny. Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of them were secured by judicious retreat. Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times?

AIR XXXI. Northern Nancy.

*How many men have found the skill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will,
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.*

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, lieutenant *Vanderbluff* wants to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. [Exit.

Morano. Leave me, *Jenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

Jenny. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss I beg it of you. [Exit.

Enter Vanderbluff.

Vanderbluff. For shame, captain; what, hampered in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! while a man is grappling with these gil-firts, pardon the expression, captain, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

AIR XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belta.

*Fine women are devils, complete in their way,
They always are roving and cruising for prey.
When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
Like these too their pleasure is giving us pain.*

Excuse my plain speaking, captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm, and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

Morano. D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sunshine, who cannot bear the least cloud over him? No, *Vanderbluff*, I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your blust'ring will but make me obstinate. You seem frighten'd, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. From any body but you, that speech should have had another-guess answer than words. Death, captain, are not the *Indies* in dispute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, captain, this hand shall take the *Indian* king pris'ner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, 'till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

Morano. Are *Hacker*, *Culverin*, *Capstern*, *Laguerre*, and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Vanderbluff. No, sir; but from the top of yon' hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

Morano. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

Vanderbluff. To our woman, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got? [*Draws.*

Morano. Take care, lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlace, lieutenant, for I shall not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

Vanderbluff. Noble captain, I ask pardon.

Morano. A brave man should be cool till action, lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfy'd, I will take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Vanderbluff. That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

Morano. I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me—

Vanderbluff. With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

Morano. This then, lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts to observe the motions of the *Indians*.

AIR XXXIII. Since all the world's turn'd upside down.

*Tho' different passions rage by turns,
Within my breast fermenting;
Now blazes love, now honour burns,
I'm here, I'm there consenting.
I'll each obey, so keep my oath,
That oath by which I won her:
With truth and steddiness in both,
I'll act like a man of honour.*

Doubt me not, lieutenant. But I'll now go with you, to give the necessary commands, and after that return to take my leave before the battle.

Enter Jenny, Capstern, Culverin, Hacker, Laguerre, Polly.

Jenny. Hacker, sir, and the rest of the party are return'd with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are.—A clever sprightly young fellow! I like him. *[Aside.*

Vanderbluff. What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize?

Jenny. He seems some rich planter's son.

Vanderbluff. In the common practice of commerce you should never slip an opportunity; and for his ransom, no doubt, there will be room for comfortable extortion.

Morano. Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

Hacker. We found him upon the road. He is a stranger it seems in these parts. And as our heroes generally set out, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery have qualify'd him for a brave man.

Morano. What are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with

the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine pilfering war that is practised among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, sir.

AIR XXXIV. Hunt the squirrel.

*The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murthers reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.*

Jenny. He really is a mighty pretty man. [*Aside.*
Vanderbluff. The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

Morano. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action—d'you hear me, my lad?—your fortune is made. Now, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, I am for you.

Vanderbluff. Discipline must not be neglected.

Morano. When every thing is settled, my dear *Jenny*, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, *Jenny*, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous. [*Exeunt with the rest of the Pirates.*

Jenny. How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman?

Polly. I have been ruined by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably disposed of; for these have always a kind of claim

to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their service.

Jenny. Were you ever in love?

Polly. With the sex.

Jenny. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jenny. But sure you cannot think all women so.

Polly. Why not as well as all men? The manners of courts are catching.

Jenny. If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

Polly. I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jenny. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

AIR XXXV. Young *Damon* once the loveliest swain.

In love and life the present use;

One hour we grant, the next refuse;

Who then would risque à nay?

Were lovers wise, they would be kind,

And in our eyes the moment find;

For only then they may.

Like other women I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling?

[Taking Polly by the hand.]

Polly. I know you only railly me. Respect, madam, keeps me in awe.

Jenny. By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her freedoms, and do what I please without shame or restraint. *[Kisses her.]* Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Polly. You'll pardon me then, madam. *[Kisses her.]*

Jenny. What, my cheek! let me die, if, by your kisses, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

Polly. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Nay then, madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude— [*Kisses her.*]

Jenny. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

AIR XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

*We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the trial.*

Polly. I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.

Jenny. What mean we then by being try'd?

Polly. With scorn and slight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.

Jenny. Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

Polly. How shall I get rid of this affair? [*Aside.*] *Morano* may surprize us.

Jenny. That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

Polly. We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I know, madam, you are not serious.

Jenny. To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! Go, monster, I hate you, and you shall find I can be reveng'd.

AIR XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

*My heart is by love forsaken,
I feel the tempest growing;
A fury the palace hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.
Tho' Cupid's arrows are erring,
Or indifference may secure ye,
When woman's revenge is stirring,
You cannot escape that fury.*

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

Enter Morano.

Jenny. Sure never was such insolence! How could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

Morano. What-a-vengeance is the matter?

Jenny. Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have suck'd in impudence from his mother.

Morano. An act of friendship only. He meant to push his fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town, my dear.

AIR XXXVIII. Bacchus m'a dit.

*By balves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure.
Their help they lend
In every part of life;
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure;
Then all his heart
Is bent to please the wife.*

Jenny. I hate you for being so little jealous.

Morano. Sure, *Jenny*, you know the way of the world better, than to be surprized at a thing of this kind. 'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, upon the like occasion, I could not have answer'd for myself. I own, I have a sort of partiality to impudence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable. If I had been killed in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. I know it is a way often practis'd to make sure of a widow.

Jenny. If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make my virtue less obstinate.

AIR XXXIX. Health to Betty.

*If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild, and heady.*

Your behaviour forces me to say, what my love for you will never let me put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Morano. Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife : and, jesting apart, young fellow, if ever I catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

Enter Vanderbluff, Capstern, Laguerre, &c. with Cawwawkee prisoner.

Vanderbluff. The party, captain, is return'd with success. After a short skirmish, the *Indian* prince *Cawwawkee* here was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his disposal.

Morano. Are all our troops ready and under arms?

Vanderbluff. They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations are all brave determin'd fellows, who must behave themselves well.

Morano. Look'e, lieutenant, the trussing up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

Vanderbluff. By your leave, captain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The *Indians* to be sure have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us to the best plunder.

Morano. The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

Caw. As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Morano. Do you know my power?

Caw. I fear it not.

Morano. Do you know your danger?

Caw. I am prepar'd to meet it.

AIR XL. - Cappe de Bonne Esperance.

*The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverse hour;
But the noble soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our power;
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.*

Morano. Mere downright Barbarians, you see, lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among them.

Vanderbluff. We must beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common society, and common conversation.

Morano. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

Caw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Morano. Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashion'd philosopher could be more obstinate. Can you feel pain?

Caw. I can bear it.

Morano. I shall try you.

Caw. I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Morano. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they disposed? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

Caw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, European.

Morano. Torture shall make you squeak.

Caw. I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, European, I am no coward.

Vanderbluff. What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

Jenny. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it!

Capstern. I wonder to hear the brute speak.

Laguerre. They would make a shew of him in *England*.

Jenny. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Capstern. But how can you expect any thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civiliz'd country? Which way should he know mankind?

Jenny. Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

Laguerre. Why we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jenny. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Polly. How happy are these savages! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance. [*Afide.*]

Morano. Have done, I beg you; with your musty reflections: You but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

Caw. Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

Morano. That you have treasures then you own, it seems. I am glad to hear you confess something.

Caw. But, out of benevolence, we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

AIR XLI. When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.

For gold you sacrifice your fame,

Your honour, life, and friend:

You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,

And plunder without fear or shame;

Can madness this transcend?

Morano. Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your ignorance. If you would save your lives, you

must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not quit the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em.

Jenny. By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

AIR XLII. Peggy's Mill.

*When gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.
Tho' peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty:
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.*

Morano. I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, obstinate, audacious savage, if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

Caw. With dishonour life is nothing worth.

Morano. Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

RECITATIVE, *Sia suggerita la plebe, in Coriolan.*

Hence, let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

Laguerre. You would not have us put him to death, captain?

Morano. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your resolution, *Indian.*

RECITATIVE.

*Hence, let him feel his sentence.
Pain brings repentance.*

But hold, I'll see him tortur'd. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

Laguerre. It shall be done.

Morano. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him. [Exeunt *Caw.* and *Polly* guarded.]

Vanderbluff. Come, noble captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em asunder. Our friends expect us.

Jenny. Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he shall not go yet.

Vanderbluff. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the spot.

Jenny. Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

Vanderbluff. I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Morano. I must go—But I cannot.

A F R · XLIII. Excuse me.

Honour calls me from thy arms, [To him.
With glory my bosom is beating.

ViZery summons to arms: then to arms
Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.

One look more—and then— [To her.
Oh, I am lost again!

What a power has beauty!

But honour calls, and I must away.

[To him.

But love forbids, and I must obey.

[To her.

You grow too bold; [Vanderbluff pulling him away.

Hence, loose your hold,

[To him.

For love claims all my duty.

[To her.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion.
I know my own time, lieutenant.

Vanderbluff. Lose the *Indies* then, with all my heart.
Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can
tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman
be at!

Jenny. Not so hasty and choleric, I beg you, lieutenant.
Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever
you may think of us, you may once in your life hear
a woman speak reason.

Vanderbluff. Dispatch then. And if a few words can
satisfy you, be brief.

Jenny. Men only slight womens advice thro' an over-
conceit of their own opinions. I am against hazarding
a battle. Why should we put what we have already
got to the risque? We have money enough on board
our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a com-
fortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the *Indies* to
our comrades.

Vanderbluff. Sure you are the first of the sex that ever
fainted herself in love or money. If it were consistent
with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

Jenny. Consistent with our honour! For shame, lieu-
tenant; you talk downright *Indian*. One would take
you for the savage's brother, or cousin-german at least.
You may talk of honour, as other great men do: But
when interest comes in your way, you should do as
other great men do.

A I R XLIV. Ruben.

Honour plays a bubble's part,

Ever bilk'd and cheated;

Never in ambition's heart,

Int'rest there is seated.

*Honour was in use of yore,
Tho' by want attended :
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more ;
Lord, how times are mended !*

Vanderbluff. What think you of her proposal, noble captain ? We may push matters too far.

Jenny. Consider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for *England*, while we have the opportunity.

Vanderbluff. Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in fashion ; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew ?

Morano. But the baulking of a great design—

Vanderbluff. 'Tis better baulking our own designs, than have them baulk'd by others ; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

A I R XLV. *Troy Town.*

*When ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty boards of gold ;
Amid the harvest of the spoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapine bold,
Comes justice. The great scheme is crost,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.*

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

Morano. If you are satisfy'd, and for your security,

Jenny. For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he has enough to satisfy his wife.

Vanderbluff. We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mis'd to the accidents of war.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships ; so that victory is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and our's grow impatient for your presence, noble captain.

Morano. I'll be with 'em. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jenny. Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

Morano. Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory. Hark the trumpet. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

AIR XLVI. We've cheated the parson.

Despair leads to battle, no courage so great:

They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

Vanderbluff. *No retreat.*

Jenny. *No retreat.*

Morano. *They must conquer or die who've no retreat.* [Ex-]

SCENE, *A room of a poor cottage.*

Cawwawkee in chains, Polly.

Polly. Unfortunate prince! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppressed by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European*. Are you fools? Do you believe one another? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

Polly. There are constitutions that can resist a pestilence.

Caw. But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are ashamed of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourselves?

Polly. My sincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancell'd faith. How can I believe you? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Polly. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Polly. Yet the worst of men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw. Have you then hypocrisy still among you? For all that I have experienc'd of your manners is open violence, and barefac'd injustice. Who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. *T'amo tanto.*

*Virtue's treasure,
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less.
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.*

Polly. My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. *Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,*

Polly. *Cheerful even amid distress;*

Caw. *Nor pain nor crosses,*

Polly. *Nor grief nor losses,*

Caw. *Nor death itself can make it less.*

Polly. *Here relying,*

Caw. *Suff'ring, dying,*

Polly. *Honest souls find all redress.*

Caw. Having this, I want no other consolation. I am prepared for all misfortune.

Polly. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

Caw. By dishonest means, I scorn it.

Polly. But stratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to use all the weapons employ'd against you. You may save your friends from affliction, and be the instrument of rescuing your country.

Caw. Those are powerful inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

Polly. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce them to betray.

You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can resist the temptation.

Caw. I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the *European* custom, I will perform. For, though a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

Polly. Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

Enter Laguerre, and Capstern.

Polly. Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your custody?

Laguerre. Full well.

Polly. Know you the treasures that are in his power?

Laguerre. I know too that they shall soon be our's.

Polly. In having him in your possession they are your's:

Laguerre. As how, friend?

Polly. He might well reward you.

Laguerre. For what?

Polly. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, *European*, I can and will reward you.

Capstern. He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

Caw. I have said it, *European*: And an *Indian's* heart is always answerable for his words.

Polly. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Conquest is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

Laguerre. What think you of the proposal?

Capstern. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect, I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

Laguerre. Besides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our ships.

Capstern. If we gain our ends, what matter how we come by it?

Laguerre. Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risque.

Capstern. Nay, I have no objections.

Laguerre. If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

Capstern. Then too, I always lik'd a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

Laguerre. You will confider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: We'll go off with you.

Capstern. We want only to be known to be employ'd.

Laguerre. Let us unbind him then.

Polly. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may rely upon the prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

Capstern. Our fortunes then are made.

A I R XLVIII. Down in a meadow.

Polly. *The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;
Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.*

*What care and expence for their bounds are employ'd!
Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way
Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and betray.*

*Thus stanch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or bound.*



A C T III.

S C E N E, *The Indian Camp.*

Pohetohee, and Attendants.

I N D I A N.

S I R, a party from the *British* factory have joined us: Their chief attends for your majesty's orders for their disposition.

Pob. Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him. *[Exit Indian.]*

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, sir,—I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage and all that—I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

Pob. Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

Ducat. A married man, sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little timorous. Upon promise to her, I am engaged to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever govern'd me more than my own. Besides, sir, fighting is not our business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

Pob. And have you no spirit then to defend it? Your families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

Ducat. Alas, sir, we cannot be answerable for human infirmities.

AIR XLIX. There was an old man, and he liv'd.

What man can on virtue or courage repose,

Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?

Like gold, if intrinsic sure no body knows,

Till weigh'd in the ballance and try'd.

Pob. How different are your notions from ours! We think virtue, honour, and courage as essential to man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, till we have found the contrary; but then we regard him only as a brute in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

Ducat. Why should I have any more scruples about myself, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass current, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty then will not dispense with my duty to my wife, with

permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. [Exit.

Pob. My son a prisoner! Tortur'd perhaps and inhumanly butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More then is required from me. Grief raises my resolution, and calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts? [Enter Indian.

Indian. The prince, sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pirates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

Enter Cawwawkee, Polly, Laguerre, Capstern, &c.

Pob. Victory then is our's. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

Carw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gain'd me his friendship.

Pob. This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be generous and honest.

Carw. These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engag'd to reward them. How it galls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

Laguerre. I hope your majesty will not forget our services.

Pob. I am bound for my son's engagements.

Carw. For this youth, I will be answerable. Like a gem found in rubbish, he appears the brighter among these his countrymen.

A I R L. *Iris la plus charmante.*

Love with beauty is flying,

At once 'tis blooming and dying;

But all seasons desying,

Friendship lasts on the year.

Love is by long enjoying,

Cloying;

Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,

Stronger.

O may the flame divine

Burn in your breast like mine!

Polly. Most noble prince, my behaviour shall justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

Pob. Let these men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you. *[Exit Pirates, guarded.]*

Carw. May this young man be my companion in the war? As a boon I request it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

Pob. I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge convenient.

Polly. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may rely upon my duty.

Enter Indian.

Indian. Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us.

Pob. Victory then is at hand. Justice protects us, and courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *The field of battle.*

Culverin, Hacker, and Pirates.

A I R LI. There was a jovial beggar.

1 Pir. *When horns, with cheerful sound,
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the bound,
He burns to chase the prey.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle we will go, &c.*

2 Pir. *How charms the trumpet's breath!
The brave, with hope possess'd,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conquest in their breast.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle, &c.*

Culverin. But yet I don't see, brother *Hacker*, why we should be commanded by a Neger. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have sea-room.

Hacker. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on board again, my vote shall be for calling of

him to account for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition?

Culverin. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pir.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pir.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hacker. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a storm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

Culverin. Right, brother, all in good season. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We must fight the *Indians* first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hacker. Is *Morano* still with his doxy?

Culverin. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

Hacker. I wish this fight of our's were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

Culverin. Does not the drum-head here, quarter-master, tempt you to fling a merry main or two?

[*Takes dice out of his pocket.*]

Hacker. If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the *Indians*. I have set.

Culverin. Have at you. A nick. [*Flings.*]

Hacker. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again.

Culverin. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*Flings.*] Eleven.

Hacker. Puries! A manifest cog! I won't be bubbled; fir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, fir, I won't be cheated.

Culverin. The money is mine. D'you take me for a sharper, fir?

Hacker. Yes, fir.

Culverin. I'll have satisfaction.

Hacker. With all my heart. [*Fighting.*]

Enter Morano, Vanderbluff, &c.

Morano. For shame, gentlemen! [*Parting them.*] Is this a time for private quarrel? What do I see! Dice

upon the drum-head! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practised. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

Culverin. To be call'd sharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hacker. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practise.

Morano. If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*Claps it to his head.*] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so rife, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

Hacker. Who is treacherous?

Morano. *Capstern* and *Laguerre* have let the prince and the stripling, you took prisoner, escape, and are gone off with them to the *Indians*. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

Culverin. Rather than have ill blood among us I return the money. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

Morano. We should be *Indians* among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world beside, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hacker. We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

Morano. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

AIR LII. To you, fair ladies.

By bolder steps we win the race.

1 Pir. *Let's haste where danger calls.*

Morano. *Unless ambition mend its pace,*

It totters, nods, and falls.

1 Pir. *We must advance or be undone.*

Morano. *Think thus, and then the battle's won.*

Chorus. *With a fa la la, &c.*

Morano. You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The *Indians* are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less

ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our conquests. Sound the charge.

A I R LIII. Prince Eugene's march.

*When the tyger roams,
And the timorous flock is in his view,
Fury foams,
He thirsts for the blood of the crew.
His greedy eyes he throws,
Thirst with their number grows,
On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,
Spreading the plain with a general ruin,
Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn:*

Vanderbluff. *Let us on one and all!*

1 Pir. *How they fly, how they fall!*

Morano. *For the war, for the prize I burn.*

Vanderbluff. Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

Morano. But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain honourable terms—We are overpower'd by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.

Enter Pohetohce, Cawwawkee, Polly, &c. with the Indian army drawn up against the Pirates.

Poh. Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts. Let the trumpets give the signal.

A I R LIV. The Marlborough.

Caw. *We the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes;
In its beam false courage dies;
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
Charge the foe,
Lay them low,*

On then and strike the blow.

Hark, victory calls us. See guilt is dismay'd:

The villain is of his own conscience afraid.

In your hands are your lives and your liberties bold,

The courage of virtue was never repell'd.

Pir. Our chief demands a parley.

Pob. Let him advance.

*Art thou Morano, that fell man of prey?
That foe to justice?*

Morano. Tremble and obey.

Art thou great Pohetohee styl'd?

Poh. - - - - - *the same.*

I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor. Thou know'st then, king, thy son there, was my prisoner. Pay us the ransom we demand, allow us safe passage to our ships, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

Pob. Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to right and equity? Insolent madman! Composition with knaves is base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword of justice, rapacious brute.

A I R L V. Les rats.

Morano. Know then, war's my pleasure:

Am I thus controll'd?

Both thy heart and treasure

I'll at once unfold.

You, like a miser, scraping, biding,

Rub all the world; you're but mines of gold.

Rage my breast alarms,

War is by kings held right-deciding;

Then to arms, to arms;

With this sword I'll force your hold.

By thy obstinacy, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate;
and so expect me.

Pob. Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

Morano. Fall on.

Pob. For your lives and liberties. [*Fight, Pirates beat off.*]

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the

fool-hardy are the greatest, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there's so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

AIR LVI. Mad Robin.

*How faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws!
But all others only smear
Her wrinkles, cracks, and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men say what they will;
Sure we may set our good in fight,
When neighbours set our ill.*

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation in my neighbours hands than my money. But will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, and Indians.

Pob. Had *Morano* been taken or slain, our victory had been complete.

Ducat. A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

Pob. How have you disposed of the prisoners?

Caw. They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice, by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Pob. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit: I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of clemency. Besides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety, that you must pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

AIR LVII. Thro' the wood, laddy.

*As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray;
His heart sorely beating,
Sad murmur repeating,
Indulging his grief for his consort astray;
For force or death only could keep her away.
Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare;
If guns have not slain her,
The net must detain her,
Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with
a tear,
If safe from the battle he do not appear.*

Pob. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him; for I share in my son's affliction. [Exit Indian.

Ducat. I had better too be upon the spot, or my men may embezzle some plunder which by right should be mine. [Exit.

Enter Indian.

Indian. The youth, sir, with a party is just return'd from the pursuit. He's here to attend your majesty's commands.

Enter Polly, and Indians.

Caw. Pardon, sir, the warmth of my friendship, if I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his duty. [Embracing.

AIR LVIII. Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's arms.

Polly. Victory is our's,

Caw. - - - - - My fond heart is at rest.

Polly. Friendship thus receives its guest.

Caw. O what transport fills my breast!

Polly. *Conquest is complete.*

Caw. *Now the triumph's great.*

Polly. *In your life is a nation blest.*

Caw. *In your life I'm of all possess'd.*

Pob. The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety victory has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

Polly. In the rout, sir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have false courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him without under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

Pob. Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

Enter Morano, guarded.

Morano. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to have come at him. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Pob. He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey!

Morano. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Pob. Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapine, your murders are now at an end.

Morano. Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

AIR LIX. Parson upon *Dorothy*.

The soldiers, who by trade must dare

The deadly cannon's sounds,

You may be sure, betimes prepare

For fatal blood and wounds.

POLLY: AN OPERA.

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*The men, who with advent'rous dance,
Bound from the cord on high,
Must own they have the frequent chance
By broken bones to die.
Since rarely then
Ambitious men,
Like others, lose their breath;
Like these, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their natural death.*

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

Pob. Would your *European* laws have suffer'd crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd?

Morano. Were all I am worth safely landed, I have wherewithal to make almost any crime sit easy upon me.

Pob. Have ye notions of property?

Morano. Of my own.

Pob. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you?

Morano. Honest industry! I have heard talk of it indeed, among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Pob. Have you no respect for virtue?

Morano. As a good phrase, sir. But the practisers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are seldom found in the best company.

Pob. Is not wisdom esteem'd among you?

Morano. Yes, sir: But only as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

Pob. Honour, and honesty, are not those distinguish'd?

Morano. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these *Indians*! But indeed I think honour is of some use; it serves to swear upon.

Pob. Have you no consciousness? Have you no shame?

Morano. Of being poor.

Pob. How can society subsist with avarice! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.

Morano. Alexander the Great was more successful,
That's all.

A I R LX. The collier has a daughter.

*When right or wrong's decided,
In war or civil causes,
We by success are guided
To blame or give applauses.
Thus men exalt ambition,
In power by all commended,
But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn is well attended.*

Pob. Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

Morano. This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the counsel of a Newgate attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard!

Pob. Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be securely guarded till further orders.

A I R LXI. Mad Moll.

Morano. All crimes are judg'd like fornication;

While rich we are honest no doubt.

Fine ladies can keep reputation,

Poor lasses alone are found out.

If justice had piercing eyes,

Like ourselves, to look within,

She'd find power and wealth a disguise

That shelter the worst of our kin. [Exit, guarded.

Pob. How shall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is oblig'd by occasions of making a return: And every occasion must be agreeable, for a grateful mind hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

Caw. My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty!

A I R. LXII. Prince George.

All friendship is a mutual debt,

Polly. *The contract's inclination :*

Caw. *We never can that bond forget*

Of sweet retaliation.

Polly. *All day, and every day the same,*

We are paying and still owing ;

Caw. *By turns we grant, by turns we claim*

The pleasure of bestowing.

Both. *By turns we grant, &c.*

Polly. The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

Caw. That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want, let me know it.

Pob. If it is in a king's power, my power will make you happy.

Caw. If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the privilege of friendship ; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

Pob. Can my treasures make you happy ?

Polly. Those who have them not, think they can ; those who have them, know they cannot.

Pob. How unlike his countrymen !

Caw. While you conceal one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is barbarity.

Polly. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have reserv'd them for solitude.

Caw. Those sighs, and that reservedness, are symptoms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a stranger to.

Polly. Then you never have been completely wretched.

AIR LXIII. *Blithe Jockey, young and gay,*

*Can words the pain express
Which absent lovers know?
He only mine can guess,
Whose heart hath felt the woe.
'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,
Seldom hope, oft' despair;
'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief
'Tis every pang and grief.*

Caw. But does not love often deny itself aid and comfort, by being too obstinately secret?

Polly. One cannot be too open to generosity; that is a sun of universal benignity. In concealing ourselves from it, we but deny ourselves the blessing of its influence.

AIR LXIV. *In the fields in frost and snow.*

*The modest lilly, like the maid,
Its pure bloom defending,
Is of noxious dews afraid,
Soon as even's descending.
Clos'd all night,
Free from blight,
It preserves the native white;
But at morn' unfolds its leaves,
And the vital sun receives.*

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am?

Pob. A king's beneficence should be like the sun. The most humble weed should feel its influence, as well as the most gaudy flower. But I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

Polly. You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women. [*Kneels, he raises her.*]

Caw. A woman! Oh my heart!

Pob. A woman!

Polly. Yes, sir, the most wretched of her sex. In love! married! abandon'd, and in despair!

Pob. What brought you into these countries?

Polly. To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas, 'tis outward

appearance alone that generally engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

Pob. Why this disguise?

Polly. To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have exposed me.

Carw. Had she not been married, I might have been happy. [*Aside.*]

Polly. He ran into the madness of every vice. I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes. For sure my love still might reclaim him.

Carw. Had you conceal'd your sex, I had been happy in your friendship; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart!

AIR LXV. Whilst I gaze on *Chloe*.

*Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,
Every former thought is lost;
Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
How my troubled soul is tost!
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
How it thrills in every vein!
Liberty and life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.*

Enter Indian.

Indian. The rest of the troops, sir, are return'd from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's commands.

Pob. Let them be brought before us. [*Exit Indian.*]
Give not yourself up to despair; for every thing in my power you may command. [*To Polly.*]

Carw. And every thing in mine. But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

Enter Ducat and Jenny, guarded, &c.

Jenny. Spare my husband, *Morano* is my husband.

Pob. Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

Jenny. Alas, sir, there are many husbands who are furious monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for his duty and submission to your majesty, for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Pob. Why then had you not made him so before?

Jenny. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him; and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as she can be?

Pob. With how much ease and unconcern these Europeans talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications.

AIR LXVI. The Jamaica.

Jenny. *The sex, we find,
Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches;
And none neglect
To pay respect
To rogues who keep their coaches.*

Indeed, sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too, as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Pob. Woman, your profligate sentiments offend me; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then. *Morano* is now under the stroke of justice.

Jenny. Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. Send me back again with him into slavery, from whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

Duc. Yes, sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew; and I hope my services at least will allow me to claim my own again.

Jenny. *Morano*, sir, I must confess hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman

could escape him. If *Macbeath's* misfortunes were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

Polly. Macbeath!

Jenny. He is no black, fir, but under that disguise, for my sake, skreen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him?

Polly. Macbeath! Is it possible? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

Pob. Haste, let the sentence be suspended. [*Ex. Ind.*]

Polly. Fly; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him? All his distresses brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how could'st thou blind me so?

AIR LXVII. *Tweed side.*

*The stag, when chas'd all the long day
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;
Now panting for breath and at bay,
Now stemming the river or lake;
When the treacherous scent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*

But, alas, now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

Pob. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

Jenny. Slavery, fir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn! Consider, fir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Pob. Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obey'd.
[*Exit Jenny, guarded.*]

Polly. What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

Caro. If justice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Polly. Not yet! Oh how I fear.

AIR LXVIII. One evening as I lay.

*My heart forebodes he's dead.
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled,
My soul is all despair!
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stop'd his breath,
Just as my dream foretold;
Oh had that sleep been death!*

Enter Indians.

Polly. He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confess it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! *O Macbeath!*

Duc. Mercy upon me! now I look upon her nearer, bless me, it must be *Polly*. This woman, sir, is my slave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowlege, money could not tempt her.

Pob. And if she is virtuous, *European*, dost thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty, as a king, to cherish and protect virtue.

Caw. Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompence your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

Pob. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

Caw. What, no reply?

Polly. Abandon me to my sorrows. For indulging them is my only relief.

Pob. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the rest, let them be restor'd to their owners, and return to their slavery.

POLLY: AN OPERA.

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AIR LXIX. Buff-coat.

- Caw. *Why that languish!*
 Polly. *Oh, he's dead! O he's lost for ever!*
 Caw. *Cease your anguish, and forget your grief,*
 Polly. *Ah, never!*
What air, grace, and stature!
 Caw. *How false in his nature!*
 Polly. *To virtue my love might have won him.*
 Caw. *How base and deceiving!*
 Polly. *But love is believing.*
 Caw. *Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.*

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures, are all at your command.

AIR LXX. An Italian Ballad.

- Polly. *Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!*
Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;
My heart is proof against either temptation,
Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

I am charm'd, prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my sorrows. But my misfortunes at present interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw. Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

Pob. 'Tis a pleasure to me by this alliance to recompence your merits. [Ex. Caw. and Polly.] Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory. [Exit.

DANCE.

AIR LXXI. The temple.

- Ind. *Justice long forbearing,*
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.
 Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

2 Ind. *What tongues then defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Even his friends attend him,
To soment the chace.*

Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

3 Ind. *Virtue subduing,
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race,
Truth, never-failing,
Must be prevailing,
Falsehood shall find disgrace.*

Chor. *Justice long forbearing, &c.*

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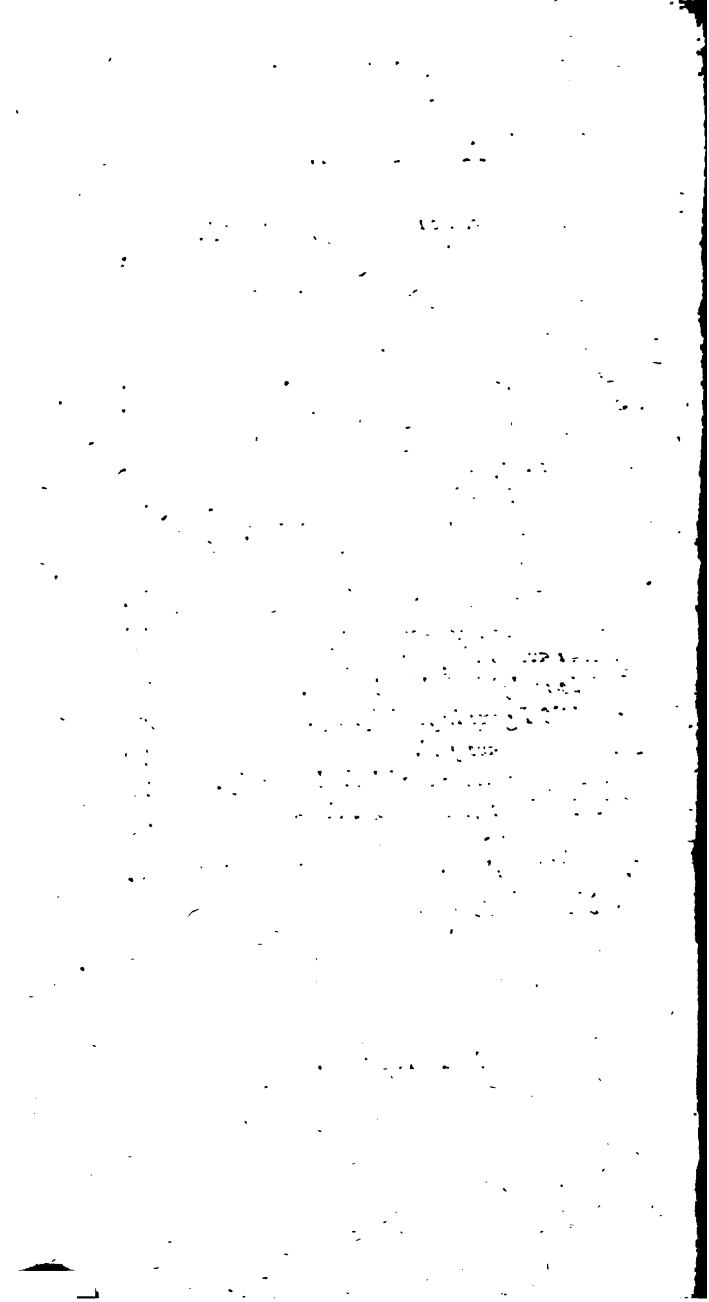
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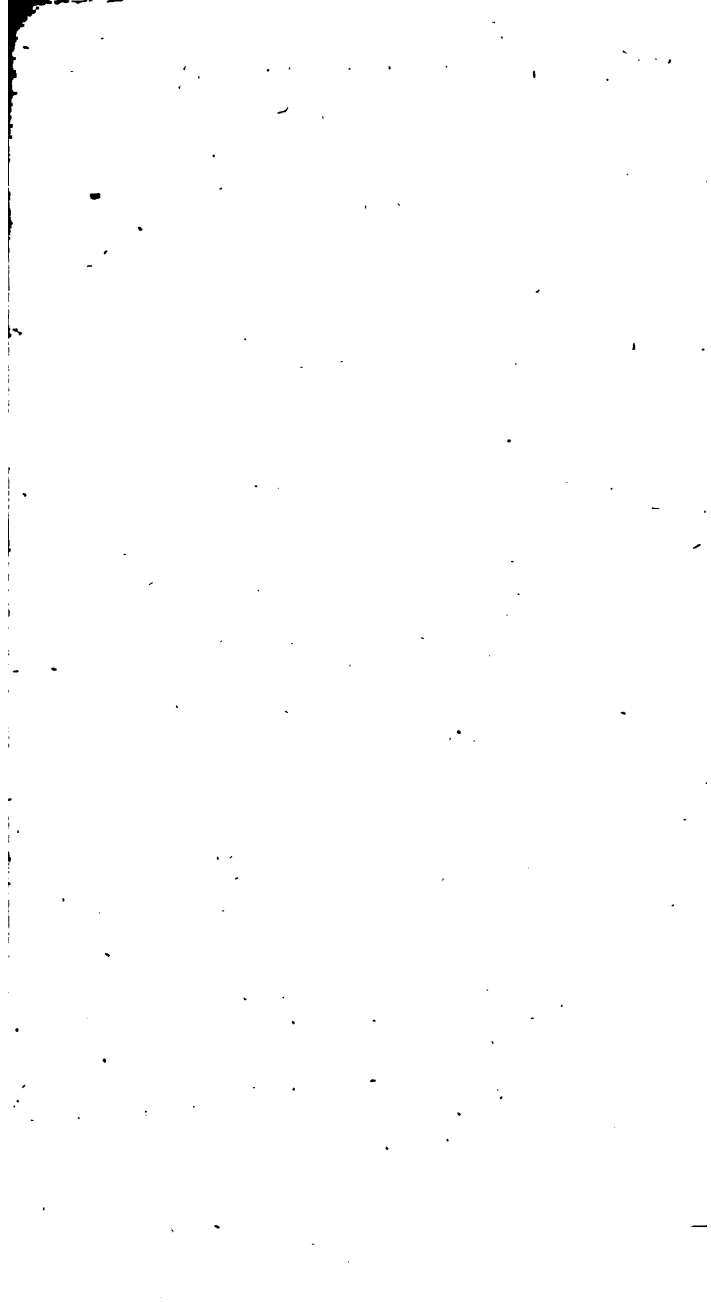
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F I N I S.





THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.



Roberts del.

Engraved for Belle Brighl Theatre Feb 26. 1777.

Thornhill sculp.

M^{rs} WRIGHTEN in the Character of PEGGY.

4
BELL'S EDITION.

0
—
THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

As written by ALLAN RAMSAY.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.*

SPENCER, p. 1113.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library in the Strand.

—
M DCC LXXX.

Swissanab Countess of

MADAM,

THE Love of Art and Science
 please the best of men
 Born to the world of letters
 shines. But of late years
 to oppose a Court of Honour
 nature, it is generally
 among the to end some
 Wherefore I have
 your Lady's
 several natural
 I feel
 tale from the
 judges, that
 I am
 your Lady's
 agree
 before
 about
 latter, we
 of Goodness and
 it were better
 here, Made
 any Mind to
 drawing your
 Hazard of being
 very lies
 for Points with
 Were I to begin
 Blind and Astonish
 as with

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Susannah Countess of Eglington.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Cheerfulness. But conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen and haughty Ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom among them to chuse some honourable Shade.

Wherefore I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection. If my *Patroness* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I shall have good Reason to think myself safe from the aukward Censure of some pretended Judges, that condemn before Examination.

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Countess of Eglington*, whose Penetration, superior Wit, and sound Judgment, shines with an uncommon Lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what is due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots, that

D E D I C A T I O N.

have dignified the Names of *KENNEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*. Be that the Care of the Herald and Historian. 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be expected, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flattered; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect. For whilst you are possessed of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

All this is very true, cries a Sour-Plumb of better Sense than Good-nature; but what Occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?—Very true: but I have the Liberty to use the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To speak what every Body thinks*. Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life: But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain praise-worthy Pleasure in communicating to Posterity the Fame of distinguished Characters.—I write this last Sentence, with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear; but if I should prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts shall vanish like a Morning Vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

*Your Ladyship's most obedient,
And most devoted Servant,*

Edinburgh, June
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE PERSONS.
MEN AND WOMEN.

Sir, William Worthy.

Page 366 General Shepherd

in Love with Peggy.

Roger, a rich young Scep-

berd, in love with Jenny.

Symon and Chud, two

old Shepherds: Tenants

to Sir William

Bauley, a Hynd, engaged

with Neps.

With 4 cups.

SCENE, a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few

...*Mrs* from Edinburgh.

Time of Action: within Twenty Hours.

First AB begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Ag. begins at Nine o'Clock at Night

Fourth Act, begins, at Nine o'Clock at Night.
Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

Beneath the South Side of a crater, Field.

is here Christal Springs. The holocene it was yield.

Two youthful Shepherds on the German-Var.

Tenting their Flocks, &c. ^{READ} *Mem of May.*

Poor Roger's bones?—the narrow Echo's ring;

But what Pate has said and sing.

2 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG L. TUNE, The Wawking of the Faulds.

PATIE. **M**Y Peggy is a young Thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweeter as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet aane
I wish nae mair to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the laue I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glew
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naithing gies me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confess'd,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence, the Wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

THIS

THIS funny Morning, *Roger*, cheers my Blood,
 And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
 How hartfom is't to see the rising Plants,
 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants?
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler Air,
 And a' the Sweets it bears when void of Care.
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gars thee grane?
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate!
 I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
 Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
 But I, opprest with never-ending Grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Patie. The Bees shall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive,
 The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' Queans, or Loss of warly Gear,
 Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy doens
 By ane, whase Saul is sadly out of Tune,
 You have sae fast a Voice, and slid a Tongue;
 You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.
 If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,
 They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek.
 And jeer me hameward frae the Lone or Bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought.
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.
 For ilka Sheep ye have I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
 A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Roger. My Byar tumbled, nine brae Nowt were
 smoor'd,
 Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Hls endur'd:
 In Winter last my Cares were very sma',
 Tho' Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

4 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Patie. Were your bien Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
 The O'ercome only fash'es Fowk to keep.

Roger. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross;
 That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss:
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drowth to quench:
 Till bris'd beneath the Bruden, thou cry Dool!
 And own that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

Patie. Sax good fat Lambs, I sauld them ilka Clute
 At the *West-Port*, and bought a winsome Flute,
 Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round;
 A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound:
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool!
 Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic charlish Beast,
 Some other Thing lies heavier at my Breast:
 I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
 That gars my Fleck a'creep yet with the Right.

Patie. Now, to a Friend how silly's this Pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kena,
 Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride:
 Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yourself.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, you have guess'd a' or true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a'quint;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unknoblate:
 But yesterday I met her yont a Know,
 She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.

She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
 He fights for *Neps*;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na loo her—but in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain,

Mr

My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
 Till he yowl'd fair, she strack the poor dumb Tyke :
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad have shewn mair Kindness to my Beast.
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn ;
 With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
 Last Night I play'd—(ye never heard, sic Spite)
O'er Boggie was the Spring, and, her Delyte :
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin spear'd,
 Gif she coud tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
 Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck,
 Saebejns she be sic a thrawn-gabit Chuck.
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Roger. I needna mak such Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft Gowk ! leave aff that filly whining Way ;
 Seem careless, there's my Hand, ye'll win the Day,
 Hear how I serv'd my Lafs I love as weel
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel,
 Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dyke I lean'd, glowring about.
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee ;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw nae me :
 For yet the Sun was wading thro' the Mist,
 And she was close upon me ere she wist.
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whiter were than Snaw,
 Her Cockernony inooded up fu' sleek,
 Her Haffet-Locks hung, waving on her Cheek ;
 Her Cheeks sae ruddy, and her E'en so clear ;
 And O ! her Mouth's like one Hinny Pear.
 Neat, neat she was in Bustine Waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
 Blythsome I cry'd, My bony *Meg*, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer :
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather Dew—
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?

6 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Then fare ye weel, *Meg Derts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack,
 She came with a right thieveless Errand back;
 Miscaw'd me first—then bad me hound my Dog,
 To wear up three waff Ews Rray'd on her Bog,
 I leugh; and sae did she; then with great Haste
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waist;
 About her yielding Waist, and took a Fouth
 Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,
 My very Soul cam lowping to my Lips,
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
 Do you sae too, and never fasth your Thumb,
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Mood:
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, By gar rub her o'er with Strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer Kindness with a Slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
 For Women in a Man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defate,
 And with a simple Face give Way
 To a Repulse; then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on and win the Day.
 When Maidens, innocently young,
 Say often what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue,
 But tent the Language of their Een;
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your Love with Hate.
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger. Kind *Patie*, now fair fa your honest Heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art
 To hearten ane: For now, as cleans a Leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

Sae, for your Pains, I'll make ye a Propine,
 (My Mother, rest her Soul! she made it fine)
 A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawtlock Woo,
 Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders blew:
 With Springs like Grouse, and Silles cross'd with Black;
 I never had it yet upon my Back,
 Weel am ye wordy o't, who have sae kind
 Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind,
 Patie, Weel, hald ye here, and since ye've frankly made
 To me a Present of your brow new Plaid,
 My Flute's be your's, and she too, that's sae nice
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my Advice.

Roger, As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't,
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny Spring;
 For I'm in Tift to hear you play and sing.

Patie But first we'll tak a Turn, up to the Height,
 And see gif all our Flock be feeding right:
 Be that Time Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese;
 Will mak a Breakfast that a Laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise
 To season Meat with Health, instead of Spice,
 When we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie Howm between to verdant Braes,
 Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claiths,
 A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
 Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth, and round.
 Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
 First please your Eye, then gratifie your Ear;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. **C**ome, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
 The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;
 The

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the Burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Simmer grow:
Between twa Birks out-o'er a little Lin,
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din:
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glass,
Kisses with easy Whirls the bordering Grass,
We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash ourselfs—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a Day.

Jenny. Daft Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa Herds come brattling down the Brae,
And see us sae? That jeering Fellow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lassies, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyond the Height.
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e're ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A *Herd* mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaimes his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribbon-knots at his blue Bonnet Lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a jee,
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.
He fals his Owrelay down his Breast with Care,
And sew gang trigger to the Kirk or Fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How dy'e?*—or, *There's a bonny Day*.

Peggy. Ye dath the Lad with constant slighting Pride,
Hatred to Love is unko fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawried Wean, that tarrows at its Meat,
That for some seckless Whim will orp and greet:

The

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

The lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.
Fy *Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your Time.

[SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The Darty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grows cauld,
And nae her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld.*

*The dawited Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrowws at its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by itsell abus'd
The Fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jenny. I never thought a single Life a Crime.

Peggy. Nor I——but Love in Whispers let us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Jenny. If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himself,
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell,
He glows and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Flaws?
Wane'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly, ne'er to do't it again.

They're Fools that Slav'ry like, and may be free;
The Chick may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your Ways; for me I have a Mind
To be as yielding as my *Rattie's* kind.

Jenny. Heh, Laff! how can you loo that Rattle-Skull?
A very Deet, that my man has his Will,
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feighcan life
You twa will lead, far soon's ye're Man and Wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear;
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my *Paris's* Breast I'll lean my Head.

There

10 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Where he may kiss as lang as Kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude;
 He's get his Will: Why no; 'Tis good my Part
 To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen Days.
 Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane;
 But soon as his Newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake.
 Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
 Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his Barlichoods ne'er stick
 To lend his loving Wife a lounderin Lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear Mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling;
 We ought not to trust to Smiling:
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder Luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their Fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a Life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys:*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spon Thoughts as thae want Pith to
 My fetu'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love. [move
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
 But want of him I dred nae other Skaith.
 There's nane of a' the Herds, that tread the Green,
 Has sic a Smile or sic twa glancing Een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking Art.
 His Words they thirle like Music throw my Heart,
 How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at little Fears that fright the lave,
 Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
 He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
 The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Patt*.

His

His better Sense will lang his Love secure :
 Ill-Nature hefts in Sauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I ha'e,
 That has better Sense than any of thae
 Sour, weak, filly fellows, that study, like Fools;
 To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightnies his Wife,
 Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
 He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Jenny. Hey, Bony Lass of Branksome, or't be lang
 Your witty Pate will put you in a Sang.
 O it's a pleasant Thing to be a Bride;
 Syne Whindging Gets about your Ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din:
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin,
 Ae Wean sa's sick, and scads itsell wi' Broe,
 Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe.
 The Deel gaes o'er John Wabstar: Hame grows Hell;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsom Thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have Delight
 To hear their litle Plaints, and keep them tight.
 Wow, Jenny! can their greater Pleasure be
 Than see sic wee Törts toolying at your Knee;
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest Wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a Kifs?
 Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
 The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

Jenny. But Poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Begg'ry draw,
 There litle Love or canty Chear can come
 Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom:
 Your Nout may die—the Spate may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay—
 The thick-blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows,
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A Dyvor buys your Butter, Woo, and Cheese,
 But on the Day of Payment breaks and flees,
 With glooman Brew the Laird seeks in his Rent.
 'Tis no to gill; your Merchants to the Boat
 His Honourment wasp impends you, Gear:
 Syne, driven frae thoutward Haul, whar will ye steer?
 Dear Meg be wile, and lend a single hiffie ear:
 Troth it's nae news to be married W' gear.

Peggy. May ye ill-walk hae! that wily gear!
 Wha has he Fear, for that was never mair.
 Let Fowl bode weel, and serve to do their bidd;
 Nae mair's requir'd: he'll leave me out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say, 'A
 That Lads should a' for Wives, that's verit' pray:
 For the mair thrifty Man could never get
 A well stor'd Room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Walth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 What'er he wins, I'll guide with danny Care;
 And win the Vogue at Market, Tron, or Fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware,
 A Flock o' Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Woo,
 Shall first be sold to pay the Laird his Due.
 Syne a' behind's out ain;—thus, without Fear,
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer;
 And when my Patie in Baisie and, Gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jenny. But what if some young Giglit on the Green,
 With dimpled Cheeks and twa bewitching Een.
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her head Kisses, hardly worth a Peg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that—dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some Men constant' in Love than we:
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
 They'll reason caumly, and with Kindness smile,
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile:
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their Marks at home,
 'Tis Ten to Ane their Wives are mair to blame.

Then

Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art,
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.
 At Ev'n, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
 I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.
 In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
 The seething Pot's be ready to take aff.
 Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good-Hemour and white Bigonets shall be
 Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jenny. A Dish of marry'd Love right soon grows auld,
 And dozens down to nae, as Fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
 Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,
 Than aught in Love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side;
 Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride:
 Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading Branches are increas'd,
 And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
 That in return defends it frae the West.
 Sic as stand single (a State fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
 With the Assistance of a little Fae,
 Lies dern'd within my Breast this many a Day.

SANG VI. *Tune.* Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.

*I yield, dear Lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
 Frae Love proceeds complying:
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us,
 They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,
 That by the Heart-strings leads us.*

14 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Peggy. Alake! poor Pris'ner! *Jenny!* that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:
Haste let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

Jenny. Anither Time's as good—for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith:—if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, nae Lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug Thack House, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are seen:
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byer:
A Peet-flack joins and forms a rural Square.
The House is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-Seat invites his Frien.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud GOOD Morrow, Nibour *Symon*,—come
fit down,

And gie's your Cracks—What's a' the News in Town?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And sald your *Crummock*, and her bassend Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pond of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my Heart;—and tent me now, auld Boy,
I've gather'd News, will kittle your Mind with Joy.
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Fleas,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Hether Braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!--Ah *Symmie!* ratling Chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the groffest Lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like Will-fire far and near:
But loose your Poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud* and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Master* been,

Our

Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate to save his Head,
Because ye ken fou well, he bravely chose
To shine, or let in Glory with *Montrose*.
How *Cromwell* gane to *Nich*, and aye said *Mont*,
Has plaid the *Rumple* a right fleg Begunk;
Restor'd King *Charles*, and ilk a Thing in Tune;
And *Habby* says, we'll see Sir *William* soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed, but dinna flaw,
Tello'er your News again! and fear it's a
And saw ye *Hab*? and what did *Halbert* say?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away,
Now God be thanked that our Laird's come Hame,
And his Estate, say, can he eith'ly claim?

Symon. They tha Hag-rid us, till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* fall enjoy his ane.

SANG VII. *Tune*, Cald Kale in *Aberdeen*.

*Could be the Rebels Cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung up a' in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And ever high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent;
Nor grumbled if aye grew rich, or shoud' to raise,
Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* Claiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy Air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
"Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*—take a Seat--
"How's a' at Hame,--How's *Bispa*?--How does *Kate*?--
"How sells black *Cattle*?--What gies *Woo* this Year?--
And sic like kindly Questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. *Tune*, Muck'ing of *Geordy's* Byer.

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,*

16 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD;

*Nor rack the poor Tenants who labour
To rise aboon Poverty :*

*Else, like the Pack-horse that's unfather'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint,*

*Thus Virtue by hardships is smother'd
And Rackers afflict the Rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,
Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
As gar'd me money a Time gae dancing Hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd !--Dear Nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day ?
We'll send for *Elspie* too--and upo' Sighs
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Heights
"Il yoke my Sled, and lead to the neist Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a' o' Man, Wife and Wean,
Drink till they tane the Gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna baulk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it had na first of a' been mine :
For here-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yestreen I slew two Wathers prime and fat ;
A furlot of good Cakes my *Elspie* heuk,
And a large Ham hangs resting in the Nook.
I saw my fell, or I came o'er the Loan,
Our meikle Pot, that scads the Whey, put on,
A Mutton Bouk to boil ;--and aye we'll roast,
And on the Haggies *Elspie* spares nae Cost.
Small are they shorn ; and shew an mix-fou nice
The gussy Ingans with a Curm of Spice,
Fat are the Puddings,--Heads and Feet well sung ;
And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome Hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
Bring wi' ye all your Family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, Auld Birky, never fear
But at your Banquet I shall first appear :

Faith,

Faith, we shall bend the Bicker, and look hauld,
Till we forget that we are said'd or auld,
Auld, said I!--Frothy I'm younger be a score
With this good News than what I was before.
I'll dance or Een! Hey Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The Man's gae gye! Dear Symon, welcome here.

Wad wad ye, Glend, with a', this Haste and Din?
Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

Glend. Spin? Snuff!--Gae break your Wheel, and burn your Tow,

And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low:
Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth News indeed--And wha waistald yon o't?

Glend. What's that to you?--Gae get my Sunday's
Wale out the whitest of my bobie Bands; [Coat;
My Whyt skin Hoose, and Mittans for my Hands;
Then frae their Wathing cry the Bairns in Haste,
And make ye'r selfs as trig, Head, Feet, and Waist,
As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge--and, Glend, I'll o'er the Gait,
And see that a' be done as I wad hoe' it. [Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open Field--a Cottage in a Glen,
An auld Wif spinning at the sunny End,
At a sma' Distance, by a blasted Tree,
With falded Arms, and half-rai'd Look ye see.*

B A U L D Y. *in song.*

Rauldy. **W**HAT this!--Eeanna bear't! 'Tis war-
than Hell,

To be sae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!

O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning Day,

Sweeter than gowany Glens or new-mawn Hay;

Blyther thap Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows,

Straighter than aught that on the Forest grows:

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
 The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty times.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
 Will be my Deid, that will be shortly seen!
 For *Pate* looes her—waets me? and she looes *Pate*,
 And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
 Made a dast Vow!—O! but age be a Deaft,
 That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.
 I darna speak my Mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ill to my Enemy,
 'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
 To brak with ane, and win the other's Heart.
 Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price
 Can cast her Contrelps, and give me Advice.
 She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And make the Deils obedient to her Croun.
 At Midnight House, o'er the Kirkyards she hants;
 And howks unresist'd Weats out o' their fitches;
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Bow;
 Rins witherhins about the Hamlet's Low;
 And seven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
 Till *Plotchuck* comes with Lumps of *Diapland Clay*,
 Mixt with the Venom of black *Thaids* and *Shakes*.
 Of this unsofty Picture, aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and garb expire
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Rive;
 Stuck fou of Prines, the dew'lish Pictures mak,
 The Pain by Fowl they represent is felt;
 And yonder's *Mausy* in Ay, lay, she leans for well,
 When ane like me comes rivaling to the Deil.
 She and her Can be peeking in her Yairdiddie quo
 To speak my Befand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd;
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast, that Deels and Laffes drive. [Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A green Kail-Yard, a little Fount,
 Where Water poplin springs,
 There sits a Wife with wrinkled Front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG

SANG IX. *Tune.* Carle, an the King come.

MAUSE. *Now the King's come,*
Peggy now the King's come,
Thou may dance and I shall sing.
Peggy, since the King's come, I'll
Nae mair the Haggy, shall thou milk,
But change thy Planding-Coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that ilk.
Now, Peggy, since the King's come,

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy. How does auld honest Lucky of the Glan?
 Ye look bairn-hat and bairn-ae Phre score Ten.

Mause. Elan twining bur a Thread with little Din,
 And heeking my cauld Linthe afore the Sun.

What brings my Bairn this Gair ae ab at Marn?
 Is there nae Muck to lead, — to thresh, nae Corn?

Bauldy. Enough has been, but something that requires,
 Your helping Hand, employs now all my Cares.

Mause. My helping Hand, stake? what can I do,
 That underneath beith Bide and Poor with bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but your wife, and wiser far than we,
 Or mist Part of the Pagshe tells a Lie.

Mause. Of what kind Wisdom think ye I'm possess,
 That lifts my Character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. Well vera' d in Herbs and Seasons of the Moon,
 By skilfu' Charms like Noked, what ye have done.

Mause. What Fowls say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
 That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.

When last the Wind made Glau'd a roofless Barn,
 When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn,
 When Brawny Elf-shot never mair came Hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd and there nae Butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked Wean
 To a Fairy turn'd and cou' na stand its lane;
 When Wattie wander'd ae Night thro' the Shaw,
 And tint himself amait among the Snaw;

When

20. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

When *Mause's* Mear stood still, and swat with Fright,
 When he brought East the *Heady* under Night.
 When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green,
 And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;
 You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell ont,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
 And sae they may that mean to do ye Skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
 But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a Furlet of them mixt with Rease.

Mause. I thank ye, Lad—now tell me your Demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Bauldy. Then—I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Rate*;—and *Patie's* bauld and free,
 And looes sweet *Meg*--But *Neps* I downa see--
 Con'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and then
Peggy's to me,--I'd be the happiest Man.

Mause. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
 Sae gang your Ways, and come again at Night;
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,
 Worth all your Pease and Grots: take ye nae Care.

Bauldy. Well, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find:
 But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the Wind;
 Syn'e Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the Night sae mirk, I'll tne the Gait.
 We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a Feast,
 O' will ye come like *Badrans* for a Jest;
 And there ye can our different Haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may--but let na on what's past:
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

Bauldy. If I aught of your Secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*. [Exit *Bauldy*.]

Mause. [her lane] This Fool imagines as do mony sic,
 That I'm a Witch, in compact with *Auld Nick*,
 Because by Education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
 Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear,
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the Royal *Charles*, and Right's restor'd,
 A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.

The

The *bonny Foundling* that's brought up by *Gland*,
 Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd,
 Her Infant Life I sav'd when a false Friend
 Bow'd to th' *Usurper*, and her Death design'd;
 To establish him and his in all these Plains
 That by right Heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms,
 Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.
 Nane kens't but me;--and if the Morn were come,
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them all sing dumb

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*Behind a Tree, upon the Plain,
 Patie and his Peggy meet,
 In Love without a vicious Stain,
 The bonny Lass and chearfu' Swain
 Exchange Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 Were baith cry'd Hame, and *Jenny* the's away;

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where Primroses thickest paint the Green,
 Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.

Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
 How fast the Westlin Winds, fough through the Reeds.

Peggy. The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy
 For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please. [Breeze,

Patie. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
 Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
 As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.

Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,
 Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flow'rs appear.
 Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
 That warble thro' the Merle or Mavis' Throtes.

With

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

With thee I tent nae Flowers that buik the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peggy. But *Patrick* for some wicked *Land* may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the *Foxes* preach.
I darna stay; --ye Joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Patie. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap,
The sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease,
The Gaits to clim--the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your Aith. But mony Lads will
swear,

And be mansworn to twa in Half a Year;
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither Lads your Heart shou'd feel,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dapted anes by faithless *Patie*.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye need na fear,
Tho' we're but young I loo'd you mony a Year,
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand
Aft to the Tansy Know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side--I took Delight
To pou the Rashes green, with Roptis sae white,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the
Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the Bught at Ev'n I met with thee.

SANG.

S A N G X.

Tune, Winter was cauld and my Cleathing was thin.

P E G G Y.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the Green-Hill,
And I at Ew milking first seyd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie no Pain was to me,
When I at the Boughing forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When Corn-riggs toav'd yellow, and blue Herber-bells,
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,
Nae Birns, Brier, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Bettries right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better Skill,
The Boatman, Twetd-side, or the Lafs of the Mill.
'Tis mony Times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

*How easy can Lassies trow what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether-Bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.*

*Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:
At a' these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
or nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

Patie.

24 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowdon* knows,
And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the Ewes* ;
'There' nane like *Nansie*, *Jenny Nettle* sings :
At Turns in *Maggy Launder*, *Marion* dings :
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter Skill
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill* ;
It is a Thousand Times mair sweet to me,
'Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can Lasses trow what we desire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blows up that Fire :
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try ;
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit Gawky like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave :
At naught they'll serly,--senseless Tales believe,
Be blyth for silly Hechts, for Trifles grieve--
Sic ne'er could win my Heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;--but hearken, yon's auld Auntie's Cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them serly,--now a kindly Kiss,
Or Fivescore good anes wad not be amiss :
And syne we'll sing the Song with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up last Oak on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your Hire--
Patie.--Well I agree.

SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [*sings*,]

*By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And roving Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that, as well as I,
Ye're made for Love, and wby should ye deny?*

PEGGY.

PEGGY [sings.]

But ken ye, Lad, gif you canseff o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wasing's done;
The Maiden ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say};
Like unright ^{feels} ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say}.

[Sings.]

But gin they ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say},
Their ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say},
Read ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say},
And ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say}.

[Sings, falling into Patie's Arms.]

Then dinna ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say},
Into my Patie's Arms for good and aye;
But ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say},
And ^{will} ^{not} ^{be} ^{so} ^{soon} ^{as} ^{you} ^{say}.

PATIE [with his left Hand about her Waist.]

O charming, Arms, hance, ye Cares, away;
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live lang Day,
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

[Sung by both.]

Sun, gallop down the wughlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O' fast your Steeds, past Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day;
And if you're weary o' honest Light,
Sleep, gin ye like, o' that Night;
[Lies down the Curtain, and let them kiss.]

A C-TILL THE SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your Eyes among yon spreading Lyme,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleech'd with Time;
An Elwan fills his Hand, his Habit mean,
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But wist, it is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu' Groves.

D

Sir

26 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
 I'll for a Space, unknown, delight mine Eyes
 With a full View of ev'ry fertile Plain,
 Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a Roof, the Gates fall'n from their Bands;
 The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,
 The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
 My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
 That with each rainy Blast decaying falls:
 My Gardens once adorn'd the most compleat
 With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks
 The dewy Flow'rs hang nodding on their Stalks:
 But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
 No *Jaccatinths* or *Eglantines* appear.
 How fail'd and broke's the rising ample Shade,
 Where *Peach* and *Nett'ring* Trees their Branches spread,
 Basking in Rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to View, delightful in the Use;
 All round in Gaps, the Walls in Ruin lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my Joy
 Forbids all Grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd Home his Mother fair:
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 Till we should see what changing Times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his fleecy Charge, serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life! that's from Ambition free,
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully

A calm,

A calm, contented Mortal, spends his Time
In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime.

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*
Hid from himself, now by the Dawn
He starts as fresh as Roses blown,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleating Flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chaunts and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.

Life happy from Ambition free,
Envy and vile Hypocrisie,
When Truth and Love with Joy agree,
Usefully'd with a Crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In propping up their Pride and State,
He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.

Now tow'rd's good Symon's House I'll bend my Way.
And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day.
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gaylie dance and sing.
[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's House, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear Peat Ingle
Glances amidst the Floor;
The Green Horn Spoons, Beech Luggies mingle
On Skelfs foregainst the Door.
While the Young Brood sport on the Green,
The auld aies think it best
With the brown Cow to clear their Eew,
Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. **W**E anes were young ourfells—I like to see
The Bairns bob round with other merrylic.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie* grows a strapan Lad,
And better Looks than his I never bade.
Amang our Lads he bears the Gree'awa'
And tells his Tale the clev'rest of them a'.

Elspa Poor Man!—he's a great Comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith,
He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane,
And troth, my Niece is a right dainty Wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer need na be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my sell.

Glaud. What Reason can ye have? there's nane I'm
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: [sure
But gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind;
Fourscore of breeding Ews of my ane Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fill a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that day she's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs, at spaining Time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer,
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this Day Eight Days likely he shall learn,
That our Denial disna slight his Bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come gi's the oother Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gas round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*--by some 'tis said,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid

Down

Down at von Hallon Side, ae Morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

Gland. That clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg*, her cankart Humour gnaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gies our Brows a Look:
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard.
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang, hungry by my House this Day.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

But for his telling Fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

Gland. Spae-men! The Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout. [*Returns Jenny,*
bringing Sir William: with them Patie.]

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest Carle—here, take a Seat.

Sir Will. I give you Thanks, Goodman, ife no be blate.

Gland. [*drinks*] Come, t'ye, Friend—How far cam
ye the Day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, Nibour—e'en but little Way:
Rousted with Eild, a wie piece Gate seems lang,
Twa Miles or Three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' Night with me,
And tak sic Bed and Board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's Kind, unsought; well, gin ye have
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn, [a Baira
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon [*pointing to Patie*] Only that Lad—alack,
I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyfal now or wae.

Sir Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand—what
gars ye sneer?

Patie. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the Point—But, Billy, byde,
I'll wager there's a Mouse-Mark on your Side.

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Elspa. Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the Deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spar'd
But a short While, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

Elspa. A Laird! Hear ye, Goodman? what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken! Strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth,
Come, turn the Timmer to Laird *Patie's* Health.

[Patie's Health goes round.]

Patie. A Laird of twa good Whistles, and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate——and like to be;
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, *Patie*, let the Man look owre your Hand.
Aft-times as broken a Ship has come to Land.

*[Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand,
then counterfeits falling into a Trance,
while they endeavour to lay him right.]*

Elspa. Preserve's—the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good, or Second-Sight at least.
Where is he now?——

Glaud. ——He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elspa. These second-fighted Fowks, his Peace be here!
See Things far off, and Things to come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb—wow! he can tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himself)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*? Whisht he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better,--*Elspa*, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a Tass of *Usquebas*

[Sir Will. starts up and speaks.]

“ A Knight that for a LION fought:

“ Against a Herd of Bears,

“ Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,

“ In which some 'Thousands shares.

“ But

“ But now again the LION rears,

“ And Joy spreads o’er the Plain;

“ The LION has defeat the Bears,

“ The *Knight* returns again.

“ The *Knight* in a few Days shall bring

“ A Shepherd frae the Fauld;

“ And shall present him to the King,

“ A Subject true and bauld.

“ He Master Patrick shall be call’d—

“ All you that hear me now,

“ May well believe what I have tald,

“ For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your Spacing happen soon and weel;
But, Faith, I’m redd you’ve bargain’d with the Deel,
To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep :
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep ?

Sir Will. Howe’er I get them, never fash your Beard,
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward :
But I’ll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy will soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying Fowk are odd kind Men!
They’re here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpld Meaning of your unco Tale,
Whilk soon will make a Noise o’er Moor and Dale.

Glaud. ’Tis nae sma’ Sport to hear how *Sym*. believes,
And taks’t for Gospel what the Spae-man gives
Of flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate* :
But what we wish we trow at ony Rate.

Sir Will. Wisht! doubtfu’ Carl, for ere the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In Part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. We’ll, be’t sae, Friend ; I shall say naithing
But I’ve twa sonfy Lassies young and fair, [mair,
Plump, ripe for Men : I wish ye cou’d foresee
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro’ Secrets can I list,
Till Darkness black the Bent,
I have but anes a Day that Gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon.

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Symon. *Elpha*, cast on the Claithe, fetch but some Meat,
And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable Care,
I'd rather enjoy this Ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd Tower to fetch a Walk,
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your Desire—
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your Pipe beside the Fire ;
We'll but gae round the Place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a Space, and see the young anes play,
My Heart's still light, albeit my Locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an Errand home,
Young Roger drags the Rest,
To whisper out his melting Flame;
And throw his Lassie's Breast,
Behind a Bush, well hid frae Sight, they meet:
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
Am yet I ergh ye're ay fae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een :
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your Scorn.

Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Ev'n and Morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye Nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,

For

For fear some tighter Lad mair rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my Father, Cusin *Meg* I love;
But, to this Day, nae Man my heart cou'd move.
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear *Jenny*?—say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my Pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry Thing!
How sweet we breath, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
Than we our Daffin, and tint Pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest Drudge at Hame.

Roger. That only happens when for Sake of Gear
Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:
Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind,
Of diff'rent Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true downright Love, engages me
(Tho' you should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd Words frae Wooers Lips can sa't
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the Morning rise,
And soon the fleet Clouds mirk a' the Skies:
I've seen the Silver Spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy Puddles disappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile;
But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night.
I've seen the Spring rin wimpling throw the Plain,
Increase, and join the Ocean, without Stain.
The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile;
Rejoice throw Life, and all your fears beguile.

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD :

SANG XIII. *Tune*, Leith-Wynd.

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy Maid, beset with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain;
For I must own now since you're free,
This too-sord Heart of mine
Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
Upon thy Breast recline!
The Pleasure strikes me near-band dead!
Is Jenny then sae kind?—
O let me brifs thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine:
Delytful Thought, we'll never part!
Come, press thy Mouth to mine.*

Jenny. Were I but sure you lang wou'd Love main-
The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain : [tain,
For, I maun own since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! ha'd my
This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Deid. [Head—
Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wond'ring Love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Son and Starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of Day!

O *Jenny!* let my Arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny Breasts and Lips to mine.

They embrace.

Jenny. With equal Joy my faster Heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd Love has won the Field.
Now by these warmest Kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

Roger.

Roger. I swear by Fifty Thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Jenny. Well, I agree—neist to my Parent gae,
Get his Consent,—he'll hardly say ye Nae,
Ye have what will commend ye to him well;
Auld Fowks like them that want na Milk and Meal.

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my Father gae:
Make him content to give Consent,
He'll hardly say you Nae:
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since Parents auld think Love grows could
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.
Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high Degree:
And if you prove faithful in Love,
You'll find nae Fault in me.*

Roger. My Faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow
As many Newcal in my Byers rowt: [Nowt,
Five Pack of Woo I can at Lamma's sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
Good Twenty-Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.
Ilk Thing, that makes a hartsome House and tight,
Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
They left me all, which now gies Joy to me,
Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee.
And had I fifty Times as meikle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* shou'd the samen skair.
My Love and all is yours; how ha'd them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny.

36 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Jenny. I'll do my best;—but see wha gangs this
Patie and *Meg*—besides I maunna stay; [way
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the Morn;
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

Roger. Towhere the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin Pool.
 I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
 Keep Tryst and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our Loves; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sim
 Within a Gallery of the Place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baren shown his Face:
 But joking with the Shepherd leel,
 Ast spears the Gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. **T**O whom belongs this House, so much
 decay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous Aid
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
 Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
 Wha fills us all with Joy, now *He's come Hame.*

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William draps his masking Beard;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome Knight, with fond Regard,
 And grasps him round the Kneels.*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breath!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!
 Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenants Sight!
 To bless his Son, my Charge, the Worlds Delight.

Sir Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
 A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy;
 I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;

Since

Since fill the Secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock—neist my ane Judgment fand
Out Reasons plenty—since without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends—which gi'es their Souls a Cast,
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true,
For there's Laird *Kylie's* Son, that's loo'd by few.
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name:
He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace,
Oppressing a', as Punishment o' their Sin,
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ane Fam'ly as to give him Truth.

Sir Will. Such useless Branches of a Common-Wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son;
A Parent's Fondness eas'ly finds Excuse,
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his Praise, the longest Summer Day
Wad be owre short—cou'd I them right display.
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,
That out o' Sight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge to tell whase Cause is best,
And his Decree stands good——he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand.
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir Will. Your Tale much pleaseth—my good Friend
proceed:

What Learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the School enough of Lair;

38 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

And he delyts in Books--he reads and speaks,
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin Words* and *Greeks*.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read, and of what kind?
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Symon. Where'er he drives our Sheep t' *Edinburgh Port*,
He buys some Books of Hist'ry, Sangs, or Sport:
Nor does he want o' them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a Pouchfu' to the Hill.

About ane *Shakspear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften Speaks, and ca's them best of Men.

How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing,

And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,

He kens su' well, and gars the Verses ring.

I sometimes thought, that he made owre great Fraze
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.

When I reprov' him anes--a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear: [Ear,
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
Above a Lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book?

When we a Leaf or twa read, haf spell,
"Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our sell.

Sir Will. Well jested, *Symon*,--but one Question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age, when little Loves

Flighter around young Hearts, like cooing Doves;

Has nae young Lassie, with inviting Mien

And rose Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,

Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthfu' Heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part;
(Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet

With *Glaud's* fair Niece) than I thought right or meet.

I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,

Since, like your sell, your Son will soon appear.

A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,

May blefs the fairest, best-born Lady's Arms.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Go,

Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
 Nought but yourself shall our first Meeting see.
 Yonder's my Horse and Servant nigh at Hand,
 They come just at the Time I gave Command :
 Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress ;
 Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
 There's none can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir William solus.

Whene'er th' Event of Hope's Success appears,
 One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.
 A Thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Cares vanish like a Morning Dream ;
 When wish'd-for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past, enhances the Delight.
 These Joys I feel, that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late Distress.

But from his rustic Business and Love,
 I must, in Haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To Courts and Camps, that may his Soul improve. }

Like the rough Di'mond, as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shews its Light,

Till artful Polishing has made it shine :

Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

SANG XV. Tune, What ye wha I met Yestreen.

Now from Rusticity, and Love,

Whose Flames but over-lowly burn,

My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,

His Soul must take another Turn :

As the rough Di'mond, from the Mine,

In Breakings only shews its Light,

Till Polishing has made it shine :

Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onset,—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe. OUR Laird come Hame, and owns young
Pate his Heir!

That's News indeed!

Madge. — As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,
Sir *William*, like a Warlock, with a Beard
Five Naves in Lenth, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd mickle at his unco Look,
While frae his Pouch he whirl'd forth a Book.
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naithing hae.

Maufe. Then sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

Madge. As fast as Fleas skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk flee Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he, to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days slides backward in a Pool:
In short, he did for *Pate* braw Things foretel,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Master; round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy Lad is he!

Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;
And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no, sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.

Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Maufe. It may be sae; wha kens, and may be no.
To

To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:
Even Kings have tane a Queen out of the Plain;
And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root bot Tocher-good,
'Tween a Herd Bairn, and ane of Gentle Blood
Sic Fashions in King Baes's Days might be;
But siccan Fashions now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy he may gain,
Yonder he comes, and vov! but he looks fain,
Nae Doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! Nae rin-Doof! it sets him weel
To yoke a Plough where Patrick thought to teel
Gif I were Ma, I'd let young Master see.

Maufe. Y'd be as dotty in your Choice as he;
And so wad I: But, whilk! here Bauldy comes!

Enter Bauldy, [singing.]

Jocky said to Jenny: Jenny said thou dost;
Ne'er a Flit, quoth Jocky, for my Tocher-god's
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

Madge. Weel likit, Bauldy, that's a dainty Sang!

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[sings again.]

I hae Gowd and Gear, I hae Land enough,
I hae seven good Oxen ganging in a Plough;
Ganging in a Plough, and linkan o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Byer.

A Peatstack 'fore the Door, we'll mak a rantin Fire;

I'll mak a rantin Fire, and merry sall we be,

And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,

Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass myself;

Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free:

Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

I trow sae,——Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their Snaw-ba's cast.

Maufe. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

42 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Bauldy. ——— Faith anco right:

Phope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this Night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane? If we may ask.

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult Task.

Poor bonny *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William*'s Heir.

Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,

While *Meg*'s in Dumps, pree a Word for me,

I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* cou'd prove;

Less wilfu', and ay constant in my Love.

Madge. As *Nep* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn.

Fy, *Bauldy*, blush, and Vows of Love regard;

What other Lads will trow a mansworn Herd?

The Gorse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,

That's ever guilty of sic tinfu' Deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my Niece to gae a Gate,

Nor will she be advis'd, so well I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a Gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld Roudes, — and in faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar you stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand? ye sheveling-gabbit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And ten sharp Nails, that, when my Hands are in,
Can ffly the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out-o'er your Chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn, — I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bony Names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.

Ye filthy Dog! ——— [Flees to his Hair like a Fury
— A stout Battle — *Mause* endeavour's to redd them.]

Mause. Let gang your Grips, fy, *Madge*! howt,
Bauldy leen

I wadna wish this Tailzie had been seen,

'Tis sae daft-like ———

[*Bauldy* gets out of *Madge*'s Clutches with a bleeding Nose.]

Madge. ——— 'Tis dafter-like to thole

An Ether-cap like him, to blaw the Coal.

It sets him with vile unscrapit Tongue

To cast up whether I be auld or young.

They're

They're aulder yet than I have marry'd been,
And, or they died, their Bairns Bairns have seen,

Mause. That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name. }

Bauldy. My Lugs, my Nose and Noddle find the same.

Madge. Auld Roudes! filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest

Bauldy.

Come, come, shake Hands; this man nae farther gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the Lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, *Mause*, I hae at *Madge* nae
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte [Spite;
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat. [greet,
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow and lowp back—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hèll.

Bauldy [running off] His Presence be about us!
Curst were he,

That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Madge. [laughing] I think I hae towzled his Hari-
galds a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me.

He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve

A Lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye tun'd tightly,—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport:
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wadna stand
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

Madge. A *Witch*!—how had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like
Obliges Folk Resentment to decline, [mine
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lack of Pith supplie;

Thus

44 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Thus I put off Revenge till it was dark,
Synne bid him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his Tryst; and I came here
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may fear.

Madge. And special Sport we'll hae, as I protest:
We'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghast.

A Linnen Sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my Face, and grane and shake my Head.

We'll beg him see, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Lassic wrang.

Meg. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on Night,
The westlin Cloud shines with a setting Light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When Birds begin to nest upon the Bough,
And the Green swaird grows damp with falling Dew,
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks throw the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak Farewel.*

Roger. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my Heart
lowps light!

O Maister Patrick, ay your Thoughts were right:
Sure Gentle-fowk are farther seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of Pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet and nae mair scorn.
I spak my Mind, she heard, I spak again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't--But O my Change this Day
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a Father, gently kind as brave,
And an Estate that lifts me boon the lave.

With Looks, all Kindness, Words that Love confess,
He all the Father to my Soul express,
While close he held me to his manly Breast,

Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing o' my Youth!

Wha set too soon! And while he Praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.

My

My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late-ken'd Sire I view'd,
 While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
 Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising Raptures found
 The happy Son of a'ne sae much'renown'd.
 But he has heard,—too faithful *Symon's* Fear
 Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
 Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my Peace,
 While thus to beat my Heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand:
 But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten Reason plead his Cause:
 But Love rebels against a' bounding Laws;
 Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
 And Part of my new Happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune*, Kirk wad let me be.

Duty and Part of Reason

*Plead strong on the Parent's Side,
 Which Love superior calls Treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:*

*For now tho' I'm a'ne of the Gentry,
 My Constancy Falshood repels:
 For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith,—Sir *William* will be won:
 Your *Peggy's* bonny,—you're his only Son.

Patie. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
 And frae these Bands nae Fate my Mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' Life I will be true,
 But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Roger. Is not our Master and yourself to stay
 Among us here,—or are ye gawn away
 To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,
 To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

Patie. To *Edenburgh* straight to-morrow we advance,
 To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,
 Where I must stay some Years, and learn—to dance,

An

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

An twa three other Monky-tricks :--That done,
I come Hame strutting in my red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
Thät I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel :
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

*Roger. They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The Oawrecome only fashes Fowk to keep.* —————

Good Mr *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale Hame.

Patie What was my Morning Thought at Night's
the same :

The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
Content's the greatest Bliss we can procure
Frae boon the Lift--Without it Kings are poor.

Roger. But an Estate like yours yields braw Content,
When we but pike it scantily on the Bent :
Fine Claiths, fast Beds, sweet Houses, sparkling Wine,
Rich Fare, and witty Friends whene'er ye dine,
Submissive Servants, Honour, Wealth, and Ease,
Wha's no content with these is ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hov'ring o'er their Bliss :
The Passions rule the Roast--and if they're sour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the fat devour:
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang, like the sharpest Goads, in Gentry's Side,
The Goats, and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowk o'erlaid with Ease,
While o'er the Moor, the Shepherd with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and hale some Air.

Roger. Lord, Man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad learn,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some
These best can teach, what's real good and ill: [Skill,
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to war some Stanes of Cheese,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

Roger.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :
Faith I'll have Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ky :
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's Will and Peggy's Love.

Patie. Then here it lies-- his Will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride :
But I some Time this last Design maun hide. }
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my Dear.

Roger. And proud of being your Secretary, I,
To wyle it frae me a' the Deels defy. [*Exit Roger,*

Patie. [*solus*] With what a Struggle must I now im-
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart ! [*part*
I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment--Heav'n support my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care :
Her Eyes are red— [*Enter Peggy.*

My Peggy, why in Tears ?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears ;
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high—I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten Pain see frae the Coast
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost ?
Liké to be carried by some Revers Hand
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own :
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.
I Fallhood hate : Come, kiss thy Cares away ;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous ; leave the Task to me
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

Peggy. Speak on--speak ever thus, and still my Grief ;
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
That with nice Air swims round in Silk Astire ;

Then

*Haav, Haav's, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should prove a want'ring Lover,
 Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a Wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure Heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
 And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
 I'd hae my rising Fortune, thou'd it move
 The fair Foundation of our faithfu' Love.
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Sceptres laid,
 To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
 To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.
 Wherefore that Tear? believe and calm thy Mind.

Peggy. I greet for Joy, to hear my Love sae kind;
 When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,
 Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
 My Heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me:
 With Patience then I'll wait each wheeling Year,
 Dream thro' that Night, till my Day-star appear;
 And all the while I study gentler Charms
 To make me fitter for my Trav'ler's Arms:
 I'll gain on Uncle *Gland*—he's far frae Fool,
 And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School
 Where I may Manners learn——

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-Side.*

Peggy. When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will save's for thy Sake.
 Where-e'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night;
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.

50. THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*With Patient I'll wait the long Year,
And study the gentlest Charms,
Hope Time away will thus appear,
So lock thee far as in those annual blooms,
Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I was not;
No higher Degrade than Life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

*For Beauty, that's only Skin-deep,
Must fade like the Garland of May;
But, inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a Decay.
Nor Age, nor the changes of Life,
Can quench the fair Fire of Love;
If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

*Patie. ——— That's wisely said,
And what he wares that Way shall be well paid.
Tho' without a little Helps of Art,
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart,
Yet now, left in our Station we offend,
We must learn Modes to Innocence unkind;
Affect oft-times to like the Thing we hate,
And drap Serenity, to keep up State;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the Fashion, when we're blith, seem woe:
Pay Compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them; when their Backs are turn'd.*

*Peggy. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
What I am, than what I'll be, aught with thee.*

*Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest,
With Gentry's Appear; for still, among the best,
Good Manners give Integrity a Breeze,
When native Virtues join the Arts to please.*

*Peggy. Since with no Hazard, and no small Expence,
My Lad frae Books can gather such a Sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous Sea
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?*

Sir

Sir William's trust that wad force his Son,
For Watna-wha's the great Risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but: Time's wing does im-
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my Love? [prove,
But soon as I see thoo'k off my handwart cast
In foreign Cities, hame to thee: I'll hae,

SANG XIX. Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.

Peggy. At setting Day and rising Morn,
With Soul that fell shall love thee;
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit a' the Broken Bushes
Where first thou kindly sold me
Sweet Tales of Love, and bid my Blush
Whirl round thee, did'st ever.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-Shaw or Fountain;
Or where'er the Summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
From Thoughts unsign'd and tender;
By Fowls you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.

With ev'ry setting Day, and rising Morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe Return.
Under that Tree, and on the Sackler-Brace,
Where a' we went, when Bairns, to run and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye wad
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
With Joy that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

Patie. My Dear, allow me frae thy Temples fair
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,
Which, as a Sempole of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.

Peggy. Were ilka Hair that appertains to me
Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee:

52 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

My Sheers accordingly, take what you demand,
And might as Love with Virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we're little Time,
To war't on Words, and border on a Crime,
Love's safer Messing better is express'd as mine
When it's with Kisses on the Heart impress'd
[Here they embrace, and the Curtain's let down.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy starts like an upsett,
And rows up Symon frae his kindly Rest;
Bare-legg'd with Night-Cap, and unbollett'd Coat,
See the halft Man comes forward to the Spot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent Hour,
When Nature nods beneath the drowsy
Far to the North the scant approaching Light [Paw'r
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chatter, Hair like Bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy—Legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be myself again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon, O Symon! O!*

[Symon gives him a Drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, Gowk!—to make so loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his Bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

[Enter Sir William.]

Sir Will. How goes the Night? does day-light yet
Symon, you're very tymously after. [appear?]

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest,
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some Witch, or wrestled with a Ghast. }

Bauldy. O! ay—dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

54 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD :

Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a blacke horn'd Cow,
At times like a Dwarf, or a Dwarf's Son,
Then with his Fanny, the merry Fanny to guide,
While they on Oaks, or Glens, or Broomhills ride,
Or in a Bog, or a Bog, or a Bog, or a Bog,
To drink their Larder, Health in Fanny's name;
Then sit by Night, and sing, and sing, and sing,
By tumbling down their Cup, Beards, Chairs and Stools.
Where'er in Spells, or in their Witches be,
Such Whimsies from the moon to take you
Symon. The night is too good for us here, and we will
Had either merris some, or a good night's sleep,
But alas, the poor, the poor, the poor, the poor,
And like a quack, and a quack, and a quack, and a quack,
That gave me this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this,
Will land in nothing but a quack, and a quack, and a quack, and a quack,
Sir John. I am sure it will, but see the night
Commands the lights of Darkness down to light,
Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,
Whilst I walk but a little, and a little, and a little, and a little,

SANG XI. Tune, Bonny gray-ey'd Morn.
The bonny gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darkness flies before the rising Ray,
The Hearty Hind starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthfu' Labour of the Day,
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Love,
And he joins their Concert, driving the Plow,
From Tail of Grimace and Paganry free,
While flourish'd with Wine, or madden'd with
Of a good Estate, and a good Estate,
The Drunkard and the Gambler, and the Gambler,
Wishing for nothing but a quack, and a quack, and a quack, and a quack,
Being a good Estate, and a good Estate, and a good Estate, and a good Estate,
Placed at a Distance from the world, and the world, and the world, and the world,
Where neither Ambition nor covetousness
Reach him, and he is happy, and he is happy, and he is happy, and he is happy,

[Exeunt.
S C E N E

SCENE II.

*Who are rejoic'd to see him here and lowly
O'er Bless and Bless in his Down.*

While Peggy lies up in her Bed so fair.

With a blow Speed Jemmy binds up her Hair.

Glaud, by his Morning Angel takes a Bath.

The rising Sun shines rosy through the Park.

A Rake his Maids, like the best of the Race.

And now and then his John mair an' mair.

Glaud. With my Rains it may keep fair till Night,

Ye do not see so soon to see the Lights.

Nae doubt, but ye're in the Throats.

To take your Lanes of Rotten or being.

But do ye think that now when he's a Bird.

That he poor Landward Lassie will regard?

Jemmy. Ten he's young Master now, I'm very sure,

He has mair Sense than eight wild Friends the poor:

But yesterday he gae me money a Tug.

And kiss'd my Calf there, frae Lug to Lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;

But, be advis'd, his Company refrains.

Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife.

With her to live a chaste and frugal Life:

But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake

Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peggy. A Rake, what's that?—Sure if it means aught

He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

Glaud. Daft Laffie, ye ken nought of the Affair

Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare:

A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame

To do what like of us think Sin to Name;

Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never flap

To brag how often they have had the Clap;

They'll tempt young things like you, with yondith fluff'd

Syne mak yeh their jists when ye're debauch'd.

Be wary then, I say, and mair begi'

Encomagement, nor board with Beut he.

Peggy. Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle Blood:

And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony Gentry mair than he,

As they are wiser, better are than ye.

But thinner-sawn; they're sae puft up with Pride,

There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide, That

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD :

That shaws the Gait to Heaven, — I've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin and Hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him, that doubts a Doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why may neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but rust, debauch and drink. —
But I'm no saying this, as if I rought

That *Patrick* to be Gaults will ever be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid! Na, he ken better Things,
But here comes Aunt, her Face some Fairy brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Hail, hail ye, we're a' sent for to the Gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd Debate

'Tween *Mause* and *Baklay*, bout some Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House; the Knight his Judge himself.

Glaud. Lend me my Staff. — *Madge.* Look ye o'er Door,
And bring the Lassies wi' ye; I'll sleep before I see *Glaud*.

Madge. Poor *Meg*! — Look, *Jenny*, was she e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?

This Day, her brankan Wagon takes his Horse,
To strut a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross.

To change his Kent cut frae the bracken Plain
For a nice Sword, and glancing-headed Kane.

To leave his Ham-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new-mown Hay.

To leave the Green-sward Dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle among the Beauties' clad in Silk.

But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherd stay,
And take what God will send in Hodden Gray.

Peggy. Dear Aunt, what needs ye say us o' your Scorn?
That's no my Fault that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,
I ne'er had noic'd *Patrick* on the Green.

Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.

And then, the like has been, if the Deftree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Madge. A bonny Story trow! — But we delay
Prin up your Aprons bath, and come away.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the twa arm'd Chair,
While Simon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear*

Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:

For now it's tell'd him that the Lawz

Was handled by revengefu' Madge,

Because he brake Good-Breeding's Laws,

And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.

Sir W. AND was that all? Well Archbald, ye was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a Matter to defame,

And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?

Besides your going about to have betray'd,

By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my Fault thro' a' the Steps,

And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,

I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;

But trowth I was e'en Doilt to seek the Deel:

Yet with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,

She's baith a sleet and a revengefu' ———

And that my Some-Place finds;—but I had best

Hand in my Tongue; for yonder comes the Ghaist,

And the young bonny Witch, whase Rosie Cheek

Sent me without my Wit the Deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny,

Sir Will. [looking at Peggy] Whose Daughter's she

that wears the Aurora Gown,

With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely brown?

How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find?

The Girl brings all my Sister to my Mind.

Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,

Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.

Is this your Daughter, Glaud? ———

Glaud. ——— Sir, she's my Niece ———

And yet she's not—but I should had my Peace.

Sir Will. This is a Contradiction; what d'ye mean?

She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud, explain,

Glaud.

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a Secrer thirteen Year.

Maufe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon: I'm an impatient Man.

Patie. ——— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my Master's orders, I obey.

This bony Fundling, as clear Morn'g of May,

Close by the Lee-side of my Door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully kept round

In Infant Weeds, of rich and gentle Make.

What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, worse than Brutes, could leave expos'd to Air

Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young! for she appear'd to me

Only about two Townhands auld to be.

I took her in my Arms the Balnie still

With sic a Look, wad made a Savage mild.

I hid the Story: she has pass'd since byne

As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,

For she's well worth the Pains that I have taen.

Ye see she's bony; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;

Of whom I kenn'd naething ken I want,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange!

Patie. ——— The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir Will. Command your Joy, young Man, till

Truth appear.

Maufe. That be my Talk. Now, Sir, bid all be hush!

Peggy may smile—Thou hast no Cause to blush.

Lang have I wish'd to see this happy Day,

That I might safely to the Truth give way,

That I may now Sir William Worthy name

The best and nearest Parent she can claim.

He saw't at first, and with quick Eyes did trace

His Sister's Beauties in her Daughter's Face.

Sir Will. Old Woman, do not rave—prove what you

'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play. [say;

Patie. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have

To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave? But

But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
I every Thing that looks like Reason want.

Omgas. The Story's odd! we with we heard it out.

Sir W. Make haste good Woman and resolve each Doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well, has fifteen Years so plew'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown Stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her Mother, that now holds my Hand? }

Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand. . . }

Sir W. Ha, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;

Yet from the Lab'rinth to lead out my Mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[*Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit down by him.*]
Yes, surely thou'rt my Niece! Truth must prevail;

But no more Words, till *Mause* relate her Tale.

Patie. Good Nurse dispatch thy Story winged with
That I may give my Cusin fifty Kisses. [Blisses

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-Life,
Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.

The Story's long; but I the Secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaricious View

Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a Confident confess.

I heard with Horror, and with Trembling dred,
They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.

That very Nights, when all were sunk in Rest,
At Midnight-Hour the Floor I softly prest,

And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few Miles e'er Day.

All Day I hid me;—when the Day was done,
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,

'Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.

'Then fear of being found out, I, to secure
My Charge, I laid her at this Shepherd's Door,

And took a neighb'ring Cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.

Here, honest *Glaud* himself, and *Symon* may
Remember well how I that very Day

THE BATTLE OF BURNED:

From *Robert's* *Reckoning* *in* *the* *Great* *War* *1791* *1792* *1793* *1794* *1795* *1796* *1797* *1798* *1799* *1800* *1801* *1802* *1803* *1804* *1805* *1806* *1807* *1808* *1809* *1810* *1811* *1812* *1813* *1814* *1815* *1816* *1817* *1818* *1819* *1820* *1821* *1822* *1823* *1824* *1825* *1826* *1827* *1828* *1829* *1830* *1831* *1832* *1833* *1834* *1835* *1836* *1837* *1838* *1839* *1840* *1841* *1842* *1843* *1844* *1845* *1846* *1847* *1848* *1849* *1850* *1851* *1852* *1853* *1854* *1855* *1856* *1857* *1858* *1859* *1860* *1861* *1862* *1863* *1864* *1865* *1866* *1867* *1868* *1869* *1870* *1871* *1872* *1873* *1874* *1875* *1876* *1877* *1878* *1879* *1880* *1881* *1882* *1883* *1884* *1885* *1886* *1887* *1888* *1889* *1890* *1891* *1892* *1893* *1894* *1895* *1896* *1897* *1898* *1899* *1900* *1901* *1902* *1903* *1904* *1905* *1906* *1907* *1908* *1909* *1910* *1911* *1912* *1913* *1914* *1915* *1916* *1917* *1918* *1919* *1920* *1921* *1922* *1923* *1924* *1925* *1926* *1927* *1928* *1929* *1930* *1931* *1932* *1933* *1934* *1935* *1936* *1937* *1938* *1939* *1940* *1941* *1942* *1943* *1944* *1945* *1946* *1947* *1948* *1949* *1950* *1951* *1952* *1953* *1954* *1955* *1956* *1957* *1958* *1959* *1960* *1961* *1962* *1963* *1964* *1965* *1966* *1967* *1968* *1969* *1970* *1971* *1972* *1973* *1974* *1975* *1976* *1977* *1978* *1979* *1980* *1981* *1982* *1983* *1984* *1985* *1986* *1987* *1988* *1989* *1990* *1991* *1992* *1993* *1994* *1995* *1996* *1997* *1998* *1999* *2000* *2001* *2002* *2003* *2004* *2005* *2006* *2007* *2008* *2009* *2010* *2011* *2012* *2013* *2014* *2015* *2016* *2017* *2018* *2019* *2020* *2021* *2022* *2023* *2024* *2025* *2026* *2027* *2028* *2029* *2030* *2031* *2032* *2033* *2034* *2035* *2036* *2037* *2038* *2039* *2040* *2041* *2042* *2043* *2044* *2045* *2046* *2047* *2048* *2049* *2050* *2051* *2052* *2053* *2054* *2055* *2056* *2057* *2058* *2059* *2060* *2061* *2062* *2063* *2064* *2065* *2066* *2067* *2068* *2069* *2070* *2071* *2072* *2073* *2074* *2075* *2076* *2077* *2078* *2079* *2080* *2081* *2082* *2083* *2084* *2085* *2086* *2087* *2088* *2089* *2090* *2091* *2092* *2093* *2094* *2095* *2096* *2097* *2098* *2099* *2100* *2101* *2102* *2103* *2104* *2105* *2106* *2107* *2108* *2109* *2110* *2111* *2112* *2113* *2114* *2115* *2116* *2117* *2118* *2119* *2120* *2121* *2122* *2123* *2124* *2125* *2126* *2127* *2128* *2129* *2130* *2131* *2132* *2133* *2134* *2135* *2136* *2137* *2138* *2139* *2140* *2141* *2142* *2143* *2144* *2145* *2146* *2147* *2148* *2149* *2150* *2151* *2152* *2153* *2154* *2155* *2156* *2157* *2158* *2159* *2160* *2161* *2162* *2163* *2164* *2165* *2166* *2167* *2168* *2169* *2170* *2171* *2172* *2173* *2174* *2175* *2176* *2177* *2178* *2179* *2180* *2181* *2182* *2183* *2184* *2185* *2186* *2187* *2188* *2189* *2190* *2191* *2192* *2193* *2194* *2195* *2196* *2197* *2198* *2199* *2200* *2201* *2202* *2203* *2204* *2205* *2206* *2207* *2208* *2209* *2210* *2211* *2212* *2213* *2214* *2215* *2216* *2217* *2218* *2219* *2220* *2221* *2222* *2223* *2224* *2225* *2226* *2227* *2228* *2229* *2230* *2231* *2232* *2233* *2234* *2235* *2236* *2237* *2238* *2239* *2240* *2241* *2242* *2243* *2244* *2245* *2246* *2247* *2248* *2249* *2250* *2251* *2252* *2253* *2254* *2255* *2256* *2257* *2258* *2259* *2260* *2261* *2262* *2263* *2264* *2265* *2266* *2267* *2268* *2269* *2270* *2271* *2272* *2273* *2274* *2275* *2276* *2277* *2278* *2279* *2280* *2281* *2282* *2283* *2284* *2285* *2286* *2287* *2288* *2289* *2290* *2291* *2292* *2293* *2294* *2295* *2296* *2297* *2298* *2299* *2300* *2301* *2302* *2303* *2304* *2305* *2306* *2307* *2308* *2309* *2310* *2311* *2312* *2313* *2314* *2315* *2316* *2317* *2318* *2319* *2320* *2321* *2322* *2323* *2324* *2325* *2326* *2327* *2328* *2329* *2330* *2331* *2332* *2333* *2334* *2335* *2336* *2337* *2338* *2339* *2340* *2341* *2342* *2343* *2344* *2345* *2346* *2347* *2348* *2349* *2350* *2351* *2352* *2353* *2354* 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*2498* *2499* *2500* *2501* *2502* *2503* *2504* *2505* *2506* *2507* *2508* *2509* *2510* *2511* *2512* *2513* *2514* *2515* *2516* *2517* *2518* *2519* *2520* *2521* *2522* *2523* *2524* *2525* *2526* *2527* *2528* *2529* *2530* *2531* *2532* *2533* *2534* *2535* *2536* *2537* *2538* *2539* *2540* *2541* *2542* *2543* *2544* *2545* *2546* *2547* *2548* *2549* *2550* *2551* *2552* *2553* *2554* *2555* *2556* *2557* *2558* *2559* *2560* *2561* *2562* *2563* *2564* *2565* *2566* *2567* *2568* *2569* *2570* *2571* *2572* *2573* *2574* *2575* *2576* *2577* *2578* *2579* *2580* *2581* *2582* *2583* *2584* *2585* *2586* *2587* *2588* *2589* *2590* *2591* *2592* *2593* *2594* *2595* *2596* *2597* *2598* *2599* *2600* *2601* *2602* *2603* *2604* *2605* *2606* *2607* *2608* *2609* *2610* *2611* *2612* *2613* *2614* *2615* *2616* *2617* *2618* *2619* *2620* *2621* *2622* *2623* *2624* *2625* *2626* *2627* *2628* *2629* *2630* *2631* *2632* *2633* *2634* *2635* *2636* *2637* *2638* *2639* *2640* 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Symon. What dost thou biddest to do on this Day!
 Shall I be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 A Dance to be held in the Church-yard
 To the tune of the old ballad of the
 "The Shepherd's Song" on the Thursday next on your
 Even. And if thou wilt, thou shalt be the
 First of the Dance and lead by the hand of the
 Sir William.

Sir William. I will be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I will be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day
 To be so bold to bid thee on this Day

Symon. I will be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 New Day be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.
 Glad be it said, rough and hard to be said.

Agnes. Will you dance? what will be the dance?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?
 What Shepherd's whistle will be the Spring?

I'm gree'd
 Altho' they be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 I'm gree'd to be so bold to bid thee on this Day!

Madge. Lads, may he live, and I should, to be so
 Your Gals a dance and drink before ye speak, [Ruck-
 And send 'em to the mill, that wants a Man, [Ruck-
 Else ye may be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 This Day I'll be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 And brag for my own sake, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best

Agnes. No other dance will be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 And, may he live, and I should, to be so
 Your Gals a dance and drink before ye speak, [Ruck-
 And send 'em to the mill, that wants a Man, [Ruck-
 Else ye may be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 This Day I'll be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 And brag for my own sake, that I am the best
 Of our young lads, that I am the best

Madge. The best of all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day
 Does fully all the dances on this Day

Sir William. I will be so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!
 The Maid who is so bold to bid thee on this Day!

62 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my House, in Calamities, close your Days,
 With nought to do, but sing your Maker's Praise.
Omnes. The LORD of Heaven return your Honour's
 Love,

Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings roove.

Patie. [*presenting Roger to Sir William*.]

Sir, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom Secrets, e'er I was a Laird;
Glaud's Daughter, *James*, (think me Shame)
 Rais'd, and maintain'd in him a lower Flame:
 Lang was he danc'd at his Spake and won,
 And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son.
 Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
 That name may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir Will. My Son's Demand is fair—*Glaud*, let me
 That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have, [*crave*,
 With frank Consent; and while he does remain
 Upon these Fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we
 But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay? [*say*,
 Whate'er your Honour Wills; I'll all obey.

Roger, my Daughter, with my Blessing, take,
 And still our Master's right your Business make.
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head
 Shall nod with Quietness down among the Dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,
 Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Praise:
 But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
 I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir Will. My Friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his Station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever vertuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward, and Satisfaction to your Mind.
 The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft, when Hopes are highest, we're beguild:
 Aft, when we stand on Bricks of dark Despair,
 Some happy Turn with Joy dispels our Care,
 Now, all's at Rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy.

62

SANG XXI. *Tune*, Corn-Riggs are bonny.

Confirm your love, and your Blessings receive.

Page. 100. [continued from page 99.]

Sir, here's my Christmas card.

His Brother, I would then marry, y M

His Shave is handsome middle sized

He's coming in his 17th year.

The Shining of the Sun

1155 **Sto Heaven to hear him jubilate**

That name may wear a face of Discontent

Where will you have your business?

There many a kind of word he said

That set my Heart a-flaming

He kiss'd and now he be wad be mine.

And I'd be best of any.

That gets me like to sing since you

Corn-Riggs are banny.

The Lovers of a Gilt Mind

Refuse what must they're wanting.

Since we for yielding were design'd.

We chafely should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,

And type my Cockernonny

free to lounge, air or late.

Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.

Be ever yours, soon or late yetling

Reward, and Satisfaction to your Mind.

the Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild

And one, when Hobbs and Howell, were begun a

Some babies I run with for diabetics out Care.

Let me hear.

A COMPLETE Alphabetical GLOSSARY,

Or, EXPLANATION of the SCOTCH Words.

A	Bombaze , to confound or affright	Brock , a Badger
A all	Blate , <i>same</i> faced	Ban , to curse
A Above, above	Bustine , white Dimity	Breeks , Breeches
Ac , ever	Bad , bad	Bourd , to dally, or tamper with
Ane , one	Bannoock , a sort of Bread	Brankand , gay; also prancing
Anes , once	Be , by	Bairnie , a little Child
Ablins , perhaps	Braes , Hillocks	Cawler , fresh, cool
Awn , own, acknowledge	Burn or burnie , a rivulet	Crab , a Rock
Astear , stirring	Birks , Birch-Trees	Craig , rocky
Anither , another	Brueing , running down or falling rapidly	Chim , chirp, or sing
A-will , of itself, of its own accord	Bide , to bear, abide, endure	Croove , a Little Hutch, or Lodge
A-thought , a little	Barlicods , Freaks, Humours, Whims	Cosbies , Ravens
A-jee , of one side	Bfau , Clothes; also Rags	Cleek , to catch or knock up
Auld , old	Broe , Broth	Claid , the Hay
An , if	Bleeze , Flame, also Lustre	Canty , merry
Air , early	Bleezing , flaming, blazing	Cou'dna , could not
Aften , often	zing	Caulrise , cold, chilly
Ain , own	Biggonets , Biggands	Cock , honny, the Hair
Aff , off	Bezunk , a Trick, or Stratagem	downed up in a Puff
Airth , Quarter or Corner of the World	Bairs , Bears	Caggy , merry, gay
Aiths , Oaths	Bedeem , instantly	Claiths , Clothes
Amaist , almost	Bow or Boll , a Measure equal to a Sack	Cauld , cold
Awa , away	Beuk , but d	Cooks , Boobies
Alane , alone; his lane, by himself; her lane, by herself	Book , Carcase	Canny , lucky, happy
Aneath , beneath	Bauld , bold	Coff , bought
Astymes , of a times	Bicker , Bawl, or Cup	Chieft , Fellow
Albeit , albeit, although	Bobit , lac d	Clock , watch
A-wie , a little	Brint , burnt	Ca , call
B	Blab , a Globe, or Drop	Ca d , or cawd, called
B IELD, a Place of Skales from the Weather	Bop , without	Cotars , Cottagers
Bairns , Children	Beek , beaking, basking	Curn , a little Quantity
Blyther , more joyful	Bush , adorn, dress	Cry , to call, or a call
Blythsome , glad	Booths , in vain	Cantripes , M. p. Spells and Diabolical Arts
Blythness , Joy	Belt , Girdle	Cry d , call d on
Bonny , handsome, pleasant	Blae berries , blue berries	Clim , Climb
Baith , bath	Blaw , blow	Calina , cancer
Bught , Sheep-fold	Bands , Ribbons	Chack , to chat
Byar , Cow-house	Pend , Cup, or Draught	Call , the Name, or Figure
Braw , brave, fine, gaudy	Betesach , us, preference	Cast up , to throw into one's Teeth, to upbraid
Bem , rich, well furnish'd	Bent , a Field	Cawit , Calves
Baile , to press, or bruise	Baugh , simple, of a pitiful look	Clatteran , prating, chattering
		Cankert ,

The GLOSSARY.

Cankert, ill-natured, <i>peevish</i> Carle, old Man Cawk, Chalk Chitter, to gnash with <i>the Teeth, shivering</i> Crap, crept	Eastlin, eastern Eith, eithley, easily Eild, old Age Elk-shot, <i>Plants struck</i> East, eastward Ellwand, a <i>Sick</i> Measure of an Ell Even, to impute to one,	Fear, fleg, to frighten Fain, fond, willing Fawn, fallen Fawe, Fault Fath, to trouble Fleid, affrighted G
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D AFT, mad, foolish Dowie, senseless, <i>filly</i> Dool, Sorrow Dorty, scornful, difficult Dinna, do not Dike, a Wall Din, Noise Dic'd, weav'd in Fi <i>gures of Dice</i> Dauted, fondled, made <i>much of</i> Dab, dirty little Poole Divet Seat, Seat of green <i>Turf</i> Darna, dare not Deid, Death Dern'd, laid up secretly Downa, cannot bear, or <i>endure</i> Dinga, excels, gets <i>better; also beats</i> Dinna, does not Dow, can, or is able to do Draps, drops, gives the <i>Slip to Company</i> Dassin, Folly Drie, suffer Decreet, Determination, <i>or Judgment</i> Didna, did not Doof, a Fool Dunt, to beat, or crash <i>when applied to the</i> <i>Heart</i> Dowp, Arse Doil'd, bewitched, infatuated, <i>disorder, giddy</i> Dyvours, Bankrupt	Else, already Ether-Cap, Wasp Elritch, wild, or goblin F FRAE, from Fous, also drunk Ferlie, a Wonder; also <i>to wonder</i> Fouth, Plenty, many Flet, scolded Fair-fa, well-fare Fa, fall Fallow, Fellow Fald, to fold Feckle, trifling Feightan, fighting Fraile, Talk, Speech Fowk, Folks Flyte, to scold Fell, cunning, or prudent Sometimes it is apply'd <i>to Diabolical Arts</i> Fashous, troublesome Feg, Fig Fae, Foe Fleas, Fleas Fawse, false Flaw, to lie; also a <i>Le</i> Furler, a Cere, or Measure Measure, consisting of <i>four Ficks</i> Fear'd, afraid Fleech, Fleer Foregainst, over-against Funnling, Funnling Foryet, forget Fand, Fand Flichter, a fluster Flype, to stir the Skin off	GAE, go; also gave Gowans, Daisies Gowany, full of Daisies Grane, to groan or sigh Granes, Groans or sighs Gar, to make, or force Gat, got Greso, to long for, or <i>thirst after</i> Gear, Goods, Weakness Gecks, laughs Gif, gin, if Glowre, to stare Glowring, shining Gawn, going Grip, to hold fast Grip, the holding fast <i>with the Hands</i> Gloom, a frown Gang, go Ganging, going Gie, give Gabs, Mouths Gmedrunk, Grace Greet, to cry Gane, gone Gens, Bents, Children Gigha, Gishire Gate, the Way; also the <i>Manner of a Person</i> Gully, savoury Glee, Mirth Glen, a Vale Gait, Gait Gals, Gals Gaway, a foolish Wench Gree, Degree Grit, great Girning, grinning Grat, cry Gourd, Gald Ghaist, Ghost Gown, Gown Gool, Fool Goun, Goun
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E TLE, to attempt Een, Eyes; also a <i>or Night</i>	Even, to impute to one, to compare, to liken Ergh, to dread, or be <i>afraid of</i> Else, already Ether-Cap, Wasp Elritch, wild, or goblin F FRAE, from Fous, also drunk Ferlie, a Wonder; also <i>to wonder</i> Fouth, Plenty, many Flet, scolded Fair-fa, well-fare Fa, fall Fallow, Fellow Fald, to fold Feckle, trifling Feightan, fighting Fraile, Talk, Speech Fowk, Folks Flyte, to scold Fell, cunning, or prudent Sometimes it is apply'd <i>to Diabolical Arts</i> Fashous, troublesome Feg, Fig Fae, Foe Fleas, Fleas Fawse, false Flaw, to lie; also a <i>Le</i> Furler, a Cere, or Measure Measure, consisting of <i>four Ficks</i> Fear'd, afraid Fleech, Fleer Foregainst, over-against Funnling, Funnling Foryet, forget Fand, Fand Flichter, a fluster Flype, to stir the Skin off	GAE, go; also gave Gowans, Daisies Gowany, full of Daisies Grane, to groan or sigh Granes, Groans or sighs Gar, to make, or force Gat, got Greso, to long for, or <i>thirst after</i> Gear, Goods, Weakness Gecks, laughs Gif, gin, if Glowre, to stare Glowring, shining Gawn, going Grip, to hold fast Grip, the holding fast <i>with the Hands</i> Gloom, a frown Gang, go Ganging, going Gie, give Gabs, Mouths Gmedrunk, Grace Greet, to cry Gane, gone Gens, Bents, Children Gigha, Gishire Gate, the Way; also the <i>Manner of a Person</i> Gully, savoury Glee, Mirth Glen, a Vale Gait, Gait Gals, Gals Gaway, a foolish Wench Gree, Degree Grit, great Girning, grinning Grat, cry Gourd, Gald Ghaist, Ghost Gown, Gown Gool, Fool Goun, Goun
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Or, EXPLANATION of the SCOTCH Words.

-Cankert,

The GLOSSARY.

Cankert, ill-natured, peevish Carle, old Man Cawk, Calk Chitter, to gnash with the Teeth, shivering Crap, crept DRAFT, mad, foolish Dowie, senseless Dool, Sorrow Dorty, scornful, difficult Dinna, do not Dike, a Wall Din, Noise Dic'd, wear'd in Fingers of Dice Dauted, fondled, made much of Dubs dirty little Divet Seat, Seat of green Turf Darna, dare not Deid, Dead Dern'd, laid up secretly Downa, cannot bear, or endure Dingt, excels, gets better; also beats Disna, does not Dow can, or is able to do Drops, drops, gives the Slip to Company Dassin, Folly Drie; suffer Decreat, Determining, or Judgment Didna, did not Doof, a Fool Dunt, to beat, or thrash when applied to the Heart Dowp, Arse Doil'd, benighted, insatiated, dizzy, giddy Dyvours, Bankrupts	Eastlin, eastern Eith, eithley, easily Eald, old Age Elf-shot, Planet-struck East, eastward Ellwand, a Stick Measure of an Ell Even, to impute to one, to compare, to liken Ergh, to dread, or be afraid of Else, already Ether-Cap, Wasp Elritch, wild, or bashful FRAE, from Foul, is also drunk Felle, a Wonder; also Fourth, Plenty, many Flet, scolded Fair-fair, well-fare Fa, fall Fallow, Fellow Fald, to fold Feckless, trifling Feightan, fighting Fraise, Talk, Speech Fowk, Folks Flyte, to scold Fell, cunning, or prudent, sometimes it is applied to Diabolical Arts Fasceous, troublesome Feg, Fig Fae, Foe Fleat Fauso, false Flaw, to lie; also a Furlet, a Cere, or Meat Measure, consisting of four Pecks Fear'd, afraid Fleech, Fleas Foregainst, over-against Funnling, Funnling Foryet, forgot Fand, fands Flype, to flout, to flatter Fader, farther	Fear, fleg, to frigate Fain, fond, willing Fawn, fallen Fath, to trouble Fleid, affrighted GAEE, go; also gave Gowane, Daifies Gowany, full of Daifies Grane, to groan or sigh Grane, Groans or sighs Gar, to make, or force Gat, got Greb, to long for, or thirst after Gear, Goods, Wealth Gcker, laughs Gif, gin, if Glowre, to stare Glowring, staring Gawn, going Grip, to hold fast Grips, the holding fast with the Hands Gloom, a frown Gang, go Ganging, going Gie, give Gabs, Mouths Gace, Drink, Grass Greet, to cry Gane, gone Gers, Boys, Children Giglit, Giffire Gate, the Way; also the Manner of a Person Gully, savoury Glen, a Vale Gaiter, Gait Gale, wind Gawley, a foolish Wench Gree, Degree Grit, great Girning, grinning Grat, cry'd Gourd, Gourd Ghaist, Ghost Gowk, Cuckoo, Fool Gout, Gout
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ETTLE, to attempt, lighter, to fluster
Een, Eyes; also, a War, Fader, farther
or Night

THE GLOSSARY.

Steg, *stuffed*, or Thirle, *thrill*
examined Tyne, *to lose*
 Sornan, *mumping*, or Trone, *the Name of a particular Market-place*
begging
 Scrimp, *ill provided*
 Scrimpit, *stinted*
 Sindle, *folded*
 Siccan, *snob-like*
 Slaverings, *drivelling*, or *lobbering*
 Snaw-balls, *Jakes*
 Swith, *soon*, *swiftly*
 Shoon, *Shoes*
 Stang, *stang*
 Sward, *the Surface of the Grass*
 Stanes, *Stones*
 Stap, *stop*
 Sawn, *scorn*
 Sincefyne, *ever since*
 Sakeless, *forsaken*, *destitute of Friends*
 Staw, *stolen*
 Skelpit, *to be slept*, or *wiped on the Posterior*
 Stock, *to stut*
T
 Tenting, *tending*
 Thrawart, *cross*, or *evil*
 Tod, *a Fox*
 Thole, *endure*, *suffer*
 Till, *to*
 Tald, *told*
 Tint, *lost*
 Thieveless, *trifling*, *needleless*
 Trow, *to be sure of*, *to know*, *to believe*
 Tak, *to take*
 Tane, *taken*
 Twa, *two*
 Tent, *to take notice of*, *to watch*, *observe*, or *remark*
 Tyke, *a Dog*
 Trigg, *spruce*, *clean*
 Tarrow, *loaths*
 Tether-flake, *Halter-flake*
 Thae, *these*
 Wood, *mad*
 Woody, *worthy*
 Wimping, *whinling*
 Wack, *Wack*
 Whistles, *Eddies*
 Whilk, *which*
 Wean, *Child*
 War, *worse*
 Wins, *pains*
 Woo, *Wood*, also *to court*
 Will-fire, *wild-fire*
 Wale, *to chafe*, *the choice*
 Witherstane, *to move* *contrary Ways*
 Warlock, *Wizzard*
 Woil, *well*
 Wae, *woe*, *aff*, *sorrowful*
 Wife, *old Woman*
 Wyte, *blame*
 Wrang, *wrong*
 Wedlin, *western*
 Whinn, *Furze*
 Whale, *valise*
 What! *hah!*
 Wimpled, *intricate*
 Waws, *Walls*
 Warst, *worst*
 Wow! *strange!*
 Wiman, *will not*
 Wond, *wound up*, or *wrapt round with anything*
 Ware, *to expend*, *lay out*, *to sift*, *to pump out* *a Secret*
V
 Virles, *Rings*
 Vissy, *to take* *Watna* *what's*, *no body knows what*
W
 W Arldy, *worldly*
 Winsome, *so*
 Waging, *delightful*
 Wathers, *Wethers*
 Wad, *would*
 Wha, *who*
 Wat, *wot*
 Whinging, *Whining*
 Wist, *knew*
 Waff, *lonely*
 Wi', *with*
 Wic, *little*
 Y Owl'd, *how'd*
 Yont, *beyond*
 Yelping, *used to express the Noise made by a Puppy, or the crying of a Child*
 Youdith, *Youth*





L.ichon del.

Published for Bell's British Theatre Feb^ry 1777.

Thompson's engr.

MISS CATLEY in the Character of EUPHROSYNE
All I hope of Mortal Man,
Is to Love me—whilst he can.

Bell's Characteristical Edition.

COMUS.

A MASK. BY JOHN MILTON.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. WILLIAM PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Now to my charms—and to my wily trains—Thus I hurl—My dazzling spells into the
spongy air—Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion—And give it false presentments
—I under false pretence of friendly ends—And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy—
Baited with reasons not unplaussible—Wind me into the easyhearted man—And hug him in-
to snares.

COMUS.

Some there are that by due steps aspire—To lay their just hands on that golden key—
That opens the palace of Eternity—To such my errand is, and but for such—I would not
soil these pure ambrosial weeds—With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould—I was
dispatch'd for their defence and guard—For this—Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star—
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy—As now I do.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Instant I stoop'd my wing, and downward sped—With thine to join—My kindred aid, from
mortals ne'er withheld—When Virtue on the brink of peril stands—Swift as winged winds
to my glad charge I fly.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Let us be free—And to secure our freedom virtuous—This I hold firm—Virtue may be
assail'd but never hurt—Surpris'd by unjust force but not intrall'd—Against the opposing
will and arm of Heav'n—May never this just sword be lifted up—But for that damn'd ma-
gician—I'll find him out—And force him to restore his purchase back—Or drag him by the
curls to a foul death—Curs'd as his life.

ELD. BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister! Again! again!—Best draw, and stand upon our guard—What are
you?—Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

YOUNG. BROTHER.

I believe—That he, the supreme Good—Would send a glitt'ring guardian, if need were—
To keep my life and honour unassail'd—I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments—And
Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

LADY.

Simple Nymphs! learn of me—How to treat inconstancy—Farewell lovers when they're
clay'd—If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd—Sure the squeamish fops are free—To rid me of
dull company—They have charms whilst mine can please—I love them much, but more my
ease—Nor jealous fears my love molest—Nor faithless vows shall break my rest—Why
should they e'er give me pain—Who to give me joy disdain—All I hope of mortal man—
Is to love me whilst he can.

EUPHROSUNE.

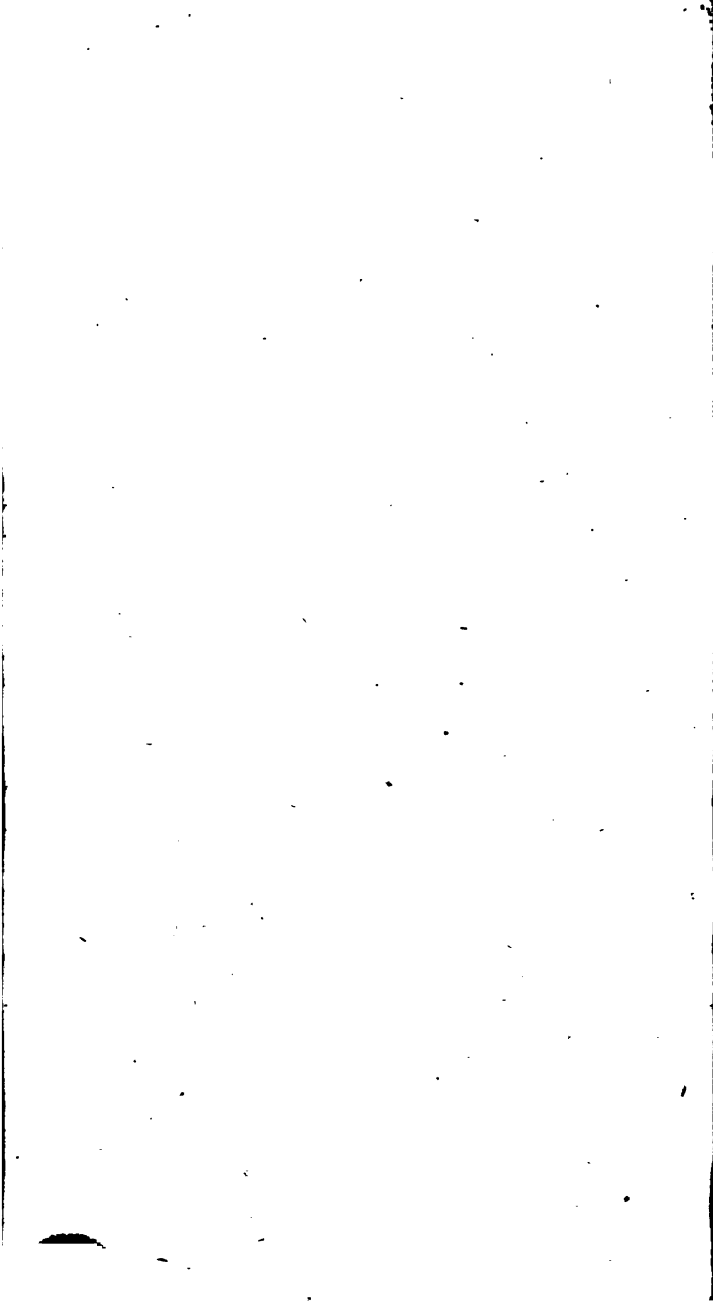
'Tis my office best—To help insured Chastity.

SABRINA.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.



PREFACE.

THIS Mask was first represented at Ludlow-Castle on Michaelmas-day 1634, before the right honourable the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales: the principal performers were the Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and the Lady Alice Egerton*. In the year 1774 it was abridged, and has ever since been performed as an afterpiece at the theatre royal in Covent-garden. The following were the reasons offered to the publick in favour of the abridgment, and were prefixed to an edition of the piece then published in its curtailed state.

“ Pure poetry, unmixed with passion, however admired in the closet, has scarce ever been able to sustain itself on the stage. In this Abridgment of Milton’s *Comus* no circumstance of the drama contained in the original Mask is omitted. The divine arguments on temperance and chastity, together with many descriptive passages, are indeed expunged or contracted; but divine as they are the most accomplished declaimers have been embarrassed in the recitation of them: the speaker vainly laboured to prevent a coldness and languor in the audience; and it cannot be dissembled that The Mask of *Comus*, with all its poetical beauties, not only maintained its place on the theatre chiefly by the assistance of musick, but the musick itself, as if overwhelmed by the weight of the drama, almost sunk with it, and became in a manner lost to the stage. That musick, formerly heard and applauded with rapture, is now restored, and the Mask on the above considerations is curtailed.

“ As a further argument in favour of the drama in its present form it might perhaps be urged that the festivity of the character of *Comus* is heightened by his assisting in the vocal parts as well as in the dialogue, and that theatrical propriety is no longer violated in the character of the Lady, who now invokes the Echo in her own person, without absurdly leaving the scene vacant as heretofore, while another voice warbled out the song which the Lady was to be supposed to execute.

“ To conclude, it may not be impertinent to observe, that The Faithful Shepherdess of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful compositions in our language, not only afforded our Author the first hint of this Mask, but that several brilliant passages of *Comus* are imitated from that excellent performance: yet it is remarkable that the play of The Faithful Shepherdess, being merely poetical, was condemned on its first representation; for which hard fate, though succeeding critics have reprehended the barbarism of that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to restore the hapless drama to the stage.”

* The musick was originally composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, who also represented the Attendant Spirit. The present musick is the composition of Dr. Arne.

PROLOGUE.

OUR *stedfast bard*, to his own genius true,
 Still bad his *Muse* * "*fit audience find tho' few;*"
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name:
But now his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heav'n, bell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around:
All things his eye, thro' wit's bright empire thrown,
Bebeld, and made what it bebold his own.

Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth,
 And your's to vindicate neglected worth.
 Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
 More wide the manna thro' the nation spread.
 Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
 Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
 Thro' mazy error's dark perplexing wood
 Points out the path of true and real good,
 Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
 From spell of magick vice by reason's aid.

Attend the strains; and should some meaner phrase
 Hang on the style and clog the nobler lays,
 Excuse what we with trembling hand supply
 To give his beauties to the publick eye:
 His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean
 Thro' which his spirit is in action seen.
 Observe the force, observe the flame divine
 That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
 Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart;
 Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part:
 Be there your judgment, here your candour shewn;
 Small is our portion—and we wish 't were none.

* Paradise Lost, Book VII. ver. 31.

Dramatis Personæ.

				Covent-garden.
				MEN.
COMUS,	—	—	—	Mr. Mattocks.
FIRST SPIRIT,	—	—	—	Mr. Hull.
SECOND SPIRIT,	—	—	—	Mr. L'Estrange.
ELDER BROTHER,	—	—	—	Mr. Whitfield.
YOUNGER BROTHER,	—	—	—	Mr. Robson.
BACCHANALS,	—	—	—	} Mr. Reinhold, Mr. Mahon, &c.
				WOMEN.
LADY,	—	—	—	Mrs. Jackson.
EUPHROSYNE,	—	—	—	Miss Catley.
BACCHANTES,	—	—	—	} Miss Dayes, Miss Ambrose, &c.
SABRINA and PASTORAL NYMPH,				
<i>Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.</i>				Miss Brown.

C O M U S *.

ACT I.

The first SCENE discovers a wild wood.

The first Attendant Spirit enters.

“ **B**EFORE the starry threshold of Jove’s court
“ My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
“ Of bright aerial spirits live insph’r’d
“ In regions mild of calm and serene air,
“ Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
“ Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
“ Confin’d and pester’d in this pinfold here
“ Strive to keep up a frail and fev’rish being;
“ Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
“ After this mortal change, to her true servants
“ Amongst the enthron’d gods on sainted seats.
“ Yet some there are that by due steps aspire
“ To lay their just hands on that golden key
“ That opes the palace of Eternity:
“ To such my errand is; and but for such
“ I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
“ With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
“ But whence yon’ slanting stream of purer light
“ Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
“ Its beamy point? Some messenger from Jove
“ Commission’d to direct or share my charge,
“ And if I ken him right a spirit pure
“ As treads the spangled pavement of the sky,
“ The gentle Philadel: but swift as thought
“ He comes——

“ The second Attendant Spirit descends.

“ Declare on what strange errand bent
“ Thou visitest this clime to me assign’d,
“ So far-remote from thy appointed sphere:
“ *Sec. Spirit.* “ On no appointed task thou seest me now;
“ But as returning from Elysian bow’rs
“ (Whither from mortal coil a soul I waded)
“ Along this boundless sea of waving air
“ I steer’d my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade

* The lines distinguished by inverted commas, “ thus,” are omitted in the representation.

" Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy'd,
 " Gliding as streams the moon thro' dusky clouds;
 " Instant I stoop'd my wing, and downward sped
 " To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 " My kindred aid, from mortals ne'er withheld
 " When Virtue on the brink of peril stands.

First Spirit. " Then mark th' occasion that demands it
 " Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway [here.
 " Of ev'ry salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 " Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 " Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
 " That like to rich and various gems inlay
 " The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 " Which he to grace his tributary gods
 " By course commits to sev'ral government,
 " And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 " And wield their little tridents; but this isle,
 " The greatest and the best of all the main,
 " He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities,
 " And all this track that fronts the falling sun
 " A noble peer of mickle trust and pow'r
 " Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 " An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

Sec. Spirit. " Does any danger threat his legal sway
 " From bold sedition or close-ambush'd treason?

First Spirit. " No danger thence; but to his lofty seat,
 " Which borders on the verge of this wild vale,
 " His blooming offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 " Are coming to attend their father's state
 " And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
 " Lies thro' the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 " The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 " Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
 " And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 " But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
 " I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard.

Sec. Spir. " What peril can their innocence assail
 " Within these lonely and unpeopled shades?

First Spir. " Attend my words. No place but harbours
 " In ev'ry region Virtue finds a foe. [danger;
 " Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 " Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 " After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,

“ Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds lifted
 “ On Circe’s island fell: (who knows not Circe,
 “ The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 “ Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 “ And downward fell into a grov’ling swine?)
 “ This nymph, that gaz’d upon his clust’ring locks,
 “ With ivy berries wreath’d, and his blithe youth,
 “ Had by him ere he parted thence a son
 “ Much like his father, but his mother more,
 “ Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam’d.

Sec. Spir. “ Illomen’d birth to Virtue and her sons!

First Spir. “ He ripe and frolick of his fullgrown age
 “ Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields
 “ At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 “ And in thick shelter of black shades imbower’d
 “ Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 “ Off’ring to ev’ry weary traveller
 “ His orient liquor in a crystal glass
 “ To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 “ (For most do taste thro’ fond intemp’rate thirst)
 “ Soon as the potion works their human count’nance,
 “ Th’express resemblance of the god’s, is chang’d
 “ Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 “ Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
 “ All other parts remaining as they were:
 “ Yet when he walks his tempting rounds the forcerer
 “ By magick pow’r their human face restores
 “ And outward beauty to delude the sight.

Sec. Spir. “ Lose they the mem’ry of their former state?

First Spir. “ No, they (so perfect is their misery)
 “ Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 “ But boast themselves more comely than before,
 “ And all their friends and native home forget
 “ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Sec. Spir. “ Degrading fall! from such a dire distress
 “ What pain too great our mortal charge to save?

First Spir. “ For this when any favour’d of high Jove
 “ Chances to pass thro’ this advent’rous glade,
 “ Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 “ I shoot from heav’n to give him safe convoy,
 “ As now I do; and opportune thou com’st
 “ To share an office which thy nature loves.
 “ This be our task; but first I must put off

" These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 " And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 " That to the service of this house belongs,
 " Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty'd song
 " Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar;
 " And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 " And in this office of his mountain watch.
 " Likeliest and nearest to the present aid
 " Of this occasion. Veil'd in such disguise
 " Be it my care the sever'd youths to guide
 " To their distress'd and lonely sister; thine
 " To cheer her footsteps thro' the magick wood,
 " Whatever blessed spirit hovers near;
 " On errands bent to wand'ring mortal good,
 " If need require him summon to thy side;
 " Unseen of mortal eye such thoughts inspire,
 " Such heavenborn confidence, as need demands
 " In hour of trial.

Sec. Spir. " Swift as winged winds

" To my glad charge I fly.

[*Exit.*

First Spir. " — I'll wait a while

" To watch the forcerer, for I hear the tread

" Of hateful steps: I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of men and women dressed as Bacchanals; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus speaks.] 'The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantick stream;
 And the slope sun his upward beams
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing tow'rd the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east;
 Mean-while welcome joy and feast.

SONG.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west:
 Welcome song and welcome jest,

* The Mask, as now performed at Covent-Garden theatre, begins here.

Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.

SONG. *By a Woman.*

By dimpled brook and fountain brim
 The Woodnymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;
 What has night to do with sleep ?
 Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes and wakens Love :
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin.

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns. Mysterious dame !
 That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon-womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn, on th' Indian steep
 From ber cabin loophole peep,
 And to the telltale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. *By Comus and Woman.*

From tyrant laws and customs free
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules control
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

Comus. Come, knit hands and beat the ground
 In a light fantastick round.

A Dance.

Break off, break off; I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright. Some virgin fure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And wellplac'd words of glozing courtesey,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easyhearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magick dust
 I shall appear some harmless villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken if I may her bus'ness hear.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now: methought it was the sound
 Of riot and illmanag'd merriment,
 "Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 "Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds
 "When for their teeming flocks and granges full
 "In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 "And thank the gods amiss." I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet oh! where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Comus aside.] I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out

"With this long way, resolving here to lodge

"Under the spreading favour of these pines,"

Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable woods provide.

"They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,

"Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,

"Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain;"

But where they are, and why they come not back,

Is now the labour of my thoughts: 'tis likeliest

They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far.

"This is the place, as well as I may guess,

"Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth

"Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,

"Yet nought but single darkness do I find.

"What might this be? A thousand fantasies

"Begin to throng into my memory,

"Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,

"And airy tongues, that syllable men's names

"On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

"These thoughts may startle well but not astound

"The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended

"By a strong siding champion, Conscience.

"O! welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,

"Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,

"And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity!

"I see you visibly, and now believe

"That he, the supreme Good (to whom all things ill

"Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)

"Would send a glitt'ring guardian, if need were,

"To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

"Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud

"Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

"I did not err; there does a fable cloud

"Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

"And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."

I cannot hollow to my brothers, but

Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest

I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits

Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the lovelorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the Sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Comus aside.] Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

"Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 "And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 "To testify his hidden residence:
 "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 "Of silence thro' the empty-vaulted night,
 "At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
 "Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft' heard
 "My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 "Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 "Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 "Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul
 "And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 "And chid her barking waves into attention,
 "And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
 "Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 "And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself;
 "But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
 "Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 "I never heard till now"—I'll speak to her,

And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by blest song
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle Shepherd! ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears:

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady! hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. "By falsehood or discourtesy, or why?"

"Lady." To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady!

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. "Perhaps forestalling night prevented them?"

Lady. "How easy my misfortune is to hit!"

Comus. Imports their loss beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw "what time the labour'd ox

"In his loose traces from the furrow came,

"And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

"I saw them" under a "green" mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon' small hill

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots:

Their port was more than human; "as they stood

"I took it for a fairy vision

"Of some gay creatures of the element

"That in the colours of the rainbow live,

"And play i' th' plaited clouds. I was awe-struck,

"And as I pass'd I worshipp'd:" if those you seek

It were a journey like the path to heav'n

To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle Villager!

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. "Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. "To find out that, good Shepherd! I suppose,

"In such a scant allowance of starlight,

"Would overtake the best land pilot's art

"Without the sure guess of wellpractis'd feet."

Comus. I know each lane and ev'ry alley green,

Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,

"And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,"

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, "or the low-roofed lark
 "From her thatch'd pallat rouse: if," *or grant it otherwise,*
 I can conduct you Lady to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 'Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 "Which oft' is sooner found in lowly sheds
 "With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 "And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 "And yet is most pretended." In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me bless'd Providence! and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on. [*Ex.*

Enter Comus' crew from behind the trees.

SONG. *By a Man.*

Fly swiftly, ye Minutes! till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
 The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye Gods! or take back what you gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.

ACT II.

"Enter the two Brothers.

"ELDEST BROTHER.

"UNMUFFLE, ye faint Stars! and thou, fair Moon!
 "That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 "Stoop thy pale visage thro' an amber cloud,
 "And disinherit Chaos that reigns here
 "In double night of darkness and of shades;
 "Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

" With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 " 'Tho' a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
 " Of some clay habitation, visit us
 " With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 " And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
 " Or Tyrian Cynosure.

T. Broth. " Or if our eyes
 " Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 " The folded flocks perm'd in their wattled cot,
 " Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
 " Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 " Count the nightwatches to his feathery dames,
 " 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 " In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 " But oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 " Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 " From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 " Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 " Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 " Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears:
 " What if in wild amazement and affright,
 " Or while we speak within the direful grasp
 " Of savage hunger or of savage heat?

E. Broth. " Peace brother; be not over exquisite
 " To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 " For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
 " What need a man forestal his date of grief,
 " And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 " Or if they be but false alarms of fear
 " How bitter is such selfdelusion!
 " I do not think my sister so to seek,
 " Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 " And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 " As that the single want of light and noise
 " (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 " Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 " And put them into misbecoming plight.
 " Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 " By her own radiant light tho' sun and moon
 " Were in the flat sea sunk; and Wisdom's self
 " Oft' seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 " Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 " She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,

" That in the various bustle of resort
 " Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 " He that has light within his own clear breast
 " May sit i'th' centre and enjoy bright day;
 " But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 " Benighted walks under the midday sun;
 " Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Broth. " 'Tis most true
 " That musing Meditation most affects
 " The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 " Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 " And fits as safe as in a senate house;
 " For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 " His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 " Or do his grey hairs any violence?
 " But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 " Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 " Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
 " To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 " From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 " You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 " Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den
 " And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 " Danger will wink on opportunity,
 " And let a single helpless maiden pass
 " Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 " Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
 " I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 " Lest some illgreeting touch attempt the person
 " Of our unowned sister.

E. Broth. " I do not, brother,
 " Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 " Secure without all doubt or controversy;
 " Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 " Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 " That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 " And gladly banish fquint suspicion.
 " My sister is not so defenceless left
 " As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
 " Which you remember not.

Y. Broth. " What hidden strength
 " Unless the strength of Heav'n? if you mean that.

E. Broth. " I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength,

" Which if Heav'n gave it may be term'd her own ;
 " 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 " She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 " And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 " May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
 " Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
 " Where thro' the sacred rays of chastity
 " No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 " Will dare to foil her virgin purity :
 " Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 " By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 " She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 " Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

Y. Broth. How gladly would I have my terrors hush'd
 " By crediting the wonders you relate !

E. Broth. " Some say no evil thing that walks by night
 " In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 " Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 " That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,
 " No goblin, or swift Fairy of the mine,
 " Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
 " Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 " Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 " To testify the arms of Chastity ?
 " Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 " Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste !
 " Wherewith she tam'd the bridled lions
 " And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 " The friv'lous bolt of Cupid : gods and men
 " Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
 " What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 " That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin !
 " Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 " But rigid looks of chaste austerity
 " And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 " With sudden adoration and blank awe ?

Y. Broth. " But what are virtue's awful charms to those
 " Who cannot rev'rence what they never knew ?

E. Broth. " So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
 " That when a soul is found sincerely so
 " A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 " Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 " And in clear dream and solemn vision

" Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 " Till oft' converse with heav'nly habitants
 " Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 " The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 " And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 " Till all be made immortal.

Y. Broth. " Happy state,

" Beyond belief of vice!

E. Broth. " But when vile lust

" By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 " But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 " Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 " The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 " Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 " The divine property of her first being.
 " Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 " Oft' seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
 " Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 " As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 " And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
 " To a degen'rate and degraded state.

Y. Broth. " How charming is divine philosophy!

" Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

" But musical as is Apollo's lute,

" And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,

" Where no crude surfeit reigns."

E. Broth. ——— Lift, lift! I hear

Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

Y. Broth. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Broth. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,

Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Broth. Heav'n keep my sister! Again! again! and near!
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. Broth. I'll hallow;

If he be friendly he comes well; if not,

Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

Y. Broth. That hallow I should know—What are you?

" Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else." [speak.

" *First*" Spirit. What voice is that? my young lord? Speak

Y. Broth. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd sure. [again.

E. Broth. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft' delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry muskrose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here good Swain! has any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forlook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

"First" Spirit. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy!
"I came not here on such a trivial toy
"As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
"Of pilf'ring wolf: not all the fleecy wealth
"That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
"To this my errand, and the care it brought.
"But oh!" *where is my virgin lady? where is she?*
How chance she is not in your company?

E. Broth. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect we lost her as we came.

"First" Spirit. Ah me! unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. Broth. What fears, good Thyrsis! prithee briefly shew.

First Spirit. "I'll tell ye: 't is not in vain, nor fabulous,
"(Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
"What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
"Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
"Of dire Chimeras, and enchanted isles,
"And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell,
"For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

E. Broth. "Proceed, good Shepherd! I am all attention."

"First" Spirit. Within the bosom of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And wanton as his father,

"And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer
"By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,
"With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
"The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
"And the inglorious likeness of a beast
"Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
"Character'd in the face." This have I learnt
Tending my flock hard by, "i' th' hilly crofts
"That brow this bottom glade," whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
"Like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,

"Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 "In their obscured haunts and inmost bow'rs."
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
 And beauty's tempting semblance can put on
 T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 "Of them that pass unweeting by the way."
 But hark! the beaten timbrel's jaring sound
 And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their presence;
 Onward they move; "and see! a blazing torch
 "Gleams thro' the shade," and this way guides their steps.
 Let us withdraw a while and watch their motions.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Comus' crew revelling, and by turns caressing each other, till they observe the two brothers; then the Elder Brother advances and speaks.

E. Broth. What are you, speak, that thus in wanton riot
 And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
 Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

First Wom. Ye godlike youths! "whose radiant forms
 "The blooming grace of Maia's winged son;" [excl.
 Bless the propitious star that led you to us;
 We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
 Of freedom, mirth, and joy, the only heirs:
 But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
 This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
 Of present and the pledge of future bliss.

[*She offers 'em the cup, which they both put by.*]

SONG. *By a Man.*

By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass,
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 't was made for you.

E. Broth. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets
 That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
 All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

"SONG.

"Fame's an echo, prattling double,
 "An empty, airy, glitt'ring, bubble;
 "A breath can swell a breath can sink it,
 "The wise not worth their keeping think it.

“ Why then, why such toil and pain .
 “ Fame’s uncertain smiles to gain ?
 “ Like her sister Fortune blind,
 “ To the best she’s oft’ unkind,
 “ And the worst her favour find.

E. Broth. “ By her own sentence Virtue stands absolv’d,
 “ Nor asks an echo from the tongues of men
 “ To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
 “ Who wants his own no other praise enjoys ;
 “ His ear receives it as a fulsome tale
 “ To which his heart in secret gives the lie :
 “ Nay, slander’d innocence must feel a peace,
 “ An inward peace, which flatter’d guilt ne’er knew.”

First Wom. Oh ! how unseemly shews in blooming youth
 Such grey severity !——But come with us,
 We to the bow’r of blis will guide your steps ;
 There you shall taste the joys that Nature sheds
 On the gay spring of life, youth’s flow’ry prime,
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
 Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark’d.

SONG. *By a Woman in a pastoral habit.*

Would you taste the noontide air,
 To yon’ fragrant bow’r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm’ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o’er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
 Stretch’d o’er sunny hillocks sleep,
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose.

All alone——and in her arms
 Your breast may beat to love’s alarms,
 Till blest’d and blessing you shall own
 The joys of love are joys alone.

E. Broth. “ How low sinks beauty when by vice debas’d !
 “ How fair that form if virtue dwelt within !
 “ But from this shameless advocate of shame
 “ To me the warbled song harsh discord grates.

Y. Broth. “ Short is the course of ev’ry lawless pleasure ;
 “ Grief like a shade on all its footsteps waits,
 “ Scarce visible in joy’s meridian height,
 “ But downward as its blaze declining speeds
 “ The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.”

First Wom. No more; these formal maxims misbecome
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd Age. [you;

SONG. *By a Man and two Women.*

Live and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say;
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scarecrow Virtue fright:
Here in Pleasure's vineyard we
Rove like birds from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

E. Broth. How can your impious tongues profane the
Of sacred Virtue, and yet promise pleasure [name
In lying songs of vanity and vice?
From virtue sever'd pleasure phrenzy grows,
"The gay delirium of the feverish mind,
"And always flies at reason's cool return.

First Wom. "Perhaps it may; perhaps the sweetest joys
"Of love itself from passion's folly spring;
"But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow?

E. Broth. "Alike from love's and pleasure's path you
"In sensual folly blindly seeking both, [stray,
"Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love.
"Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal, lust
"Is meanly selfish, when resisted cruel,
"And like the blast of pestilential winds
"Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms:
"But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
"Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrows;
"Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move
"In their own sphere of happiness content,
"By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame."
But we forget: who hears the voice of Truth
In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd?
Thyrsis, be then our guide; we'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*

First Wom. Come, come, my friends, and partners of my
Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams; [joys
"Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled!
"A beardless Cynick is the shame of nature,"
Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup,

“ And my contempt, at best my pity, moves.”
Away, nor waste a moment more about ’em.

Chorus. Away, away, away,
To Comus’ court repair,
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair.

[*Exeunt singing* *.]

E. Broth. “ She’s gone! may scorn pursue her wanton
“ And all the painted charms that vice can wear. [arts,
“ Yet oft’ o’er credulous youth such Sirens triumph,
“ And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
“ As links of adamant. Let us be free,
“ And to secure our freedom virtuous.

Y. Broth. “ But should our helpless sister meet the rage
“ Of this insulting troop what could she do?
“ What hope, what comfort, what support, were left?

Spirit. “ She meets not them; but yet, if right I guess,
“ A harder trial on her virtue waits. [conjecture?

E. Broth. “ Protect her Heav’n! But whence this sad

Spirit. “ This ev’ning late, by then the chewing flocks
“ Had ta’en their supper on the sav’ry herb
“ Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
“ I sat me down to watch upon a bank

“ With ivy canopy’d, and interwove
“ With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
“ Wrapp’d in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
“ To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

“ Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close
“ The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
“ And fill’d the air with barbarous dissonance,
“ At which I ceas’d and listen’d them a while. [sister—

Y. Broth. “ What follow’d then? O! if our helpless

Spirit. “ Straight an unusual stop of sudden silence
“ Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
“ That draw the litter of close-curtain’d Sleep.

“ At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
“ Rose like a steam of rich distill’d perfumes,
“ And stole upon the air, that ev’n Silence
“ Was took ere she was ’ware, and wish’d she might
“ Deny her nature, and be never more,

“ Still to be so displac’d. I was all ear,
“ And took in strains that might create a soul
“ Under the ribs of Death—but oh! ere long

* The first act ends here as now performed.

" Too well I did perceive it was the voice
" Of my most honour'd lady your dear sister.

Y. Broth. " O my foreboding heart ! too true my fears—

Spirit. " Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear ;
" And O ! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
" How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !
" Then down the lawns I ran with headstrong haste,
" Thro' paths and turnings often trod by day,
" Till guided by my ear I found the place
" Where the damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
" (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
" Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
" The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey,
" Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
" Supposing him some neighbour villager.
" Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
" Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
" Into swift flight till I had found you here ;
" But farther know I not.

Y. Broth. " O night and shades !

" How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
" Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
" Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence
" You gave me brother ?

E. Broth. " Yes, and keep it still,
" Lean on it safely ; not a period
" Shall be unpaid for me. Against the threats
" Of malice or of sorcery, or that pow'r
" Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
" Virtue may be assail'd but never hurt,
" Surpris'd by unjust force but not intrall'd ;
" Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
" Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
" But evil on itself shall back recoil,
" And mix no more with goodness ; when at last
" Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
" It shall be in eternal restless change,
" Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
" And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on ;
" Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
" May never this just sword be lifted up.
" But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

“ With all the grisly legions that troop
 “ Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 “ Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 “ ’Twixt Africa and Ind, I’ll find him out,
 “ And force him to restore his purchase back,
 “ Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 “ Curs’d as his life.

Spirit. “ Alas! good vent’rous youth,
 “ I love thy courage yet and bold emprise;
 “ But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 “ Far other arms and other weapons must
 “ Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 “ He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints
 “ And crumble all thy sinews.

E. Broth. “ Why prithee, Shepherd,
 “ How durst thou then thyself approach so near
 “ As to make this relation?

Spirit. “ A shepherd lad
 “ Of small regard to see to, yet well skill’d
 “ In ev’ry virtuous plant and healing herb
 “ That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
 “ Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
 “ Telling their strange and vig’rous faculties,
 “ Among the rest a small unsightly root,
 “ But of divine effect, he cull’d me out,
 “ And bad me keep it as of sov’reign use
 “ ’Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
 “ Or ghastly Fury’s apparition:
 “ I purs’d it up: if you have this about you
 “ (As I will give you when you go) you may
 “ Boldly assault the necromancer’s hall,
 “ Where if he be with dauntless hardyhood
 “ And brandish’d blade rush on him, break his glass,
 “ And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
 “ But seize his wand, tho’ he and his curs’d crew
 “ Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 “ Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 “ Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.”

ACT III.

"SCENE opens and discovers" a magnificent hall in Comus' palace, "set off with all the gay decorations proper for an ancient banqueting-room;" Comus and Attendants stand on each side of the Lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair, "and by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of uneasiness and melancholy."

COMUS speaks.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy!
 "Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 "In Stygian cave forlorn
 "'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy:
 "Find out some uncouth cell
 "Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous-wings,
 "And the nightraven sings;
 "There under ebon-shades and low-brow'd rocks
 "As ragged as thy locks
 "In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 "But" come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivycrowned Bacchus bore:
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek,
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides:
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph sweet Liberty.

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a nymph representing Euphrosyne, or Mirth, who advances to the Lady, and sings the following song.]

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and Harmony live here:
 No domestick jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,

In my presence will appear;
Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and Harmony reign here.

Lady. How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly which my soul abhors?

Comus. Ye sedgecrown'd Naiads, by twilight seen
Along Mæander's mazy border green,
At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

[He waves his wand, the Naiads enter, and range themselves in order for dance.]

Now softly flow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love;
"In swimming dance on air's soft billows float,
"Soft swell your bosoms with the swelling note;
"With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
"Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high,
"Till lively gesture each fond care reveal
"That musick can express or passion feel."

"[The Naiads dance a slow dance agreeable to the subject of the preceding lines, and expressive of the passion of love.]

"[After this dance the pastoral nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first six lines, and then sings the ballad; in the mean-time she is observ'd by Euphrosyne, who by her gesture expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint suitably to the character of their several songs.]"

RECITATIVE.

How gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine!

A BALLAD.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams, remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

" Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 " Where to my swain I oft' have sung,
 " Wellpleas'd the browsing goats to spy
 " As o'er the airy steep they hung :
 " The mossy cave, the goats, remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain.

" Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
 " And sigh to see the wellknown shade ;
 " I weep, and kiss the bended grass
 " Where Love and Damon fondly play'd :
 " The vale, the shade, the grass, remain,
 " But Damon there I seek in vain."

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
 Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE. BY EUPHROSUNE.

Love, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know,
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit :
 Simple nymphs ! then learn of me
 How to treat inconstancy.

BALLAD.

The wanton god that pierces hearts-
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd :
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease ;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me whilst he can.

COMUS *speaks*.

Cast thine eyes around, and see
 How from ev'ry element
 Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
 And her choicest blessings sent,

" Fire, water, earth, and air, combine
 " To compose the rich repast,
 " Their aid the distant seasons join
 " To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste."

Hither summer, autumn, spring,
 Hither all your tributes bring:
 All on bended knee be seen
 Paying homage to your queen.

[After this " they put on their chaplets and prepare for the feast: whilst
 " Comus is advancing with his cup, and one of his attendants offers a
 " chaplet to the Lady, (which she throws on the ground with indigna-
 " tion) the preparation for the feast is interrupted by lofty and solemn
 " music from above, whence" the second Attendant Spirit enters gra-
 " dually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines to the Lady,
 and sings, remaining still invisible to Comus and his crew.

From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heav'nly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful Muses in a glitt'ring ring
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string
 Patient Virtue's triumph sing;
 To these dim labyrinths where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame-
 Thy guardian Spirit came.

SONG.

Nor on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in Siren bow'rs
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful Virtue's hill sublime
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height must patient climb;
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss-for transient pain.

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whoso'er thou art.
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls
 To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear!
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend—far from these horrid fiends!

Comus. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these,
 Who look with envy on more happy man,

" And would decry the joys they cannot taste.
 " Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
 " Of hollow virtue which eludes the grasp."
 Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[*He offers the cup, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*]

Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, " or as Daphne was,
 " Root-bound, that fled Apollo."

Lady. Fool, do not boast;

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind.
 With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 " When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 " Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."
 And first behold this cordial julap here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 " With spirits of balm and fragrant sirups mix'd;
 " Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 " In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
 " Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this
 " To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Lady. Know, base deluder! that I will not taste it.
 Keep thy detested gifts for such as these. [*Points to his crew.*]

SONG. *By a Man.*

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
 Not by length of time but pleasure;
 Soon your spring must have a fall;
 Losing youth is losing all:
 Then you'll ask but none will give,
 And may linger but not live.

Comus. Why shou'd you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
 " But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 " And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 " With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 " Scorning the unexempt condition
 " By which all human frailty must subsist,
 " Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,"

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but, fair virgin!
This will restore all soon:

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchantments!
"Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
"With vizard'd falsehood and base forgery?
"And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
"With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?"
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets
I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a wellgovern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. "O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
"To those budge doctors of the Stoick fur,
"And fetch their precepts from the Cynick tub,
"Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.
"Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
"With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
"Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
"Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
"But all to please and sate the curious taste,
"And set to work millions of spinning worms
"That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
"To deck her sons? and that no corner might
"Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
"She hutch'd th' allworshipp'd ore and precious gems
"To store her children with. If all the world
"Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
"Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
"Th' Allgiver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
"Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
"And we should serve him as a grudging master,
"As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
"And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
"Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
"And strangled with her waste fertility.

Lady. "I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
"In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler

" Wou'd think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,
 " Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
 " I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
 " And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 " Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
 " As if she would her children should be riotous
 " With her abundance. She, good caterers!
 " Means her provision only to the good,
 " That live according to her sober laws,
 " And holy dictate of spare temperance.
 " If ev'ry just man that now pines with want
 " Had but a mod'rate and befitting share
 " Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 " Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 " Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 " In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 " And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
 " And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 " His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
 " Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 " But with besotted base ingratitude
 " Crams and blasphemes his feeder." Shall I go on,
 Or have I said enough?

Comus. Enough to shew

That you are cheated by the lying boasts
 Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
 From scorning pleasures which they cannot reach.

*EUPHROSYNÉ sings.**

Preach not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell,
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.
 If short my span I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long if lost in care:
 They only live who life enjoy.

Comus. " These are the maxims of the truly wise,
 " Of such as practise what they preach to others.
 " Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers,
 " Nor pining grief nor eating cares approach us,
 " Nor sighs nor murmurs——but of gentle Love,
 " Whose woes delight: what must his pleasures then?

* Sung by Comus, as now performed at Covent-garden theatre.

EUPHROSINE *sings*.

“ Ye Fauns and ye Dryads! from hill dale and grove
 “ Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love;
 “ Swiftly resort to Comus’ gay court,
 “ And in various measures shew Love’s various sport.
 “ *Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the following*
 “ *directions; the tune is play’d a second time, to which they*
 “ *dance.*

“ Now lighter and gayer ye tinkling strings sound;
 “ Light, light in the air ye nimble nymphs bound:
 “ Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat;
 “ Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, &c.
 “ Now cold and denying,
 “ Now kind and complying,
 “ Consenting, repenting,
 “ Disdaining, complaining,
 “ Indifference now feigning,
 “ Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.”

[*Excunt dancers.*]

Comus. Lift, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozen’d
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.
 “ Beauty is Nature’s coin, must not be hoarded,
 “ But must be current, and the good thereof
 “ Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
 “ Unfavoury in th’ enjoyment of itself:
 “ If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 “ It withers on the stalk with languish’d head.
 “ Beauty is Nature’s brag, and must be shown
 “ In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 “ Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
 “ It is for homely features to keep home;
 “ They had their name thence. Coarse complexions
 “ And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 “ The sampler and to tease the housewife’s wool.”
 What need a vermil tinctur’d lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis’d: you are but young yet:
 This will inform you soon.

Lady. “ To him that dares
 “ Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 “ Against the sunclad pow’r of Chastity
 “ Fain would I something say, yet to what purpose?

"Thou hast no ear nor soul to apprehend,
 "And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 "More happiness than this thy present lot.
 "Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
 "That has so well been taught her dazzling fence:
 "Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd,
 "Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 "Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 "To such a flame of sacred vehemence
 "That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 "And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 "Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
 "Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. "She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 "Her words, set off by some superiour pow'r;
 "And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 "Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 "Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 "To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 "And try her yet more strongly—Come, no more;
 "This is mere moral babble, and direct
 "Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 "I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 "And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 "But this will cure all straight;" one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams: be wise and taste——

[The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make signs of resistance, but are all driven in.]

Enter the first Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O! ye mistook, you should have snatch'd his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 "And backward mutters of dishev'ring pow'r,"
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
 "Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 "Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
 "The soothest shepherd that ere pip'd on plains;
 "I learn'd 'em then when with my fellow swain,
 "The youthful Lycidas, his flocks I fed."

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 That sways the Severn stream;
 "And as the old swain said," she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoc'd in warbled song;
 "For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
 "And see the swain himself in season comes."

Enter the second Spirit.

Haste, Lycidas, and try the tuneful strain
 Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

SONG. *By second Spirit.*

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake:
 Goddess of the silver lake
 Listen and save.

SABRINA rises and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate and the azure sheen
 Of Turkis blue and em'rald green
 That in the channel strays;
 "Whilst from off the waters fleet
 "Thus I set my printless feet
 "O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 "That bends not as I tread."
 Gentle swain! at thy request
 I am here.

RECITATIVE.

Second Spirit.

Goddeſs dear,
 We implore thy pow'rful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here diſtreſs'd
 Thro' the force and thro' the wile
 Of unbleſs'd enchanter vile.

RECITATIVE.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
 To help inſnared Chafſtity.

Brightest Lady look on me;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure;
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

[*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*]

E. Broth. "I oft' had heard, but ne'er believ'd till now
 "There are who can by potent magick spells
 "Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
 "Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
 "Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,
 "And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom
 "Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light:
 "It may be so—for some mysterious end."

Y. Broth. Why did I doubt? why tempt the wrath of
 To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust? [Heav'n
 "Here spotless innocence has found relief
 "By means as wondrous as her strange distress."

E. Broth. The freedom of the mind you see no charm,
 No spell, can reach; that righteous Jove forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail divinity
 The slave of evil or the sport of Chance.
 Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid
 We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First Spirit discovering himself.

Pay it to Heav'n; there my mansion is:
 "But when a mortal favour'd of high Jove
 "Chances to pass thro' yon' advent'rous glade,
 "Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 "I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy;"
 That lent you grace to 'scape this cursed place;
 To Heav'n, that here has try'd your youth,
 Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
 And sent you thro' these hard essays
 With a crown of deathless praise.

[Then the two first Spirits advance, and speak alternately the following lines, which Milton calls epilogizing.]

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky;
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces and the rosybosom'd Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

Now my task is smoothly done.
I can fly or I can run.
Quickly to the green earth's end
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

Chorus. Taught by virtue you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY EUPHROSYNE, WITH THE WAND AND CUP.

SOME critick, or I'm deceiv'd, will ask
"What means this wild this allegorick Mask?
"Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
"Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
"'Tis idle stuff!"——And yet I'll prove it true;
Attend, for sure I mean it not of you.
The mealy fop that tastes my cup may try
How quick the change from beau to butterfly,
But o'er the insect should the brute prevail
He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
One stroke of this* as sure as Cupid's arrow
Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow;
Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
Feels a new warmth and cooes a billing dove;
The sly coquette, whose artful tears beguile
Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile;
Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
Misers grow vultures of rapacious mind,
Or more than vultures, they devour their kind;
Flatt'ers chameleons creeping on the ground,
With ev'ry changing colour changing round;
The party-fool beneath his heavy load
Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road;
While guzzling fops, their spouses say, are hogs,
And snarling criticks authors swear are dogs:
But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least
"All vice is folly, and makes man a beast."

* The wand.

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